MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

MARCH 2000 #202

$3

EVAN COHEN ON GG ALLIN

GC5

THE HAGGARD

HORACE PINKER

GORE GORE GIRLS

THE CATHETERS!

BROKEN REKIDS

STRIKE OUT

KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS

ZINES BEHIND BARS

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues 143, 145-146, 148, 150-151, 155-163, 165-201 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on the page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–**NO LATER!!!**
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

AD SIZES AND RATES:
1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 1/2" x 10") $60
1/3 page square: (5" x 5") $70
1/2 page: (7 1/2" x 5") $100

AD CRITERIA:
Due to backlogs, we can only run new ads for music and zine releases. All other ads must be classfieds only. We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost $3/60 words max for $4. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Icki

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order 5 or more of the same issue. Need street address (not PO Box) to UPS to.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (415) 642-6800 or fax (415) 642-6810. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Rotz, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
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Phone (415) 923-9814
Fax (415) 923-9617
Email: maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

ALL ILL-Symbols of Involution-EP	SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-LP
THE CATHETER-Hopeless-EP	GISM/COMES-split-LP
OTOPHOBIA-Source-EP	NO REPLY-I'm Still-EP
GOMORRHA-Discern-CD	ZERO BOYS-Slam & Worm-45
SOCIAL COMA-Wasted Opinion-EP	YOUR MOTHER-last show/live

JEFF HEERMANN

BASSHOLES-2xLP	ACCEL 4-From the Motor City-LP
TRUST FUND BABIES-Up to No Good-EP	WEAKLINGS-It's So Criminal-EP
THE PILL-Roxasette-EP	LOOSE LIPS-Talkin' Trash-LP
PROSTITUTES-CD	OBLIVIANS-Melissa's Garage-LP
GLASS CANDY-Brittle Women-EP	ZERO BOYS-Slam & Worm-45

TOM HOPKINS

ALL ILL-EP/DECIBELLOS-LP	SWARM-EP/RESULT-LP/ACCEL 4-LP
ZERO BOYS-45/MAJOR ACCIDENT-EP	ALLERGIC TO WHORES-EP
GOOD CLEAN FUN-EP/BIZEX-B-LP	VEGAS THUNDER-LP/TREADWELL-EP
UNDER THREAT/DISCHORD-split-EP	FISTICUFFS BLUFF-LP
VICTORIA VEIN-45/GISM/COMES-LP	TRUSTFUND BABIES-EP/PILL-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

OBLIVIANS-Melissa's Garage-LP	GISM/COMES-split-LP
LOOSE LIPS-Talkin' Trash-LP	TRUST FUND BABIES-EP
ROBOTS-Can You Teach Me to Fish?-EP	ACCEL 4-From the Motor City-LP
THE PILL-Roxasette-EP	V/A-Wolf Call-LP
FULLTIME MEN/MASTER PLAN-split-EP	VICTORIA VEIN-45

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

ZERO BOYS-Slam & Worm-EP	TRUST FUND BABIES-EP
LOOSE LIPS-Talkin' Trash-LP	ACCEL 4-From the Motor City-LP
OBLIVIANS-Melissa's Garage-LP	NECKBONES-Gentlemen-10"
GISM/COME-split-LP	THE BURNOUTS-CD
VICTORIA VEIN-45	69 CHARGER-EP/THE PILL-EP

RAY LUJAN

MAJOR ACCIDENT-Representation-45	VYVYN-Teenage Wannabes-10"
LIBERTINE-See You-CDPOLLEN-CD	SLINGSHOT EPISODE-Capture-EP
CHROMOSOMES-Inst-DL-EP	THE PILL-Cruel Ways-EP
LOOSE LIPS-Talkin Trash-LP	REGGIE & THE FULL EFFECT-LP
TRUST FUND BABIES-Up to No Good-EP	CO-ED/POLLEN-Split-CD

TIMOJHEN MARK

CATHETER-Inri-EP	EASY ACTION-Do or Die-EP
CATTLE DECAPITATION-Human Jerky-LP	GISM/COMES-split-LP
SWARM-Parasitic Skies-CD	SWARM-Ol' Blue Eyes-EP
ACCEL 4-From the Motor City-LP	ALL ILL-Symbols-EP
ZERO BOYS-Slam & Worm-45	RESULT-LP/DISKONTO-LP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

ALLERGIC TO WHORES-Trigger Finger-EP	ATARI-Too Tired to Drive Home-EP
CATCHPOLE-Attack of the Killer...II-EP	EXIT 86-Kick Me I'm Ugly-EP
GISM/COMES-LP/GOATBOY/DRUNK-LP	GOOD CLEAN FUN-Let's Go Crazy-EP
PACHINKO-LP/ZERO BOYS-45	PART OF THE PROBLEM-EP
SOCIAL COMA-EP/TREADWELL-EP	THE SWARM-EP/NO REPLY-EP

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TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

NEALE FISHBACK

- BODIES-live
- SOUL BOYS-EP
- DIRTY SCUMS-CD
- V/A-Bloodstains Across the World-LP
- DROPKICK MURPHYS/BUSINESS-EP
- STOMPER 98/TEMPLARS-EP
- BOVVER WONDERLAND-EP
- DEAD END YOBS-EP
- RANDUMBS-live
- *Rocknroll Outbreak* #3-zine

ARWEN CURRY

- FISTICUFFS BLUFF-LP
- ALLERGIC TO WHORES-Trigger-EP
- EXIT 86-Kick Me I'm Ugly-EP
- RESULT-LP
- SWARM-Ol' Blue Eyes-EP
- V/A-Payoll Benefit-EP
- MAJOR ACCIDENT-Representation-45
- GOATBOY/DRUNK-split-LP
- GISM/COMES-split-LP
- SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-LP

SEAN SULLIVAN

- HIGH RISE-both-LPs/TREADWELL-EP
- SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-LP
- THE PILL-EP/EASYACTION-EP
- GUTS PIE EARSHOT-LP
- DEEP LUST-CD/SWARM-EP
- GISM/COMES-split-LP/ACCEL 4-LP
- TRUST FUND BABIES-No Good-EP
- CATTLE DECAPITATION-LP
- FISTICUFFS BLUFF-LP/NO REPLY-EP
- GOOD CLEAN FUN-45/ZERO BOYS-45

BRUCE ROEHRS

- GISM/COMES-LP/TOE TO TOE-CD
- BOVVER WONDERLAND-Best of-EP
- BOMBECKS-Oi! Rock 'n' Roll-LP
- DEAD END YOBS-EP/DECIBELLOS-LP
- BUMPIN' UGLIES EP/ POSERS-LP
- SOUL BOYS-EP/ROTTEN BOILS-LP
- STOMPER 98/TEMPLARS-split-EP
- TRUST FUND BABIES-No Good EP
- MAJOR ACCIDENT-Representation-EP
- BLITZBRIEG/INSANE-split-CD

MAX WARD

- ALL ILL-Symbols-EP
- SOCIAL COMA-EP
- GOOD CLEAN FUN-EP
- DISKONTO-LP
- SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-LP
- THE CATHETER-EP
- NO REPLY-I'm Still-EP
- RESULT-LP
- GISM/COMES-split-LP
- ATARI-Too Tired-EP

RYAN WELLS

- BIZEX-B-Vi Lever-LP
- SPINDLES-Young Beats-EP
- V/A-Boom Boom-LP
- EASY ACTION-Do or Die-EP
- VICTORIA VEIN-Rear Guard Action-EP
- HIGH RISE-II-LP
- ACCEL 4-From the Motor City-LP
- FISTICUFFS BLUFF-LP
- X-OFFENDER-Chara-EP
- THE PILL-Roxasette-EP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

- ROBOTS-Can You Teach Me to Fish?-EP
- OBLIVIANS -Melissa's Garage-LP
- ACCEL 4-From the Motor City-LP
- DEMONICS-Formaldehyde Injection-LP
- SCREECHING WEASEL-Jesus Hates-EP
- LOOSE LIPS-Talkin' Trash-LP
- ZERO BOYS-Slam & Worm-45
- SMUGGLERS-Rosie-LP
- WEAKLINGS-It's So Criminal-EP
- TRUST FUND BABIES-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- Eyes on the Street #1
- The Baffler #13
- Attention Deficit Disorder #8
- Empowerment #15
- Lost in the Translation
- Subsidized Mess #1
- Revolt #10
- Cryptic Slaughter #11
- Gullible #19
- Pink Clad Messenger #1

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#143/April '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit, "Maximum Crime Stories," "Pioneers —Northwest Noise pt. 4".

#145/June '95. Conflict, No Empathy, Schleprock, Screw 32, Harries, Rejects, Badger, MC5, Bob Cutler, Tad Rall & His Cartoons."

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins, "Pioneers—Sixties Punk Kings".

#149/Oct '95. Manic Hispanic, Pet UFO, Campus Tramps, Joe Kidd, Bad Luck Streak, Chumpslap, Humpers, No Violence, Diferentes Actitudes, Juveniles, Richard the Roadie, "Roots—The Sixties Pt 2".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtüe, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#155/Apr '96. 3rd Degree, Russy Crush, Surfin' Turnips, Sickoids, Anti-Flag, Slight Slappers, High Plains Drifters, Cro-Mags, Hockey Teeth, "The Knights Of Malta".

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, Sub-Rosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots—LA '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '97. He's Dead Jim, Millionaires, No-Talents, Blanks 77, The Hives, The Freeze, Chris Speding/Other People's Music, Defiance, Real MacKenzies, Savage Malignant, Sea Monsters, Dropkick Murphys, Vou Sou Nezumi, "Roots—Richard Hell".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers—Dead Boys".

#167/Apr '97. No Fraud, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, The Forgotten, Thee Viceroys, Brian/Grand Theft Audio, Gauze, Danko Jones, "Roots—Kuro".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneer—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '98. Infoshops/radical bookstores, Scared of Chaka, Wongs, Palatka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squidboy, Beltones, Sky Grain, the 145s, Ducky Boys, John Cougar Concentration Camp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots—Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirtys, Josh Collins, Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, Economics theme issue.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers—Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers—999", Pirate Radio issue.

#183/Aug '98. Lewd, Asshole Parade, His Hero Is Gone, Cee Bee Beaumont, Teen Idols, "Pioneers—X-Ray Specs", Chiapas article.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites. "Pioneers—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun., "Pioneers—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita & Sister.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbombca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers—Elvis Costello."

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers—Silver Chalice," MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun, "Pioneers—Radio Birdman."

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast, "Pioneers Of Punk–Dictators", "Fuck Unamerican" and "After the Berlin Wall" articles.

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil, "Pioneers—Flipper", "Record Buying on the Net," "Are Keyboards Punk?"

#200/Jan 2000. Am. Steel, Curse, Helvis, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, bibliography of MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000 Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, Best Punk Singles of the nineties, first hand reports fromthe WTO riots in Seattle.

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested

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friend of the devil

The Zine dedicated to furtherin' the cause of any band that rides with the devil. Whether they be thrashing hellmetal, abyssmal gore and grindcore, degenerate garage teens, turntablist terrorists or just plain earsplitting noise fiends they're among friends in these very pages. Interviews, hundreds of record, demo and zine reviews, and a smattering of politics and personal views in words many dare not speak. Plus quality printing, spelling mistakes and a crazed layout means it's not yer average five minute read, Henry. Interviews with Man Is The Bastard, Seven Foot Spleen, Diaboliks, Hentchmen, Cavity, Sadistic Intent, Iron Monkey, Q Bert, New Bomb Turks and a whole lot more.
I don't care what Amerika thinks, hail metal!

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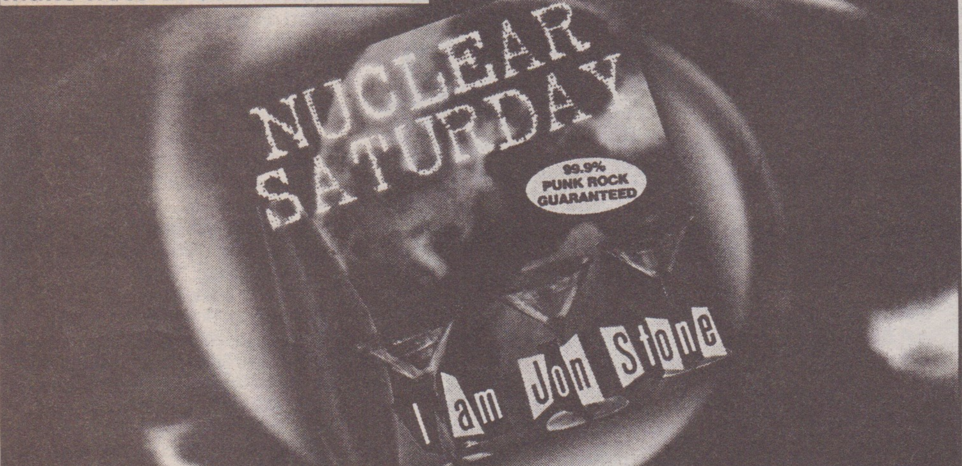

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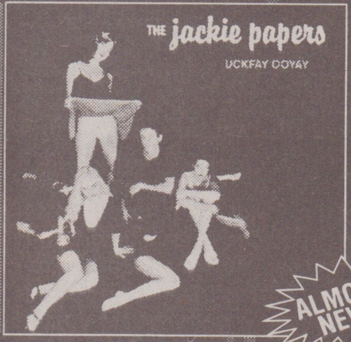

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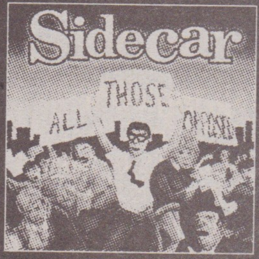

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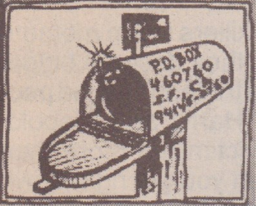

A MRR,

Revolutionary love and greetings to all. Recently anarchist political prisoner Christopher Plummer (in prison on a fifteen year sentence for anti-fascist actions) was denied parole yet again; in fact he was given a two year set off before he will even be seen again...

He had hundreds of letters from just about all over the USA expressing concern and desire to see him released and one of the best attorneys in the state of Texas. All should have gone well, but it didn't, and after attorney bills and money used on other anarchist projects in the prisons, etc., we find that we must ask folks to start to show support for our comrade. So if you would like to offer support or get information please get in touch a.s.a.p. Here is the info...

Christopher Plummer Defense Committee/ PO Box 685136/ Austin, TX 78768
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B MRR,

I live in the middle of fucking nowhere in northern Washington, so when I heard the WTO was coming to Seattle, I was psyched. So I went down with four of my friends on Tuesday, November 30th. We started marching with the UW students and it was amazing to feel the energy and know the power our group held. I had never participated in anything like it before, so the whole experience blew me away. Marching side by side with socialists, anarchists and Zapatistas reminded me that it isn't just a few people who are upset with the New World Order and the anti-democratic decisions that seep down to us daily. We should all work together.

So we got to Seattle Center where the students were rallying and listened to Zapatistas, Tibetans, Vietnamese, Laotians, and communists speak. The positive energy from the crowd was palpable in the air. Everyone wanted change, and everyone there was willing to do something about it. We started to march with the 40,000 other protesters. A large number, but I read somewhere that the Hempfest drew 90,000, so it was kind of disappointing that the numbers show people care more about ganja than freedom. Anyways, it was still a huge amount of people.

I ran forward to the front because I was impatient to see the action up there. Downtown Seattle was trashed. It was the most beautiful thing to see NikeTown fucked up with "slave labor" slurs written on the walls and the Gap's windows broken. I could just imagine the preps back home crying over the loss. Dumpsters were in the streets, plants were dug up, the WTO banners hanging from the light posts were burned and ripped and replaced with "Free Mumia" and anarchy signs.

Suddenly I was in the front of the march, by the riot cops decked in bullet proof gear and steel toed boots. They had guns and pepper spray in their hands. We chanted "*No justice, no peace, fuck the police*" with all our might. It appeared to me the cops were protecting about 150 unelected officials and hurting 40,000 citizens. So we continued to chant about nonviolence and every time the cops would try to move back on us, we would sit down. Stupid me, I didn't even think of bringing a gas mask or even goggles, so some lady started passing out pieces of clear plastic to put over our eyes. We wrapped our coats around our faces and continued to scream "*no violence*" but the cops started to see we were the ones in power, not them, and started pushing us back. There was a flash bomb explosion ten feet from my head and tear gas was everywhere, but no one ran. We all walked back to avoid people getting trampled, and tried to escape the police. They kept throwing those bombs and shooting rubber bullets and tear gas at us.

So we had to leave because of school, and all this week we had to hear shit from the rest of the students about how the cops should be protecting the corporations instead of the people, and we deserved it for breaking into Gap. Seriously.

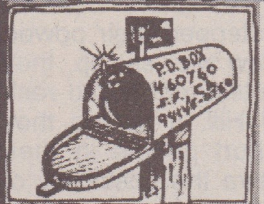
Now some fucked up things happened in Seattle. Firstly, the cops, as usual, overstepped their power. When the curfew was set up, they pushed the protesters up into residential Capitol Hill. It seems they would rather hurt people in their homes than have the possibility of another window in Nordstrom broken. They weren't protecting people, just corporations. Also, the fact that gas masks became illegal to possess was outrageous. We have the right to protect ourselves up until the moment it hurts another person, as said by the Constitution and numerous Supreme Court cases. Having a gas mask hurts nothing, besides the efficiency of the cops' attack measures.

Many of our Constitutional rights have been curtailed during this time. First, our freedom of speech, belief, and assemblage, which is obvious. But also, due process and prisoners' rights seem to have been forgotten. Those arrested have not been able to make a phone call (required in the first eight hours, usually), charged properly, or been able to talk to a lawyer.

Lastly, the news. Everything has been blamed on "these anarchists that are roaming our streets and looting." Bullshit. I'm sure a few of us were down there having fun breaking Starbucks and all and more power to ya, but I know that some of these people are just looters and rioters, not anarchists. I am sick of anarchy getting this bad name. How are we suppose to build this utopian society we want when the media has a wrong view about us because a few guys in masks running around trashing things call themselves anarchists. And I'm sure if we asked lots of them what anarchy is they will say, "uh huh huh, it means like no government or something." I know the media will hate us anyways because they are one of the largest corporations, but the public is who needs the truth about us, so spread a positive word. Overall though, this whole experience is just the beginning and we have to make it the ball that tips the dominoes. —A. G.

PS I said I live in the middle of nowhere, so I'd really appreciate it if someone from the Washington scene would write me so I can actually help get stuff done - saphiremoon @hotmail.com

Letters



Hey y'all—

I picked up a *MRR* today for the first time in years, just to check it out. Flipping through it, I came across an article about anarchist prisoner Robert Thaxton (aka Rob Los Ricos). At first I was happy to see *MRR* covering a political issue that doesn't necessarily involve punx. However, as I read the article, I was disgusted by the obvious police bias throughout. The article was clearly slanted against Rob, and anarchists in general, and only quoted police officers. It was not until I reached the end of the article that I realized that it had been reprinted from the *Register-Guard*, the mainstream Eugene paper, which always gives a pro-police, pro-government, anti-activist slant.

The truth is that the whole trial was slanted against Rob because of his anarchist beliefs. It was pretty easy for me to see through the bias, and know what the *Register Guard* is, because I live in Eugene, know Rob, and am familiar with his case. Unfortunately, I fear that some other readers of yer mag may not catch on to all that so quickly. (Or maybe I'm not giving enough credit to yer readers).

In any case, I would strongly encourage you to refrain from reprinting the bias and lies of major mainstream newspapers in your magazine. I understand that getting the word out about some issues requires some reprinting, but come on. You don't need to be spreading their lies.

Rob needs support, both financial and letters of solidarity. He can be written directly at: *Robert Lee Thaxton #12112716/ 2605 State St./ Salem, OR 97310.* Funds for legal defense can be sent to: *Anti-authoritarians Anonymous/ PO Box 11331/ Eugene, OR 97440.* They also have a small zine of Rob's prison writings and info about him and his case, for a buck or so, with all proceeds going to Rob's legal defense.

Thanks for getting the word out about Rob and his situation.
Burke

Dear *MR&R*:

Hello and a hearty "Sieg Heil" to our Aryan brother, Ted Rall! I wanted to write in and commend him for his wonderfully insightful and well-written columns regarding the Columbine Massacre.

Ted has done an excellent job of rewriting history in order to further the goals of fascism. We all know, thanks to Ted that Harris and Klebold (White Race Martyrs) singled out and killed only "jocks" who had tormented and bullied them. In this way, through the identification of a single, hated, and easily caricatured enemy, we can skip over the fact that four of the thirteen dead were women; one victim (sorry, I meant to write "asshole bully jock") was a computer geek; yet another was a "racially inferior" slow learner who looked borderline Down's Syndrome; and yet another was a teacher. We can also overlook the bombs set up in the cafeteria and elsewhere, which would indiscriminately kill anyone within range: I really admire how that "stray bullet" idea works so well to establish the image of deliberate and methodical targeting of an identifiable enemy.

And if they let a couple of kids live, just for the hell of it, when they found themselves with the power to determine life and death, then this can be used to demonstrate how merciful and righteous they were. After all, as Ted has it, "the killers saved their bullets for bullies while telling other kids to leave before they got hurt." With 13 dead and many more wounded we can at least determine that only these people truly deserved to die.

This is brilliant writing in the service of the White Race program! I can't wait for Ted's updating of the "Horst Wessel" to reflect the noble actions of Harris and Klebold in their fight against the "Jews, niggers, and fags," that they identified in their home video they made before the killings. Ted has done an incredible service to the White Power movement by deflecting the truth away from the reality of the killers' underlying hatred toward minorities, homosexuals, cheerleaders, and well, just about everyone, and transferring it on to athletes!

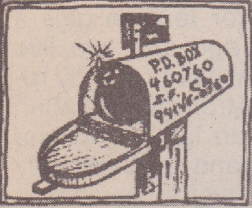
I further agree with Ted and stand beside him in arguing for the inclusion of the killers in am memorials. If anything, they deserve bigger crosses than the thirteen alleged people they killed. Harris and Klebold, after all, were victimized more than they were! When you get right down to it, weren't those thirteen dead asshole jocks the real killers, pushing those poor sensitive young Nazis to the brink of their desperate actions? Hell, if anything those thirteen dead asshole jocks deserve to be bulldozed into an unmarked mass grave. And always room for one more inside, right?

I especially admire how the "Skip Reason" column managed to absorb most of the righteous indignation of the *MRR* readers as well. Was that your idea, Ted? It worked very well. Everyone got so caught up in knocking down that old straw man Skip that they really didn't question what Ted was writing. At first, I have to admit that I was a bit nervous about that gambit. I thought for sure that after reading Skip's column that your readers would be more ready to challenge the obvious hatred and intolerance that Ted was also preaching. I guess I worried for nothing. Must be that most of your readers agree with Ted. I guess there's hope for the White Race after all!

Anyway, Ted, I just wanted to say I that think you're doing a fine job of marketing hatred and intolerance to the masses (they're lapping it up wonderfully well, don't you think?) and it's always great to welcome a fellow Nazi into the fold. And I hope you'll accept an open invitation to speak at our next cross burning. Always room for one more inside, right?
Yours,
Sharptooth Bob/ Winnipeg, Manitoba

To *Maximum* and Joe Gervasi:

Not long ago I happened upon the "Bizarre Videos" catalog of Spring 1999 by one Joe Gervasi. From the cover (a cartoon rendering of a man slicing a woman's throat from behind), I expected the standard punk-rock-and-horror-movie fare of most punk video distros. Inside, punk shows and hor-



ror movies were well represented, but were alongside some titles that were completely offensive. I asked myself why anyone, especially punks who at least claim to be anti-racist and anti-sexist, would buy videos from this man. It vexed me so much that I decided to write this letter and demand two things: an explanation from Joe Gervasi (I have sent him a copy of the letter as well) and for the readership of *MRR* to refuse to buy from Gervasi, and to confront him.

I was surprised and disgusted to see Gervasi list such shows as Aryan Fest, Skrewdriver, and *Romper Stomper* among his show tapes, but I was a thousand times more disgusted by the racist pornography titles he carries and the nonchalant way in which he describes them. A few examples: *Hot Summer in the City*, a rape-porn film about a black militant gang; *Porno Holocaust*, in which a black zombie kills with a massive penis; and *Black Chicks in Heat*. These titles all contribute to the stereotype that black people are sexual animals, and that black men in particular are dumb thugs with huge dicks. Gervasi also writes about the film *Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout Black Chicks*, "Da sistas get it on with whitey, yo!" which displays both his ignorance of sexual stereotyping of black people and the lighthearted manner in which he treats such horrifyingly racist works.

In fact, Gervasi is quite enthusiastic about many of his pornographic titles and delights in using exclamation points in his descriptions, as well as using words like "dirty," "sleazy," "sick," "crazy," and "sexfest" as selling points. A good example of this is in his description of the film *Beauty Trappers*, about which Gervasi writes, "Sick Japanese film with a father and son torturing women; intense!" In Gervasi's world, it is apparent that the rape and torture of women is entertaining, and that to buy his "sick/ dirty/ crazy/ vile" movies is somehow subversive in an appealing way.

Not only is he enthusiastic about it—he has plenty of different rape-porn titles that include: vaginal mutilation, vaginal insertion of harmful objects, torture, humiliation, a rape-porn with a "realistic snuff scene" as its selling point, a rape and murder film set in home for retarded girls, and a film that Gervasi describes as "Asian lady gets fisted/ pissed on/ fucked." To sell such fucked-up portrayals of sexuality as "hot" is a boot in the face to women. Rape is not funny, or sexy, or something to jerk off to, and it makes me feel both nauseated and sad that Gervasi would want to sell pornographic movies that include overt rape and torture.

As for "regular" pornography, it also sickens me that Gervasi carries the '70s film *Deep Throat*, which he dubs as "the porn classic that started it all." In this case, Gervasi is right: when *Deep Throat* came out, many women were pressured by their mates to learn Linda Lovelace's dick-swallowing trick, which led to many emergency-room cases of strangulation and throat stress. Linda Marchiano (Lovelace in the film) has since come out and talked about her stint in pornography—abuses done to her by a man named Chuck Traynor that raped, abused, and controlled her for many years. *Deep Throat* may be masturbation candy for Gervasi, but to Marchiano it was an ordeal that almost destroyed her. His billing of the film as a "classic" and his selling of cutesy-looking *Deep Throat* ringer T-shirts is an insult to Marchiano and also the many women's lives that pornography has affected in a harmful way.

All of this stands on its own as utterly degrading and disgusting, but it is even worse to think that this comes out of the punk/ hardcore scene. Being a woman in hardcore is alienating enough, but to list rape-porn films alongside the Minor Threat, Conflict, and Spitboy videos is the final slap in the face that says, "this is what you are you are: a cunt to be forced open, a face to come on, and an ass to be slapped." I don't want to see that in what I want to think of as my community. It makes me sick that no one bats a fucking eyelash about this, that it's okay for him to do it because he sells good punk videos. Fuck that! I want Joe Gervasi to be held accountable for what he is doing. And I want everyone out there who reads this to take action. It's not that hard - just don't buy his shit, and tell him why.

Sorry this letter is so long, but I think it's an important one. Thanks for reading this. I'd love to correspond with anyone, so please write me, and send a stamp for a fledgling punk/ hardcore T-shirt catalog. Thanks again.
Melissa Tacke/ PO Box 8431/ Albany, NY 12208

Dear MRR:

Thanks for reviewing *Slingshot*. Please note that outside the Bay Area, individual issues are not free but cost one dollar. In your review, you implied we send them everywhere for free, and now lots of folks are asking us to send it to them in far corners of the country. This is great. But they aren't sending any money, which creates a bit of a financial quandary for us. Maybe you can correct this misconception in future issues so we don't go broke. Thanks and love,
Slingshot

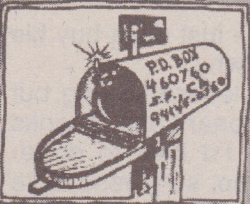
PS Okay, the review to which I'm referring was way back in late spring '99, sorry I'm writing so late!

Hey!

Kosovo is not the largest part of Yugoslavia. It's the smallest. And it doesn't access Black Sea. As a matter of fact, it doesn't access any sea. Next time you write articles similar to this please check the world atlas first. Other facts that you have mentioned are mostly right (despite the minor misjudgments every now and then). Thanks for your time. Bye.
Milos/ Yugoslavia

MRR,

Hi, I recently sent in an album by the Fools called *In Heat*. This album received a great review but had the wrong address. I sent the info with the album but, I don't know what happened. It was reviewed by JY (Jeff Yih). The address is: *Head Miles*



Records/ PO Box 1700/ Double Bay/2028/ Sydney NSW/ Australia.

Head Miles is a small set up by me to promote local Australian DIY releases. I made a website and run a prompt mail order, if this can be fixed up I would so appreciate it, seems a shame to waste a good review. See ya,

Ashley Thomson/ Head Miles Records/ www.headmiles.com.au

Dear people at MRnR!

Just a quick note to your review of our 7" Whymandrakes (thanks by the way): Vienna is in Austria, *not* in Germany (these times are over, thanks). Since we already got some letters with people asking if this is the correct address and "where are you really now," blah blah, it would be great if you could correct this info somewhere. Thanks a lot. Best wishes from Vienna.

Konstantin

Maximum Rocknroll,

Congratulations on your 200th issue. It wasn't too bad. I especially liked Tim Brooks write up of the Big Boys in Pioneers of Punk. The Big Boys have always been one of my favorite bands. They were completely original and 100% fun, but still gave a shit about things. One huge thing Tim didn't mention about The Big Boys was that they were heavily into skateboarding! They were featured many times in early issues of *Thrasher* and even had their own skate deck. They were a huge part of the punk/ skateboard connection of the early '80s and helped bring about that form of punk known as "skate rock".

OK, that's about it... Wait, one last thing, in the review section you should list the labels' email and/ or website address to that way those who want to get in touch can do it faster and easier.

Oh yeah, Milwaukee is going off... Lots of new bands, more people at shows and we're getting a skate park! (After not having one since '94.) Sk8 tough, F.S.U.,

Mike Beer City/ PO Box 26035/ Milwaukee,WI 53226-0035, USA
beercityboyz@beercity.com
www.beercity.com

MRR,

Those who needed Skipard Reason explained to them are the same people who don't deserve to have it explained to them. The indignant responses to the column highlight the worst characteristics of many punk rockers—an atrophied sense of humor combined with extreme self-righteousness, which ironically enough are the same qualities found in abundance among the radical religious right.

Kevin Heckman/ Santa Cruz, CA
ronin235@yahoo.com

Hi *Max,*

Just writing to thank you for including the article I wrote for you "Are Keyboards Punk?" in issue #199. I also want compliment whoever it was who selected the photographs to accompany the article for the good job that they did. Many of the photos were shots that I had never seen before and I think they illustrated the article beautifully.

The only thing that maybe should be mentioned is the photo labeled "The Revillos" is actually a shot of The Rezillos. It's an easy to make error. The Rezillos were first and then in 1979 the band spilt up into two different groups, The Revillos and Shake. The Revillos consisted of the singers from the Rezillos, Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds, and Shake was the rest of the musicians from the original band.

Shake broke up really quickly after releasing just one single and a 10" EP and the guitarist Jo Callis went on to mega-stardom by joining the horrendous synth-pop group The Human League.

Meanwhile, the Revillos continued on until the mid-eighties, getting more commercially pop oriented until they broke up. They returned to their punk roots for reunion gigs a couple of years ago and two live albums of material were recently released, one pulled from gigs in Japan on the Vinyl Japan label, and one from gigs in England on Sympathy For The Record Industry. I personally prefer the Vinyl Japan release but if you dig a more Lo-Fi sound you might like the Sympathy release better. Either way I hope your readers make the effort to check out The Revillos and The Rezillos. They were both terrific bands. Thanks,

Tony Arena

PS Aren't The Rondelles great? Also, The Mr. T Experience have a keyboard player now too.

Dear *MRR,*

Seems like it's been a while since MRR contained any "desperate letters from punkers locked in their bedroom by Ma and Pa," which is a quote from *NME*, 1985 (in issue #200). I miss that! I wasn't reading MRR in 1985, I didn't even know it existed then, but it seems that even more recently than that, say 1994, MRR seemed more of a testament to the heartbreak and loneliness of existence, especially on the part of teenage (and other-aged) misfits who gravitated towards the liberation and community of punk rock.

Is it a change in MRR or is it an actual change in the scene? It seems that punk rock is becoming more of a place for the cool kids to find one another (even if they are a different brand of cool kids from the jocks and designer clothes-wearing princesses) than for the awkward rejects who have always lurked on the fringes to finally reach acceptance and cameraderie. Even classifieds from people seeking pen-pals have dwindled and then disappeared, seemingly because publicly asking for friends is seen as laughable and pathetic.

Well, let's hear it for the pathetic! What happened to all the what-punk-rock-means-to-me letters? Sure, punk rock does and should mean standing up for what you believe in and becoming active, either politically or in the scene. But let's not

make it into a scene where you're only worthwhile if you're active. I understand that it's especially frustrating if you're someone who's breaking their ass trying to make a difference, and you never seem to get enough help and support, to have to listen to someone's whining about how they don't have any friends or their parents won't let them go to shows. That's life too. And it's *important*, precisely because it's omebody's experience and it's real.

The thing that's always impressed me most about punk rock is that it's brutally honest. No matter what, it tells the truth. And the truth includes embarrasing admissions like being rejected, lonely, and desperate.

MRR was, and I'm sure it still is, a lifeline to hundreds, or thousands, or kids who are out there in some isolated place (perhaps not even *geographically* isolated, but made that way by the circumstances of their lives) with no one who understands them or their beliefs. It's a kind of paper-and-ink community where you can hear from people who are kindred spirits even if you've never met them, and in some ways they're your friends just by being there and broadcasting their acceptance.

Signed: *Pathetic Loser*

Dear PL,

While I agree that there are more "cool kids" involved in punk than there once were, I don't think there are any fewer pathetic losers like yourself. My personal theory is that most of them have adopted the most efficient vehicle for soliciting pen pals and kindred spirits: the internet.

Despite our dramatic downslide in the heartsick classifieds business, MRR will continue, in our way, to express our support and affection for punk rock misfits of all (well, most) varieties.

I'm OK, you're neurotic (but that's OK too...)

Love, Arwen

Stupid Kids! Read this important message!

MRR,

Hey there you self-contradicting pencil pushers. I'm in a band called the Bulemics in Austin. We're signed with Junk Records, but did a one-off for Man's Ruin. You wouldn't touch any of our stuff on Junk for reviews, or run ads for Junk, because of a so-called "major label affiliation." That's the dumbest most retarded bullshit I've ever heard. Junk/Nitro gets no money directly from major labels—it just happens that a major label artist owns it.

Also, what's so fucking wrong with major labels? All the big punk bands that set the standard decades ago (the Sex Pistols, the Ramones, Dead Boys, etc.) were on major labels. Given the chance, I'd sign to a major label and rip off every stupid kid out there — how punk is that, bitch?

What I'm getting at is that I wanna know if it's the band or the label you have a fucking problem with? In your latest issue, you reviewed our Man's Ruin album and gave it an outstanding review. If we did the same album on Junk, you wouldn't have touched it. If Junk's so major label, why do I bus tables for a living and eat a steady diet of Taco Bell and Jack in the Box for survival? I'll tell you why—because I have no fucking money. You guys are just so focused on being "punk" you overlook a lot of really good shit out there. Shove your stupid punk ethics up your ass and get your shit together.

Gerry Atric, Bulemics, Austin, TX.

Dear Gerry,

Thank you for writing with your concerns. It's my understanding that Nitro is on the shit list for being exclusively distributed by Epitaph, who are on the shit list for sucking, and for being in bed with Sony in Japan. Now that Man's Ruin is hooked up with Sony we won't touch your one-offs with them, either, so you don't have to worry about that any more. I'm sure many staffers here like your band's music, and only a few are turned off by the trashy sex appeal you use to sell 7"s.

You signing to a major and ripping off stupid kids sounds great. Hopefully you'll get rich! I tried sticking my stupid punk ethics up my ass, as you suggested, and I found it very pleasurable. I relaxed, used a lot of lubricant, and took plenty of time. My ass felt all filled up. Our shit is at least halfway together, so much so that we don't have to eat terrible fast food to survive. Well please don't hestitate to write if you have any other concerns.

Jeff M.

Email:
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters-to-editor. Use phone for ad reservations. Do not expect answers, but you might get one)

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ALLTID JAGET	The End	The newest hardcore band to continue the great Norwegian tradition - Twelve tracks of relentless spastic hardcore.	Heart First	CD	6.75
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AUS ROTTEN	And now back to our..	Great stuff from this Pittsburg band - Political anger with catchy, rough singalong punk - there's a reason they're huge	Tribal War	LP	6.25
AUS ROTTEN	Not one single fucking..	35 track collection of their vinyl output - LP / Eps and splits - includes some live stuff - Angry Political punk	Tribal War	CD	9.00
BOTCH	We are the Romans	Another of the crazy Hydra Head packages - double LP in a full color gatefold sleeve. Huge riffs, all around screaming.	Hydra Head	2xLP	11.00
BOTCH	We are the Romans	The crazy metal cum hardcore HydraHead brings to task - gasoline vocals, wandering guitars and full metal jacket.	Hydra Head	CD	10.00
CATHARSIS	Passion	New recording from one of the premier US hardcore band - intelligent, driving and unrelenting hardcore. Inspirational.	CrimeThInc	CD	9.00
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FOUND MY DIRECTION	Burn all white flags...	Twelve song blast from these Aussies - split label release. Finger in the air pummelling, hoarse vocals, bomb breaks.	Resist/625	CD	8.50
GRIMPLE	Remember...	Awesome CD comp - this is their EP, LP and split LP tracks - bombastic, sarcastic and caustic East Bay hardcore. Great	Liberation	CD	12.50
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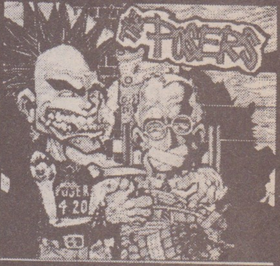

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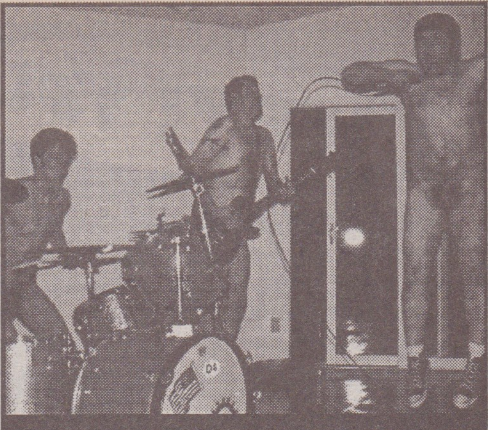

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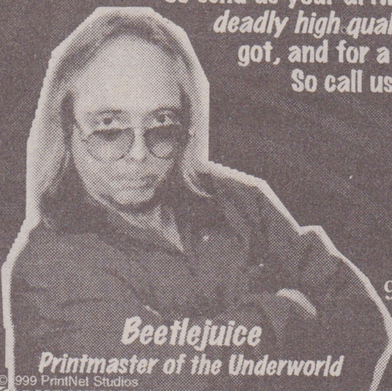

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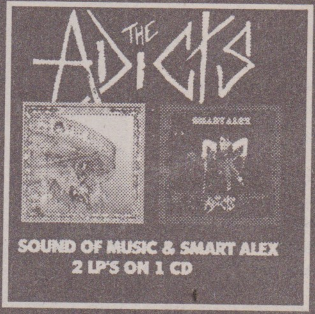

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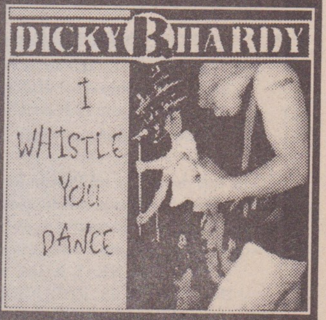

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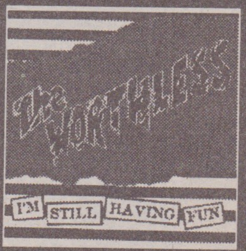

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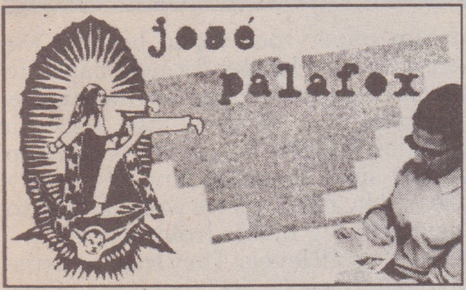


Chicago, IL., December 16, 1999: Interview with Martin S. from the legendary band, Los Crudos, on his new documentary, "Beyond the Screams: A U.S. Latino/Chicano Hardcore/Punk Documentary."

PART I. (Part II, next month).

Brief intro: I had an extra ticket to use so I flew in to Chicago for one day to interview and see the long-awaited video by Martin. It's freezing and I'm not prepared to deal with the snow. I literally turned in my grades for school and hopped on a plane. The following interview with Martin took place at his house and lasted for about three to four hours. I will include the first part of the interview this month and will follow up the last part next month. I will also share my thoughts on the video and a few related things in next month's column. There are so many things I want to say about this amazing and important video, but I will hold my thoughts to write a longer piece on this later. I know that this documentary will stir up much debate (and a needed discussion I might add, e.g. issues of race, gender, and nationalism within the punk/hardcore "scene"). Martin will sell this video through his Lengua Armada label soon, so keep an eye out for it (more info on this next month). For now, here is the first part of the interview:

Jose Palafox: The video "Mas Alla de los Gritos/Beyond the Screams," it's like 30 minutes long, right? Also, tell us about the title. How did you come up with it?

Martin Sorrondeguy: It was kinda hard coming up with the title. I was really toying around with a lot of different ideas on what would be an accurate title for a piece like this. Anywhere I was, I tried to just write down ideas. I was coming up with all sorts of crazy titles, looking at songs, looking at lyrics, looking at bands that were focused on the piece. It's kinda along the idea of "More Than Music," that a lot of punk kids in the Midwest and around the country are familiar with. It's more than just the music, it's what we were talking and screaming about. So, the title that stuck was "Mas Alla de los Gritos."

JP: So, for people who haven't seen the video (and there's a lot of people) what's the video about? Who are some of the bands in it?

MS: Well, the video is basically a gathering of interviews and of specifically Chicanos and Latinos involved in the punk scene in the United States. It starts off where I narrate the beginnings of my first exposure to punk, and then it starts opening up to the formation of a latino/chicano scene in the U.S. but also, the recognition of its roots. Dating way back to the late '70s, in California, and onto the more recent years where there was a new flow of bands and people that were latino/chicano getting involved in singing in Spanish. It gets into why that happened, how that happened, the reasons behind it. Why latinos are getting into punk, and why latinos used punk as an outlet to voice their discontent, and that's kinda what the video looks into. It covers certain issues general to the punk scene, like the DIY thing, and how we utilize that.

JP: How did you come up with the periodization of the 1970s and then '90s?

MS: Well, I felt that I could've just focused on the specific scene that was formed in the early '90s, with Huasipungo, Crudos, Revolucion X, Empirismo, Dogma Mundista, all those bands—but I really felt that in order to talk about the '90s latino punk scene in the U.S., you have to talk about the latino/chicano punk scene that was formed in the late '70s, to recognize these people. Although a lot of them don't realize it, they laid down some of the floor plans and were an influence to a lot of the kids later. A lot of them don't even realize it, but they were, because a lot of kids will look back and say, "oh, the Plugz, oh yeah, Alice Bag, the Zeros, The Brat" and use them as an influence. But it was like giving a brief piece in the video that recognized that they were marking their place in history that previously had not been told by previous punk documentaries and things like that. And then, also recognizing that there would be no latino punk scene in the U.S. had punk from Latin America not come to the U.S. I really think that punk from Latin America really influenced a lot of what was happening in the early '90s—the bands singing in Spanish, that was a whole new element that was becoming really prominent.

JP: What are some of those bands from Latin America that you think have influenced bands in the United States? Are there certain similar themes in both of them?

MS: I can speak on my own personal experience, with Los Crudos, was that the histories that our families experienced, like political experiences—repression, dictatorships—bands sing about that in Latin America and we sing about because our families were affected by that. For some kids, that's the reason why their families migrated out of the countries, so there's that connection. There are different elements. In Latin America it's a class issue, and here it becomes both a race and class issue, but more heavily on race than class sometimes. If you look at the old Brazilian and Mexican bands, like Masscres 68, I mean, listening to punk from Latin America for the first time was a revelation. I had not heard it before—like the *Peace* compilation LP that came out around '86, or like the band Los Violadores that I mention in the video—just knowing where my family came from and hearing that really was powerful.

JP: You mentioned a cousin in the video, is he from the states?

MS: My cousins were living in New York and were really into the early punk scene. And that was really my first exposure to punk in the fifth grade—around '78-79, I remember he played some old records and I was intrigued by the visuals and the craziness of it. You know, "God save the Queen, she ain't no human being." In fifth grade, I thought it was weird, but interesting. There are several reasons why I think the latino punk scene in the U.S. really got rolling in the '90s and bands started singing in Spanish. It wasn't just the Latin American influence—that was a big influence—but also what happened here in the U.S. politically really started to make us talk about how the community was being targeted.

JP: How was it being targeted?

MS: Well, with what was going on politically with Prop. 187, the feeling of xenophobia in the West Coast was also felt here in the Midwest. NAFTA, this was all happening in the early '90s, the Zapatista uprising, these were all affecting the community, and the community felt targeted. The community will respond, and for a lot of young people it was about picking up instruments and really vocalizing that kind of anger, and that's what we started to do. To shake things up a little, we started to sing in Spanish. Ever since we were really young, the process of assimilation went wrong somewhere, and we felt like we were that error.

JP: Many people in the video (in-

cluding myself) have emphasized that punk bands were singing about "what it meant to be punk," but the fact that Los Crudos was singing in Spanish, that made it different. What's the difference between singing a song in English versus in Spanish?

MS: For me, words have a lot more power when said in Spanish than English. I think the English language is very abused. People use words very loosely. A perfect example would be "love." "I love my car, I love my TV." But in Spanish, when one says, "Te Quiero," it has a very strong meaning, it means "you LOVE" somebody or something. People have to also realize that we were also products of the educational system here in the U.S. and a lot of our Spanish had been erased, so for us, we were relearning, we were learning as we were going along, because none of us are experts in Spanish, not in the grammatical sense. For us it was powerful to regain our language, it had a power behind it. If we were to say "Assassins" in English instead of "Asesinos," it wouldn't have had that same urgency and power if said in English. For us, singing in Spanish was to really be direct with who we were talking to, and if it meant communicating with young people or people in our communities, well, what better way than the language that we were all originally raised with? It made this connection by saying, "You know what's up. Because you come from where I come from and what I'm talking about, you know because you experienced it too." And that's the attitude we had. We weren't fucking around. Even with kids in the neighborhood, people would take it as a joke.

JP: Like, what are some of the examples?

MS: In the beginning people would come and see us saying, "Oh, Los Crudos, there just a big party band, and they're all fucked up." But we would say, "No, you're off." We'd literally say this during the show. We'd say, "It's not about that, it's about this." I remember this latino dude saying, "I don't speak Spanish." I said, "You know what, a lot of our friends and people in this neighborhood don't speak Spanish, but there are some of us who do and did and we're doing it because it's important to us, but we're not shutting you out." Some people just didn't know how to take it at first, it was overall pretty positive, but we were always kinda facing someone who was unhappy or unsure about something.

JP: It seems like when I've talked to my friends in Seein Red in Europe, they sing in English because that is the dominant language everywhere, even in hardcore. I talk to them about how they feel in their own countries, singing in English as opposed to Dutch or any other languages. There are a lot of bands here in the U.S. that have toured Mexico and Latin America like Los Crudos who are singing in Spanish, but Los Crudos is not just something that only people in the U.S. can relate to. It's something that people in other countries could also relate to. It's more universal.

MS: It always bugged me, the fact that bands from Italy—I use that example because I was really fond of Italian hardcore—I noticed that a lot of the bands in the late '80s shifted from singing in Italian to English. I just couldn't understand why. Even bands like Ratos de Porao from Brazil, they did a lot of their early stuff in Portuguese, but later in English. It seemed like they were trying to reach a larger market. That's why a lot of bands do it, to gain acceptance, mainly here in the U.S., so it was disturbing. So, we kinda did the opposite.

JP: It's interesting to see in the video that you talk about the rise of latino/chicano punk and singing in Spanish, while around the same time there is a proliferation of "rock bands" that sing in Spanish (A.K.A. "Rock En Espanol"). Bands like Caifanes, Soda Stereo, and Mana are getting increasingly popular as rock bands that sing in Spanish. Now, if one was to hear that a "rock band" singing in Spanish was going to be playing, how would people know the difference between these bands and punk rock/hardcore bands that sing in Spanish? Besides the music, what's the difference between Los Crudos and Caifanes?

MS: The music is different, but when we first started, there wasn't a huge explosion of Rock En Espanol, it almost happened as we were going along, there were attempts (and I mean attempts in this really weird way), by people to sweep us into this Rock En Espanol scene.

JP: Like labels?

MS: We really rejected that. I think Rock En Espanol equates, sadly, to marketing, money, business. It's a big business. In the beginning stages of Rock En Espanol, it was a powerful thing because nobody was yet marketing that in the way it became shortly after. It was so fast that now, Rock En Espanol is impenetrable. One cannot penetrate that wall, like you cannot penetrate the mainstream music rock world here, in the sense that it's harder for new bands to become recognized, because there is this hierarchy that exists within Rock En Espanol. We didn't want anything to do with it since the beginning. We really rejected it, although we were offered to play with big bands from Mexico, we refused on all levels. They tried to strike up deals, these "suits" that came to our shows, and Jose walked up to them and said, "Don't come to us with your chingaderas," Don't come to us with your fucking bullshit. So, he said "OK, fair enough," and walked away. Rock En Espanol for me is stripped of its danger. The way I interpret music has an element of danger and risk—it's a way of taking some type of action, and Rock En Espanol is neutralized and safe. I'm just not attracted to that safeness.

JP: What do you think when people say, "let's make punk a threat again?"

MS: I think it's a very internal concept, within the punk scene. I understand where it comes from, but only you are gonna be the one in charge of making punk a threat again. I think the punk scene for a while had been very stagnant, and it was calling out to say, "What the fuck is going on?" It was cool that it was coming out, but I think that instead of just making t-shirts that say, "Let's make punk a threat again," just start making it a threat. Don't call out, just do it. People will notice those actions. A lot of kids unfortunately cling onto these catch phrases and slogans, but to me, making punk a threat again means taking on the responsibility to do conscious actions and fucking with things. That's where the threat factor comes in—knowing that things are fucked up and rejecting that. It's not about looking scary and being punk, but its like what happened in Seattle at the WTO—that's what's making punk a threat again. It's also overextending ourselves beyond just the punk barriers and into the broader society.

JP: It's one thing to say, but something else to act upon it, like you did on your tour in Mexico where you played benefit shows throughout the entire country and Crudos pretty much paid for all expenses. What is also interesting is not only the video, but also the process of doing this video, which is pretty much DIY. Can you tell us more about what's DIY about this video? Who helped out?

MS: When I decided to do this video, I took the approach of when I did records and the band. It was really low budget, out of my pocket budget, it was

difficult because it was an expensive project, but I felt passionate about this. I wanted to document this type of scene that my band and other bands were provoking and stirring up, like you, with your writings/poetry, whether it was in Swing Kids or whatever, we were fucking things up and provoking thought in a way that other bands weren't really doing for a very long time. It was something to take note of, or it would vanish if not documented. I knew the end of Los Crudos was coming soon and I thought that somebody should record this history. But, there's always this issue of ego that, you know, this documentary was made by Martin and a lot of punk kids would call you out on shit like that, but I also felt like "if you don't do it, who the fuck is going to do it?" And there's no better person who should do it than someone who is directly involved. We have to write our own history, sadly enough, no one is going to do that for us. So, I said fuck it, and did it. We went on the road. I had this camera.

JP: When did the actual filming start?

MS: I started this project originally as a photo project, just doing black and white prints in '96-'97. As part of my Masters thesis at the University of Illinois, Chicago, I took photos of people hanging out, playing, sleeping on floors. I received some comments about my photos being too silent and too quiet and there wasn't this life to it. I got turned off and didn't think it was going to work. It was just photos, I didn't even have a video camera yet. But, during our break from school I bought a video camera and in South America, I started to document some of the stuff that was going on there during our shows. Now, with video, things were coming to life. It was vibrant, alive and moving, so I restarted the project about the latino/chicano punk scene. When Los Crudos did our last tour, I started interviewing people in every city that I went to.

JP: How did people feel about you interviewing them?

MS: I remember interviewing this fifteen year-old kid, and he was like, "wait, you really want to interview me?" For me, it's like, "who am I going to interview, just the bands?" I didn't want to do that. I wanted to talk to many people, and it all helped build what I was trying to do. I had 80 plus hours of footage, like 40 tapes full, but that's what I had to do in order to feel like my project was complete. I remember going back to California to re-interview people and to finally interview the old scenesters.

JP: Can you talk a little more about that?

MS: Well, basically that happened with the help of Cecilia, Raquel, and friends in LA who were like, "hey I can get in contact with Alice Bagz, Robert Lopez from the Zeros, El Vez." Through phone calls and e-mails, they hooked it all up. If it wasn't for them, I wouldn't have been able to pull it off. Luckily, it all came together. It was interesting to talk to them. I learned a lot from doing the project about what punk really was for them and what it meant at that time, and where it started shifting, in the U.S. in the '80s, you start hearing how the scene was inclusive, but when you see kids wearing swastikas and the racism in the scene, you learn a lot. I talk about the East LA Renaissance in the video and that was important information.

JP: It seems like when I see the finished video, and you hear the interviews with the older generation folks in it, it puts what kids today are doing in a historical trajectory that shows some of the connections. Many of the themes and songs might not be the same, but there is still some continuity to this. It shows that people of color have always been involved. This goes along with how people have criticized the '60s nationalist movements as being sexist and overlooking the fact that women were involved and made many important contributions. Yes, there was a lot of sexism within the movement, but there were also many women of color who fought hard against racism and sexism on many fronts. So, to say that punk rock is only a white thing overlooks how people of color have been and are involved in punk rock.

MS: I remember having a discussion with this woman. She kept saying, "this all-white male scene," and I was like, "hold on a minute." By saying that, "you are erasing me, my band, and so many other people." Yes, it is predominantly a white male scene, but it's not entirely, and what you're doing is wiping away something by doing that—and that needs to stop. There is something that didn't come out in the video about how the greater chicano movement was not accepting of the latino/chicano punks and at one point Alice Bagz said something along the lines of "if you're not listening to your artists, your weirdos, your freaks within the chicano movement, it's not going to work." I think that's so true. She also mentions that these artists are who redefined and created this movement where it's not as conservative as it could have been.

JP: The video starts out with the Pilsen community, the place where you grew up. Are there certain things that influenced you into getting involved into punk rock? What brought you to this?

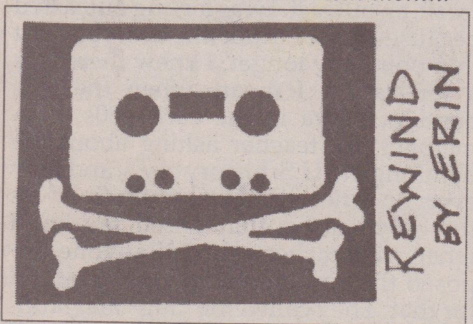
MS: Well, commercialization had killed the hip hop scene. It was so played out due to commercialization. I wanted something else. When I was younger, I went through a weird stage in my life, doing fucked up things, and I didn't want to go back and hang out on the corner. I didn't want to go back to that, I wanted something different. I was in this all-boys (predominantly white) Catholic high school when I started getting into the punk scene, and all these issues started to become very evident—like racism. All the teachers would make fun of the latino kids. They would do all sorts of dumb and ignorant things like saying, "Oh, what are you going to do, call your gang member friends?" I really started to doubt a lot of things. I really needed something that would help me along with this stuff. I was ready for it. I had a feeling that I would get into punk because it was the only thing I can recall witnessing in my life that was so fucking out there—you could be open, be a freak, an outcast. I was feeling outcasted because I didn't think like everybody at that point any longer, I knew there was a separation. I mean, when the U.S. bombed Libya in the early '80s, I remember the teacher asking about the bombing in a U.S. history class, and how everyone cheered. It was pathetic. I was the only person that raised my hand when the teacher asked if anyone opposed the bombing, and I was mocked for that. They called me "fag" and stuff, but I told them that I didn't believe it was a solution. I was ready for something else and punk was it.

JP: A lot of hardcore punk kids have similar stories of being outcasts, but there are more borders that don't only deal with marginalization of punk kids vis-a-vis society, but also the sense of people of color not belonging, even within the punk subculture. How do you feel about this?

MS: Even within the punk scene, we want to believe that there is this subculture, where it's open enough to feel comfortable and on the same level with everybody, but within its own boundaries it has its problems and we don't feel equal or the same as everybody. For me, when I would go to shows in the north part of Chicago, and the kids there would be coming from the

suburbs. We would see bands like Life Sentence, Out of Order, Generation Waste, and Naked Reagan. At first, I really wanted to be a part of something, and then I started making decisions about doing things, and I always thought it was about rebellion and I was ready for that. There was always this element of questioning that was important. Why my parents couldn't go back to Uruguay because of the dictatorship. So, I was like, "all right, punk rock, let's go." I started realizing that a lot of the punk scene was not about that. I remember going to a punk show in '87-'88—it was an expensive show, all of a sudden, the price of shows started going up—that bothered me. So me and my sister started making flyers to boycott the show and big business in hardcore. I remember passing them out at the shows and almost getting our asses kicked. It became a class issue, an issue of economics. I couldn't afford these shows anymore and I was pissed that it was no longer accessible to me. I was 17 or 18 years old with a monster mohawk, I couldn't just walk in anywhere and get a job—that was an issue for me. I had a little bit of support, but not a lot. I thought that if this was important to me that it might also be for other people.

Part II to be continued next month.



First things first: please remember to put your information on MORE THAN just the outside envelope! Send your stuff directly to me so I can avoid the possibility of losing it in transition from the Bay Area. OK, here we go.

French pop punk sounds just like American pop punk! BRAIN DAMAGE sing most of their songs in English, and play mid tempo catchy songs that don't really stick with you. (16 songs, clean production, lyric sheet. 103 av. Henri Dunant, 06100 Nice, France.)

From Malaysia, Breathless is a compilation tape with DEADLY GROUND, BURGER KILL, DEAD PITS, INSIDE FRONT, O.O.S., and STEP FORWARD. There wasn't a tape cover included, so I can't tell you for sure which sounds match up with which bands, but the first one is sort of metally hardcore, the second is more of the super angry SUICIDAL TENDENCIES sort of hardcore (vocally) with chunky guitars, and after that I can't tell if it's a different band or what. But this tape runs the gamut of hardcore styles. Well worth the $4 ppd. American. I'm not sure how many songs, the production is overall good, with some bands, of course, sounding better than others, no lyric sheet. (c/o Mat, 12 Jin Tasek 25, Bandar Seri Alam, 81750 Masai, Johor, Malaysia.)

THE COUNSELORS have a BOUNCING SOULS sort of hardcore energy, with some of the vocals sounding like the NOMEANSNO songs that aren't sung. The third song has a backup vocal part which is just like the noise Bud Clark (bartender turned Portland mayor, '85-92) was known for (wup-wup!). Fifteen songs, good production, but it's hard to turn up really loud, no lyric sheet. There's no regular address anywhere on the CD but their email is thecounselors~hotmail.com.

The DEAD END KIDS, from Florida, not Seattle, play good rockin basic punk rock. The tempo doesn't seem fast, but it's easy to bop your head to. The vocals sometimes have a J-CHURCH sound; they have a similar voice, but the singing style is pretty different. Lots of backup vocals and misleading song listings, but it's easy enough to figure out. ($6 ppd, 16 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 40101 Sherydan Glenn, Lady Lake, FL 32159.)

The DESTRUCTO KIDS also play good rockin punk, but with female vocals (which remind me of the female singer of the HORNY MORMONS), sounding like a slightly slower, less spastic JAGOFFS. ($3 ppd. songs, good production, lyric sheet. 1570 Market St., Linwood, PA 19061.)

Clean and polished, THE EMBARRASSING WRECKS are a pop band with sort of emo sensibilities and smooth vocals. (4 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 41 Richard Ave., Islip Terrace, NY 11752.)

FADED GREY play the emo hardcore stuff popularized by FUEL, with lots of energy and a really good mix. (4 songs, good production, lyric sheet. PO Box 30261, Las Vegas, NV 89173.)

FINAL DOSAGE is no-nonsense hardcore, with the throaty vocals, the long agonizing screams, and the backup vocals just as anguished. Quality. ($3 ppd, 13 songs, decent production, lyric booklet! 2940 Oleander Drive #B-4, Wilmington, NC 28403.)

HARD MONEY and SURFACE have put out a split demo that works really well. Both bands have lots of heart, with HARlD MONEY playing more straightforward catchy punk with sing-along chorus parts (think SNUFF with sometimes female vocals) and SURFACE playing songs with poppy parts, fast parts, sweet parts, and slow parts. They have female vocals with really triumphant backup vocals. Both bands have thirteen songs, no lyric sheet, and the sound only comes out of the left side of my stereo. (Cx. Postal 990, Londrina-PR, 86001970,.Brasil.)

THE HOWARDS play RAMONES influenced rock, about that pace, with sometimes more throaty vocals than Joey and sometimes weird sickly sweet vocals. ($8 ppd, 10 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 16 Ferris St., Indian Orchard, MA 01151.)

ILL TEMPERED is back with a CD release this time instead of tape, still playing ECONOCHRIST style hardcore, thrashy and tight, and they have a lyric sheet this time. (15 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 512 Cappella, Diamond Springs, CA 95619.)

LAND OF THE EL CAMINOS have husky, melodic vocals over a bed of pop-influenced rock music. Good songs, although the average length per song is three and a half minutes, which is a little long for my taste. (12 songs, tight and clean production, lyric sheet. PO Box 10203, Chicago, IL 60610.)

MY AREA CODE IS 410 were a 4-track project that was recorded in 1991-92, that is the classic "my first 4-track" project. I'm sure they thought it was funny at the time. The songs with lyrics have a HAPPY FLOWERS sort of sensibility. The ones without lyrics are impossible to tell apart. (50 songs, poor production, no lyric sheet. 5210 Windmill Lane, Columbia MD 21044.)

The punk rock of NEUROTIC EXPLOSION is half tough and melodic and half in the ska realm, with strumming the guitar from the high strings up (I'm sure all you guitar geeks are making fun of me for lacking terminology, but you know what I'm talking about, right?) and "pick it ups" thrown in. (4 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 3 Rue Des Bonniots, 22440 Plougtragan, France.)

RESTONS SOBRES are a solid interesting hardcore band. Chunky, sort of metally (they've got a double bass drum!) Chanting in the beginning and elsewhere on the tape might be a sample, but it fits really well. (10 songs, good production, lyric sheet. C/Bizkerre 14 4c, 48990 getxo, Bizkaia.)

Columns

SABROSITAS are a surf band, and all their songs are the "takin it easy" pace. (12 songs, clean production, no lyric sheet (no lyrics!). PO Box 18306, Tucson, AZ 85731.) Musically,

SLEEP LOGIC sounds like if you had a SUPERCHUNK 7" and it was supposed to be on 45 rpm but you played it on 33 rpm. The vocals sound layered. ($1 plus a S.A.S.E. 4 songs, decent production, lyric sheet. 18 E. Dayton St. Apt F, Madison, WI 53703.)

VIVA FIDEL play the fastest pop punk of the month. It's a lot like SICKO in terms of content, not bratty like I expected from their lyrics. (5 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 351 17th St.. #1R, Brooklyn, NY 11215.)

On the WHITE COLLAR CRIME CD, the theme of the first song is a love song to books! The tempo is medium fast, there are some keyboards in here and I'm not sure if there is no guitar or I just can't hear it. The songs seem clever, like the TINKLERS, but not musically like them at all. (16 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 98-100 Suffolk St. New York, NY 10002.)

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION JACKSON is superfast, lots of breaks, occasionally noodily guitar parts, occasionally hypnotic guitar parts, and vocal styles ranging from swallowed glass to Cookie Monster. Lots of samples. ($2 ppd. 11 songs, decent production, no lyric sheet. 2163 Chestnut Ave., Ardmore, PA 19003.)

DISCORDIA is a crusty band (self-described) with fast paced crunchy guitars with lots of pick slides, the furious drumbeat, and vocals that sound like an exploding man. Quality hardcore. ($3 ppd. 13 songs, good production, lyric sheet. Calle inu Fernando Sanchez A., #7906 Col. Zona Norte, C.P. 22000, Tijuana B.C.N., Mexico.)

DON FANGO play midtempo heavy hardcore with a really dominant bass sound—really cool. They get into really good grooves, too. Funny sample with a mouthharp. (7 songs, really good production, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 2035, Santiago, 21, Chile.) FECAL FACE AND THE TOILET SLAVES have the same sort of lofi catchiness as CAPTAIN 9'S AND THE KNICKERBOCKER TRIO, and the same melodic sort of throaty vocals. ($3 ppd. 17 songs, OK production, lyric sheet, P.O. Box 1550, Rosamond, CA 93560.)

THE HIDEOUS MUTANT FREAKS are a hook-filled punk band, split about half and half between midtempo and fast songs. The singer's got the vocal style of Kevin Seconds. ($6 ppd, 6 songs, good production (and recorded for free at a friend's house), lyric sheet. 1617 Edgemont St., San Diego, CA 92102.)

LEFT NUT are good when they don't have the vocals real prominent in the mix at the expense of the songs. It seems to be the joke songs when this happens, like the vocals have to be so high that you'll get the joke. When there's a better balance they've got good snotty vocals over mid tempo nothin flashy solid music. (9 songs, clean production, no lyric sheet. 324 Broadway, Somerville, MA 02145.)

THE LINCOLNS play macho guitar dominated rockaroll influenced punk, with that yelling vocal style that goes with it so well, a HANSON BROTHERS (without hockey references) feel throughout, and a cover of "Jailhouse Rock". (5 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 727 Beaver St., SantaRosa, CA 95404.)

I'm sure LUNGBUTTER gets compared to NOMEANSNO all the time, but I think their quirkiness is more like the MINUTEMEN, and is more appropriate comparison for their vocal style. Good punk heart, with those aforementioned forefathers' vision of tempo changes. (5 songs (well, actually 4, one song has a studio version and a live version), OK production, no lyric sheet. 70 Wellington St. Apt. #1, Stratford, ON NSA 2L2 Canada.)

NADA QUE HACER have a driving guitar sound, fast paced tempo and a melodic singer. Reminiscent of the BAD RELIGION songs that I like. (12 songs, good production, lyric sheet. C.C. 3893, Correo Central (1000), Argentina.)

PRE MILLENNIUM TENSION have a great theme song, female vocals and a saxaphone that punctuates songs like X-RAY SPEX. It's really good, solid, punk rock. "You're a Drama Queen" sounds like "You're a Drunk Pig". (5 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 28 Horsfors St., Norwich NR2 4LW, UK.)

The POP NARCOTIC remind me of the first wave of SST bands, but their later albums. Musically interesting, and lots of different styles mixed together well, with angry, almost emo vocals. (6 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 508 Huntington St. #4, Huntington Beach, CA 92648.)

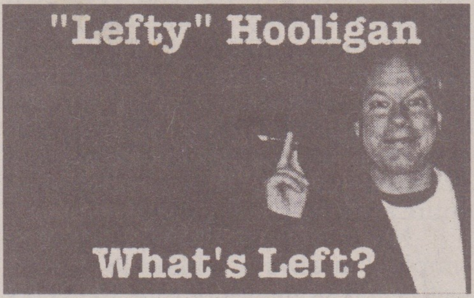
PUPAE is hardcore! Throaty screamed vocals over dirgey songs that might be a minute long but I doubt it. ($2 ppd. 8 songs, decent production, no lyric sheet. 405 High St., Nashville, TN 37211.)

3MYLILE have the mid to slow tempo songs, and the fast hardcore songs. They have spoken and yelling vocals, usually both in the same song. A love song to a laundrymat is always a good sign. (7 songs, okay production, no lyric sheet. 61 East 20th St., Huntington Sta., NY 11746.)

THE TUTSIS play straightforward punk, sometimes male vocals, sometimes female. They also have a saxaphone, but it acts like a guitar, instead of as punctuation. It's not in every song, either. (4 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 380152, East Hartford, CT. 06138.) .

SEND DEMOS TO ME is not the dumb name of a punk band, it's what you should do instead of making the folks at *Maximum* send me big ol' overwhelming packages of demos. Besides, if it was the dumb name of some punk band, it would be in proper alphabetical order like the rest of the demo reviews. Yes, I'm still playing your tapes on the radio, kids, don't you worry.

Erin, PO Box 1113 Portland, OR 97207.



I'm way overdressed for the weather. It's sunny, 70 plus degrees and the sailboat-laced waters of San Francisco Bay sparkle a lively blue. Yet I'm wearing all black. Black Converse, black jeans, black sweatshirt, a black bandana tied around my face with another one tied over my head so only my eyes are visible.

It's Sunday, October 11, 1992. The 500th anniversary weekend of Columbus' voyage to this hemisphere. Some folks celebrate that event as the "discovery of America." Others consider it the beginning of Europe's genocidal invasion of Turtle Island and plan continent-wide protests. Thousands of people mill around the gathering area at San Francisco's Aquatic Park for the west coast anti-Columbus Day march and rally. There's only about 75-80 of us black-clad folk assembled for the Anarchist Black Block*, but boy do we look scary. Passers-by are startled and apprehensive to see us all massed ominously together. Some indignantly demand to know what we think we're doing or going to accomplish dressed as we are,

comparing us to a gang or worse, black-shirted fascists. One outraged individual with a camera storms up to our identifying banner and starts taking pictures up close of those holding it, focusing on their eyes. We speculate he's an undercover cop incensed at not being able to photograph our faces.

People associated with the old *Love and Rage* newspaper and network are doing black blocks in New York and Minneapolis before Columbus Day, 1992 of course. Now, in my experience, *Love and Rage* is a strident vanguard formation in all but official ideology. An imported European Autonomen tactic, the black block in *L&R*'s hands serves to give them an ultra-militant street presence. I speculate prior to 10/11/92 via a satiric pamphlet "Do You Have Vanguard Envy?" that it's part of their effort to galvanize a revolutionary punk street gang to rival the Revolutionary Communist Party's Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade. In my opinion, by the Columbus Day weekend, 1992, *L&R* has taken on most of the worst trappings of the Leninist left in the name of revolutionary anarchism. The continental call for anarchist black blocks at anti-Columbus protests is not all *L&R* however. Free Society, Positive Force and Profane Existence make it a call from the entire anarcho-punk milieu.

My interest in the black block is simple. I'm always willing to explore tactics and strategies outside the Left's protest-politics-as-usual. I also know about Europe's autonomous movements and I'm curious to see how far a tactic can be adopted from one set of social protest conditions and adapted to another. I'm having second thoughts, however, standing around in that bright morning approaching warm noon. I'm not sweating, but then the nearly two mile march along Van Ness to the Civic Center rally site hasn't begun yet. The day of protest is a spectacular example of some of San Francisco's best weather; the glorious Indian summers in the middle of autumn that make up for the Bay Area's generally cold and foggy summers. Only I'm idly trying to figure out what to call this time of year to be PC while I wait for the fireworks to begin.

Native American summer? Indigenous peoples summer? Aboriginal summer?

The Bay Area *L&R* cadre, at that time also associated with the East Bay newspaper *Slingshot*, has been a presence at the black block organizing meetings, but not a dominating one. In hindsight, it's easy to say they were working from a rather rigid understanding of a black block, based exclusively on the Autonomen model. The all-black uniform is for maximum anonymity, so that the cops can't identify who does what in a riot. Normal clothes are worn underneath, to be quickly changed into in order to escape arrest. Everybody dressed in black hangs as a block, maneuvers as a block, fights as a block. The black block uses its collectivity to establish a political presence within any larger demonstration, carry out autonomous actions, unarrest their members and confront the police *en mass*, arms linked, ready to defend themselves.

Five sailboats from the Bay Area Peace Navy and 3,000 demonstrators on shore shouting, "Columbus, turn back!" succeed in preventing a hokey reenactment of the Columbus landing. With this victory, the huge 6,000+ march forms up. The Anarchist Black Block takes its place behind a contingent of revolutionary nationalist students from SFSU; a thoroughly Maoist outfit of kids who consider themselves colonized Third World people of color in this country. The black block is officially committed to following the lead of these nationalist students, who in turn intend to disrupt the official pro-Columbus parade along Columbus Avenue, in the heart of San Francisco's Italian-American North Beach. This clandestine action has the unofficial approval of the protest coalition's leadership, including the American Indian Movement.

That's another *L&R* delirium tremen; the idea that revolutionary white people can not fight for social revolution or do anything more than show solidarity for oppressed people of color in a protest against Columbus. In *L&R*'s twisted "revolutionary anarchist" logic this means not just the inevitable compromises involved in coalition politics, but uncritically accepting the leadership of a particular bunch of rabid Leninoids. Not that disrupting the Columbus Day weekend festivities is not a great idea. A small group of pacifists even plan to commit civil disobedience and sit down somewhere along the parade route. The image of anti-authoritarian anarchists committed to abolishing the nation-state taking their direction from authoritarian Leninist nationalists boggles the mind, however. No surprise that *L&R* eventually splits into hardcore anarchist and neo-Third Worldist factions by 1998.

The ranks of the Anarchist Black Block quickly swell once the march actually hits the southbound lanes of Van Ness. Soon over 150 masked people are marching behind the official black block banner, chanting witty slogans and reveling in our rowdy numbers. The SFSU students plan to split off at some point from the main march and head across town, but since *they're* leading *us*, we have no idea when that'll happen or where the fuck we're going. This doesn't prevent a certain segment of the black block from committing intermediate acts of vandalism, such as invading the northbound lanes of automobile traffic to jam things up, climb over cars with steel toed Docs and combat boots, snap off antennas, cave in hoods and roofs, and terrify or infuriate the hell out of those inside their vehicles. The Leninoids make their move on Chestnut Street.

Chestnut Street stops a little east of Van Ness in a daunting terraced staircase. Seven flights, one hundred and sixteen stone steps in all, and we're expected to *run* up this to outmaneuver the police. I'm over 40 and in no shape for this sudden act of stupidity (or is it machismo?) by our SFSU vanguard. I'm completely out of breath, covered in sweat, my calves screaming with pain by the time I reach the top of the staircase. It takes a few minutes for the black block to regroup on upper Chestnut, so I try and catch my breath. There's no mistaking the smell of gasoline.

Someone wearing black is packing mollies!

L&R people are yelling "link arms, slow down, form up" as the confused mass of some 300 SFSU students and folks dressed in black move down the street toward the barricades marking off the Columbus Day weekend parade's back route on Jones Street. It's where the floats and marching bands line up before they drive out onto Columbus to the waiting crowds of partyers, tourists and genuine locals of Italian heritage celebrating what they see as their proud immigrant heritage. It's guarded by only three or four nervous cops behind a few metal barricades. But as the black block pauses to regroup yet one more time, a half dozen cop cars arrive on the parade back route to reinforce the police line. Many of us realize what's happening and bolt for an end run along the sidewalks around the barricades, leaving the inflexible black block behind. About a third of the SFSU crowd and those of us in black make it through before the cops seal off the sidewalks. We take off in a run for Columbus Avenue, howling with glee. I see a phalanx of riot clad police marching slowly in formation behind us as I turn a corner.

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It's the turtle chasing the hare.

The black block and SFSU student contingents trapped behind police lines don't fair too well. They mass against the barricades, hoping to break through, but the police keep them at bay with billy clubs. Someone tosses a lit Molotov Cocktail, which explodes against a cop car. The police go ballistic, rush the demonstrators and a melee ensues. Several people are arrested, including the guy holding the mollies. A couple of my friends hide in a garage, where they shed their black uniforms and then stroll back out unnoticed into the mini-riot.

I'm completely exhausted by the time I round the street corner out of sight of the pursuing riot squad. I slip behind a building and do a quick change of clothing. Then I get a good rest waiting for the orderly cops to march by me, weighed down in heavy riot gear. They don't notice me nonchalantly leaning against the wall and I suddenly realize that the cops in their inflexible military formation are practicing black block tactics in the extreme. Or at least black block tactics as dogmatically interpreted by *L&R*. There are many ways to do a black block, as I eventually learn. I will incorporate a more fluid version of the black block into my first scifi novel, *End Time*, but now I just wait for the cops to pass, so that I can cautiously follow a dozen yards behind them.

I walk past two trashed parade floats along the way, evidence of the whirlwind's course, before I emerge into the chaos that is the official Columbus Day parade. Crowds of spectators around Washington Square Park mill about in confusion. The police have only just arrested the pacifist CDers and cleared the street. A group of lefty Italian-Americans occupy the steps of a nearby Catholic Church in a protest vigil. And those SFSU students and black block anarchists who broke through the police line on Chestnut, which now includes me, are scattered about, jumping and ransacking floats, throwing paint balloons and smoke bombs, taking out windows with slingshots and causing general mayhem. The Columbus Day parade unceremoniously collapses. A couple more rowdies are arrested, though most of those in black manage to escape with a simple change of costume.

An ancient bespeckled Berkeley anarchist, someone not in the black block but there nonetheless to protest Columbus Day, stands in the street of the parade next to the metal barricade separating him from folks dining along the sidewalk at a popular North Beach restaurant. He's arguing with a man seated over a traditional Italian dinner across from his wife, and the man is screaming, "I'm fucking Italian and I'm fucking proud of it." The irate Italian-American stands, punches out the old Berkeley anarchist hard enough to break his thick glasses and cut a cheek and eyebrow, then sits back down to finish his meal.

I drift back to the Civic Center rally, still in progress, to rendezvous with comrades left from the black block. We wait for word on those arrested and learn that the anti-Columbus protest coalition leadership, while conveniently disavowing certain extreme actions, nevertheless publicly praises the disruption of the Columbus Day holiday-as-usual and insinuates that future Columbus Days will be similarly protested. The last never happens, but the tired, ragtag remnants of our black block do bask in the glow of a job well done on that day.

Kind of like the feeling radical anti-WTO activists must have felt when they brought down the WTO summit November 30-December 3 of last year. If you paid attention you know there were many levels of protest to "the battle for Seattle." There were the legal mass 50,000+ marches and rallies organized by the likes of the AFL-CIO, Global Exchange and various environmental organizations. Then there were the thousands turned out by the Direct Action Network (DAN) and Ruckus Society (RS) to physically shut down the WTO through nonviolent, celebratory direct action surrounding delegate hotels and meeting buildings. Finally, there was the masked anarchist N30 Black Bloc and its guerrilla affinity groups—some 400 to 500 individuals—that split off from the mass protests to roam the streets, destroy private property, disrupt traffic, and generally fuck shit up. Of course, many protesters did more than one kind of protest, with folks like the union dock and steel workers going to the impressive organized labor march also participating in the nonviolent effort to shut down the WTO, for instance. Needless to say, many of the more conservative groups protesting in Seattle vehemently denounced the black clad anarchists, with a director from Global Exchange, Medea Benjamin, expressing pride at defending corporate property from vandalism as well as her disappointment that the police didn't arrest all the anarchists.

Now I admit I related the above Columbus Day story to establish my own black block street cred. That's because while I was impressed and inspired by the roving anarchist bands that disrupted downtown Seattle with running street battles, when the dust settled I considered the truly mass effort to nonviolently shut down the WTO much more effective. The affinity organization of so many people, the radio-facilitated flexibility and mobility to much of the nonviolent direct action, the festive air of the protests where people danced or read poetry behind the police barricades, the tenacity with which folks resisted the police clubs, tear gas and rubber bullets to delay the WTO summit's official opening, and the continuous insurgency in the streets the summit's second day and night under a state of emergency and martial law were, in the final analysis, more powerful and effective than the Left's protest-politics-as-usual on the one hand and the black-masked street actions of the anarchists on the other.

In no way do I disown or denounce the anarchist actions in Seattle. On the contrary, I praise them and note that anarchist black action has come a long way since 1992 in carrying out fluid guerrilla hit-and-run action against private property and the police. For instance, the use of cellular phones to keep several steps ahead of the cops was brilliant. In the case of "the battle for Seattle" however, I think it was outclassed by the mass nonviolent actions to shut down the WTO. I like to think that were I seven years younger and in Seattle, I'd be blocking the streets by day and fighting the cops by night.

I'm also not in any way saying that the mass nonviolent DAN/RS inspired actions were without fault. By the third day of the WTO summit, and perhaps quite naturally given mass affinity-based organization, much of this protest turned from nonviolently paralyzing downtown Seattle to jail support for the 500+ protesters under lockdown, substantially diverting the original effort to stop the WTO summit. That some nonviolent protesters acted like "peace police" and attempted to enforce their pacifism upon others not in agreement with their principles, even going so far as to defend corporate property, was inexcusable. Yet I have absolutely no doubt that this mass nonviolent action lead the effort to shut down the WTO, followed by the anarchist black actions, and tailed by the Left's boring mass marches and rallies.

Perhaps China will be admitted to the WTO on the sly and the next big round of trade talks will be held in

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Beijing, where the Peoples Liberation Army has extremely brutal, but very effective ways of dealing with protest. That makes putting the kibosh to the WTO summit in Seattle all that more important. WTO events and meetings regularly provoke mass protests and Autonomen violence on the European continent, though nothing with the impact to force the cancellation of opening ceremonies and a wholesale scuttling of the US trade agenda. I'll sidestep discussions rife in the media over whether this is merely a Clinton foreign policy fiasco or a massive failure in American leadership, or whether this might delay China's entry into the WTO, not to mention to what degree police conduct and city leadership in Seattle contributed to the debacle. Undoubtedly short lived, this rare sweet popular victory is worth savoring and celebrating.

My particular support for both the mass nonviolent direct actions and the smaller anarchist street actions in Seattle reflects my belief that it's absolutely crucial at this point in time to develop tactics and strategies outside the bankrupt Left's protest-politics-as-usual. There are other salutary reasons as well. The two set up a dynamic, much like that between the Civil Rights and Black Power movements. Malcolm X once commented that white folks should consider Martin Luther King's nonviolence a reasonable alternative to his own belief in "by any means necessary." The actions by tens of thousands of people in surrounding WTO delegate hotels and meeting facilities and physically preventing the WTO from meeting look reasonable, thanks to a few anarchists fucking shit up. A few anarchists fucking shit up in turn does two things. It tests both the limits of autonomous street action against the powers-that-be, and of the state's capacity to deal with autonomous street action. This fits into an ecological approach to protest. Evolve multiple forms of protest against capitalism and the state.

Throw everything against the wall, and see what sticks.

That's one angle. The other is that I grew up protesting in the streets since the late 1960s. I've watched what's changed, and what's remained the same. Sorry to disappoint the current crop of street warriors, but they're covering territory initially explored by groups like the Motherfuckers, Weathermen, Provos, May Day Tribe, White Panthers, Hash Rebels, Yippies and a number of other affinities that tried to combine hippie counterculture with New Left politics. Current radical street politics have expanded upon this experience in significant ways, most notably making it a prominent underground lifestyle as with the squatter-based Autonomen. I still have the same niggling criticism of '60s and '90s guerrilla street-trashing in general: that it should be better researched before hand and then accurately targeted on the spot so that virtually all damage is directed against our corporate and government rulers and their property, sparing individuals and small businesses. I'd also like to see '90s street guerrillas succeed where their '60s street fighting forerunners failed by cultivating greater solidarity and crossover from the nonviolent direct action camp, perhaps pulling the latter away from Leftist protest-politics-as-usual and into a more radical orbit. That these '90s black actions remain within the same revolutionary spirit as those '60s precursors mentioned above is what's significant in this comparison.

Finally, like a moth to flame, I'm drawn to the apparent chaos common to out-of-control protests, genuine mass action and the rare revolutionary situation. I say "apparent chaos," because to act in such events is actually like surfing a wave, skateboarding a new street, or snowboarding a different slope. You fall down and crash-and-burn a lot, especially if you're new to the sport. But eventually you pick up the skills and instincts to actually stay on your board and *ride*, no matter what the ever-changing circumstances throw at you. I surfed with long boards and skated with boards built from actual roller-skate wheels so I don't scribble this metaphor lightly. The rush from riding a radical wave, street or slope is little different from what I felt riding that black block wave of street action over seven years ago. And I could vicariously experience the thrill anti-WTO activists must have felt just three months ago.

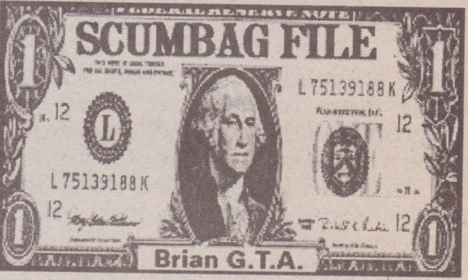
Sort of a contact high.

Those familiar with this column know full well that "Lefty" Hooligan gets off on the "wild in the streets" chaos of just such revolutionary moments when social power is actually being created. It's part of the persona I've crafted for the pseudonym, this element drawn from one of my own real life obsessions. I don't surf or skate anymore, yet I still enjoy it when a protest I'm participating in gets a little lively by successfully taking on a collective life of its own. If that insurrectionary nucleus of real social power then manages to win a battle against state and capital, so much greater the thrill. I don't like traveling out of town to fight the powers-that-be at my advancing age, thank you, which is one reason I wasn't in Seattle to shut down the WTO. I also like to know the field of battle intimately, so to speak. I stay on familiar turf in the Bay Area, and I last enjoyed the direct thrill of autonomous street action fall of last year, during the KPFA protests in Berkeley, some of which I related in a previous column.

I won't bore you with clichés like "think globally, act locally." The 1992 SF black block drew anarchists from all over the western US and Canada, and the 1999 Seattle anti-WTO actions were made possible by people from around the country and the world. I consider both important events in their own right, so obviously I have no problem with actions based on regional, national or international participation. For reasons of security and personal comfort, I now skip the out-of-town riots is all.

*NOTE ON USAGE: A *bloc* is some political combination or alliance of diverse persons, groups, parties or countries forming a unit with a common interest or purpose. A *block* is a quantity, number or section of similar things dealt with as a unit. In the original autonomous usage, it's a black *bloc*, open to sympathetic anti-fascists, anti-imperialists and others besides strict Autonomen. But even back in 1992 folks in San Francisco successfully argued that the use of the French term didn't look right and would be seen by most folks as a misspelling. Besides, *bloc* is literally the English *block*. Finally, the ideological similarity in a North American anarchist black *bloc* brings it closer to the idea of a *block*. Unless part of a name then, I've used black *block* throughout.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o MRR.



Howdy and welcome to another lackluster century of the Scumbag File. (I trust that you didn't partake of the

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year end party Kool-aid?) Today's topic is shipping: what supplies you need, what companies/services, how to safely pack, and so on. Mainly I will be focusing on shipping compact discs and maybe to some lesser degree, vinyl records.

No distributor wants to receive numerous CDs with cracked cases because you used a box that was unsuitable for shipping. It is a serious waste of their manpower every time that they have to stop what they are doing in order to repackage your broken cases. Most likely you will be charges for the replacement of the damaged cases and possibly even the time involved if they're looking at a lot of broken ones. Eventually, it might get to the point where they're not even interested anymore (though this situation is quite rare since most people don't consistently pack that horribly). On the other hand, vinyl album jackets and 7" picture sleeves can become "dog eared" when the corners are smashed or bent, thus on many occasions rendering the record completely unsellable as a new item until new replacement covers are sent. When the distributor receives your order in perfect condition, then it is all the more reason for them to want to do repeat business with you, as it helps show that you do in fact take your relationship with them seriously. Continuously sending product that arrives banged up shows that you don't really care, and why then should the distributor care in its dealings with you?

One way to avoid having damaged goods is to pick out a good, strong cardboard box suitable for shipping such items. Usually the most expensive places to purchase boxes include the post office (very high), office supply warehouse shops, and shipping supply businesses frequented by non-business people (though you might find an office supply warehouse or shipping supply business for the general public with bargain prices on occasion). Better places for cut-rate prices include shipping supply wholesalers frequented by businesses that do a lot of shipping, 99¢/bargain junk discount stores (you're not always gonna find boxes here, but when you do they're usually insanely cheap), or direct from the people who are manufacturing your stuff (CD or vinyl plant, printer, etc.). Then again why pay for something you might just come across for nada!?!? Try checking around the dumpsters at supermarkets, discount stores, etc., or just go inside and ask the store manager if they have any extra boxes that you can take. Don't worry about a box being too tall, as it is extremely easily to cut it down to the height you need. Take a box cutter and cut down from the top along each of the four folded corners to the desired height. Now get a regular (flat) headed screwdriver and make a crease on the inside of the box that connects to the end of each cut. Pushing from the outside fold each of the four flaps inward and trim the excess cardboard. On the bottom of the box there should be what is called an "Edge Crush Test" and possibly also a "Bursting Test." The greater the weight on these, the better the box will stand up under stress (for instance, 200 lbs on the edge crush test or bursting test is an ultra sturdy box indeed). Once you get used to shipping you will be able to tell the durability of a box simply by look and touch.

Now that you have the box that you've always dreamed about, we can move onto finding the right packing/padding materials. The purpose of these kinds of materials is to help absorb shock and keep your goods from being bashed about against one another if your package is dropped or receives a hard hit. The truly ideal padding materials have just the right amount of "give" in order to absorb the force of a hit, yet not too much give. On the other hand, if the material is too solid and has absolutely no give, then the energy and force of the hit will continue through, potentially damaging the items towards the part of the box that has been hit (an even harder hit might cause even more damage). Besides very solid materials not being very structurally suitable for padding, they also tend to weigh more, adding unwanted poundage and upping your shipping costs. Good packing materials add almost no additional weight to your package. These materials include Styrofoam peanuts/popcorn, bubble wrap, shredded paper (the kind you get from a paper shredder, not hand ripped!), broken up Styrofoam chunks, old padded mailer envelopes, and crumpled paper (newspaper, etc.) Those are going to be the most common and main ones you will use. One trait they all share is small pockets of air. When you take your hand and lightly squeeze or push on these materials you notice how they give inward, partially displacing the pockets of air with more material, thus becoming more solid. Once the pressure is relieved, the packing material should return to its original form to varying degrees, depending on the type of material it is. When using crumpled newspaper, make sure to place whatever you shipped inside a clean plastic bag (market bag, etc.) so that the ink doesn't rub off onto your goods and ruin them.

When packing up CDs, vinyl, or cassettes it is always best to choose a box with enough extra space to include some form of padding. Vinyl 7" are best protected by placing a cardboard spacer the same size as the 7", followed by two layers of bubble wrap (small bubble variety) on both the top and bottom of your stack. LPs are pretty much the same, only you are going to use an LP sized cardboard spacer and possibly a layer of bubble wrap of the large bubble variety instead of the small (though several layers of small should suffice if that is all you have room for in the box).

Now you've got that box all sealed up with packing tape. The plain old clear "scotch" tape that you find on most average business office work desks is crappy for shipping and could quite possibly burst at the seams on your box. It is not strong enough. Do not, repeat, do not use it no matter how cheap or free it was! Avoid masking tape also, as it isn't that much better than the above mentioned junk. Some reinforced wet tape, to reinforce the bottom of the box, followed up by some general purpose clear carton sealing tape where needed on all the seams, should hold up to almost any abuse the shipper can dole out. Using an industrial grade hand dispenser for your carton sealing tape will make your job a lot easier and should cost no more than twenty dollars. If you are not sure what kind of tape and dispenser I am talking about, your local shipping supply store will be able to show you what it looks like.

Don't forget to clearly print the name and address of the party you are shipping to along with your return address, smaller, above it. It is best to print these in all capital/uppercase letters so it makes easy for the delivery people to read, and make sure that your I's don't resemble your ones. Besides helping to assure that your package will end up at the right place, it also sort of shows that you've "got your shit together" and can psychologically influence some people to place more attention on carefully handling your package (as hokey as that sounds).

Doing things properly with care will show that you pay attention to detail, which usually garners more respect from the straight businesses who care little about how punk you are. In layman's terms, they will be less likely to fuck with someone who gives off the illusion of being very "professional" and

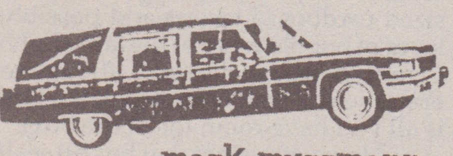
thorough.

Well that's about all for now as I have got to make haste onto other things. Next time, if I remember, we'll talk about some other non-shipping related stuff (as in music). But you parasites have already wasted enough of my precious time. Screw off.

Love, Brian GTA, 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd., Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202 USA

IF YOU DIE and GO TO HELL

WHO CARES?



mark murrmann

I gotta admit, I had my doubts they could pull it off. The Zero Boys hadn't played together in almost ten years. With the original line-up, it had been over fifteen years. Still, just the possibility that it could be great motivated me to buy a plane ticket to Indiana and spend the dawn of a new millennium in my hometown of Indianapolis.

My fears were anything but assuaged when I walked into Moe and Johnny's, the bar on the corner of 54th and College, that for a long time was known as the Bulldog. Across the street was a small bar called Crazy Al's, where I'm sure the Zero Boys played on more than a few occasions. Just around the corner was where Bill Levin opened Carfax. In third grade my friend Jason Barnes and I used to hang out in this punk store after school. We'd run back and forth from there and the darker, "hipper" vintage clothing store, Modern Times, annoying both Bill and whomever was working at Modern Times.

The crowd inside Moe and Johnny's was mostly a mix of aging punks who dusted off their leather jackets and squeezed into old t-shirts and uncomfortable looking middle-aged middle class people. I couldn't tell if they were just in the wrong place, or if they had once been punks and have since successfully hidden all evidence of their past. Either way, their faces said they'd rather be anywhere else.

The Zero Boys came on fifteen minutes after 12:00. I didn't give a fuck about the New Year. I wanted to see the Zero Boys. They took the stage dressed in white chemical protection suits and immediately blasted into "Vicious Circle." Pure heaven. As my old roommate Dave put it—this was why I got into punk. They jumped from song to song, sticking to stuff off their 7" and first LP. Three songs into the set, I was drenched with sweat from dancing so much.

I knew it was too good to last. I mean, this was Indianapolis. How could something so great happen here without a hitch?

About 25 minutes into the show, some numbskull threw a bottle at the band, hitting Paul, the singer, in the face. Lamelamelamelame. Despite what those of you who sit around wishing for the so-called Good Old Days think, bands really don't appreciate having things thrown at them—especially things like beer bottles.

Rumor had it that Paul had to be talked into playing the show in the first place. He wasn't too fired up about it (though he put everything he had into it). I couldn't blame him for getting pissed about getting hit with the bottle. It reminded me that a lot of people who went to punk shows in Indy were actually drunk rednecks with no fucking sense in their head.

Thankfully, the show went on for about another 20 minutes. The mood was markedly different after the incident with the bottle. Still a hot show. It was recorded through the board, so I suspect at some point it'll be released.

That's what I did for New Years, how about you?

Screaming Apple (Düstemichstr. 14/50939 Köln/Germany) delivers the goods *again!* This time, it's the DIAL-TONES. A total DEVIL DOGS "inspired" band who have all the rock, but keep things toned down just a bit. It works. The result is sort of a cross between the VIKINGS and the DEVIL DOGS. They're gonna be one to watch out for. They also have a split 7" with AEROBITCH and a 7" on Radio Blast.

Speaking of coming through, No Idea (PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604) does it again! For those who've missed the 7"s and comp tracks by Minnesota's finest, DILLINGER FOUR, you can now get them all on one tidy LP! Rejoice! And it's great!

One of my favorite labels is Repent Records (535 Stevenson St/San Francisco, CA 94103). Mr. Lucas has put out some of my favorite records on his little label. As if he didn't kick enough ass with the LOLI AND THE CHONES LP, or the HAVE NOTS LP, he now brings us the fire from the sky of Japan's ACCEL 4 on full length, long playing format! Yeeee-haaaw! If you heard their 7" that came out a little over a year ago, you should have no doubt as to how much this fucking screams. Listening to it will help exorcise all the little non-Rock 'n' Roll music demons you may have lurking within you and fill you with the power of the almighty.

I'm not one who cares much for tribute records. In the past few years I've gotten the DICTATORS tribute, the DEAD BOYS tribute 7" released a few months ago, and the brilliant SAM THE SHAM 2xLP tribute Norton Records did. I still haven't gotten the RADIO BIRDMAN salute. What usually happens is, despite good intentions, most of the bands destroy what were once great songs. Those who don't destroy the songs, usually cover the song so well I figure I may as well be listening to the original. So I gotta be frank and say I didn't care much for the "Out of the Darkness" 7" tribute (Reanimator/PO Box 1582/Ann Arbor, MI 48106) to NEW MATH, an old 415 Records band. THE GREEN GOBLYN PROJECT and MAZINGA kept me from throwing the otherwise darkwave-infested record out my window into the Taco Bell parking lot below. They come through like a breath of clean punk rock air in a swampy, creepy bad new wave swamp.

Did somebody say the DICTATORS? Well, that reminds me to mention the FULL TIME MEN/MASTER PLAN split 7" (Blood Red/2134 NE 25th/Portland, OR 97212). The MASTER PLAN (Andy Shernoff's new band) steal the show on this Coney Island tribute.

Does anyone still care about the MISFITS? If so, an album of unreleased live stuff, rehearsal and studio stuff is out. It's called "Uber dem Jenseits".

Coming from the world of compilations and reissues, BISEX B sees their "Vi Lever" LP booted. KRIMINELLA GITARRER joins them with an LP worth of singles, comps and unreleased tracks. And while we're at it, let's throw the French DOGS onto the list. Yup, their first 7", their 12" from '78 and a few select songs from their LP get the treatment. About time. While you're at it, don't forget to see if you can find the IVY GREEN LP that was recently reissued. It's a MUST! Fuck, oh yeah, I almost forgot, the REACTORS (see KBD 14, 17 and 19) also have an LP of complete recordings. What a mess! Who's next? Word on the street is the GIZMOS are finally gonna see their stuff re-released.

Raw Records (not the store in Illinois I was raving about a few months ago) released a great comp back in '77 of killer UK bands. Of course, said comp is hard to find and will cost you a month's

lunch money if you do. **Raw Deal** has been reissued with 3 bonus tracks by SICK THINGS and the KILLJOYS. Add those to the already killer line up of: THE USERS, ACME SEWAGE CO., THE GTs, THE BLOODCLOTS, PSYCHOS, and Z HAIN and you know you gotta get it.

Just as you were finished grumbling about the crummy layout/packaging of **Bloodstains Across the World**, the second edition is out! More stuff from the farthest reaches of the world. Also on deck: **Killed By Death #33**. Both limited to 500 copies, naturally.

The ARTHUR DOYLE 7" (Audible Hiss/PO Box 1242/Cooper Sta/NYC, NY 10276) wins this month's "WHAT THE FUCK?" prize. Squawking sax and a guy rambling. Maybe I'm missing the point. Maybe it does just suck.

Munster Records continues to dazzle us with not just another NEW YORK DOLLS record, "New York Tapes 1972-1973" (7 songs from the studio and a 10" on monster-sized 220 gram vinyl), but they've also unleashed an amazing four 7" set of rare Spanish punk singles. ESKORBUTO's "Mucha Policia Poca Diversion," OX POW's "Esperando en la Calle," VULPESS's "Me Gusta Ser una Zorra," and LA UVI's "Ya Esta Bien." They come packaged in a silkscreened envelope and each 7" has all the original cover art. Limited to 500 copies, so get off your ass and get it now!

For those of you with internet access, I've got a treat for you this month! By now, you've probably heard about FIRESTARTER, the Japanese band that's 3/4 TEENGENERATE. If not, you have now. And though they don't have any records out yet, you can see (and hear!) them live, thanks to the technology of Real Audio. I found it through the Goner Records website. In addition to FIRESTARTER (who play "Kill The Rappers"), you can see songs by SUPERSNAZZ, 5, 6, 7, 8's, THEE MICHELLE GUN ElEPHANT, GUITAR WOLF, ACCEL 4, GYOGUN REND'S and lots more! Thank you Factory Magazine! Here's where to go: http://www.fujiint.co.jp/FACTORY/SHARE/artistsindex.html

And the awesome LOWDOWNKIDS website (the online rare punk compilation: http://www.xs4all.nl/~baytree/lowdownkids/lowdownkidshome.htm) has been updated! All new, impossible-to-find punk songs with color picture sleeves. Most of the songs are great, too!

I got my ticket to the Las Vegas Shakedown in August, how 'bout you? With a line-up including The Bobbyteens, Zodiac Killers, Real Kids, Dictators, Guitar Wolf, Electric Frankenstein, Drags, and lots, lots more, it sounds like a killer time. It'll be August 11th — 13th at the Gold Coast Hotel. Get your tickets while you can!

For information, go to: http://www.vegasshakedown.net/. Las Vegas, in the middle of summer. It's guaranteed to be a hot time!

*****LAST GASPS*****

• For over two years, I've been begging people for photobooth pictures. I'm compiling what will eventually be a book collection of the photos I've gotten. To help drum up interest in this, I'm going to soon (within two months) be putting out a zine that's a preliminary look at what I've gotten so far.

You can also check some of them out on the web at: http://www.lipstickkillers.com/photobooth/main.html Okay, now this is where I tell you to send me a strip of photos (black and white OR color—originals ONLY). I can return the photos if you want. Be sure to tell me who's in the photos (if you know, though I'd LOVE to get more found photobooth strips), where and when they were taken. Send me an address too.

• In the internet record-collecting article I wrote two months ago, I mistakenly said Steve from NKVD Mailorder was from Australia. He's not. He lives in Southern California. Sorry Steve. Look for awesome interviews by Steven (who did the *Noise For Heroes* zine) coming soon in *MRR*!

• I'd love to write about your record; I'm especially interested in getting the word out about great (or shitty) rock 'n' roll bands that aren't necessarily from the Bay Area.

PO Box 11906/Berkeley, CA 94712 • icki@mindspring.com

PETE MENCHETTI

I've been having this vision lately. I'm in the airport in New York. I'm wearing a t-shirt that reads: "America: Love it or Leave it!" I'm boarding a plane bound for Amsterdam. I'm leaving!!

More immediately, I'm trying to find a way to leave this infernal piece of shit of a town known as Reno. I've been extremely loyal to this town, and idealistic about its potential to be a great city. It's my hometown and I committed myself to making it a better place soon after I was empowered by punk rock and its DIY ideals. Punk rock is what showed me that I could make a difference, and that I could make things happen. I always believed it was better to make your hometown cool, rather than move away to a hip town, like Portland or San Francisco.

Lately, Reno has been pushing and shoving me towards the exit door. I've gotten four citations in two months, and they're all for the stupidest shit imaginable. I don't feel the slightest bit "free" in this town — not even in my own fucking neighborhood.

Citation #1) C-AVERAGE played a party in the basement of my house, and the cops showed up and gave me a $1000 ticket for "Contributing to the Delinquency of Minors." Why? Because two 18-19 year-olds drank a beer. I wonder: what do they expect me to do, check fucking IDs for a party in my own house? I'm not a cop and I'm not going to ask someone for ID, or even how old they are if they happen to be having a beer in my house. They say I'm responsible if anything happens. If someone drinks at my house, then drives and kills someone, it's somehow my fault.

Citation #2) I was handing out fliers on Buy Nothing Day to people walking by. We were standing on the side of a busy road. A red light created a large line of cars. Someone in a car said, "Hey buddy, what are you passing out?" So I stepped out into the street and gave him a flier. A minute later several cops swooped in and gave me and two other people tickets for "Conducting Business on a Roadway." It's illegal to hand out fliers in the street. I didn't get a warning, but the cop did tell me that I was lucky I wasn't going to jail. Gee, thanks officer.

Citation #3) I planted three trees in front of my house. I need some shade, and I figure trees are a nice, welcome addition to any neighborhood. So I come home one night after work to find a "NOTICE OF VIOLATION" hanging on my front door. It says, in so many words, "Remove Trees within ten days or receive a $1000 fine or ten days in jail." Why? Because I planted them without a permit, and because the law says you can't plant trees on a strip of land that's less than five feet wide. The strip of land I planted on was four feet, six inches.

Citation #4) I'm already five minutes late to meet my friend at the bar. It's

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9:05pm. I'm pedaling away from my house. I'm half a block away when a cop pulls up beside me and tells me there have been several burglaries in the neighborhood and that he wants to ask me a few questions. It's in my interest to help this cop do his job and find the burglars so my house isn't next, so I pull over and let him know that I can talk, but just for a few minutes because I'm late to meet my friend. He asks me the standard questions, where do you live, where are you going, do you have some ID. I actually left my ID at the copy shop the night before, so he writes my name down and calls it into the station. A few minutes later, I hear "Menchetti clear" over the walkie-talkie. But he's not finished with me at that point — he has more questions for me.

"Do you use drugs?"

"What does that have to do with anything?" I ask in disbelief. I thought I was answering questions to help this cop find burglars in my neighborhood.

"Do you have any drugs on you?"

"No."

"Do you mind if I search you?"

"Yes, I mind!"

This is getting too weird. At this point, I'm outraged, and I'm getting really defensive. The cop proceeds to ask me if I have weapons on me, and again if I have ID, and when I say no to both, he asks to search me again. I repeatedly refuse to consent to a search.

Then, he searches me. He digs through my wallet and finds an old college ID from six years ago that I had totally forgotten about. He gets all high and mighty and seems personally offended that I "lied" to him.

"I could take you to jail," he says. But instead, he gives me a ticket for riding a bicycle without lights. Gee, thanks, Officer. They finally let me go. I'm left wondering how I could possibly be a burglary suspect when I live half a block away, and also if the cop would have let me go had I not failed the Attitude Test.

* * *

What else is up in Reno? The city is run by morons. They're tearing down the coolest building in town, despite daily protests from a large segment of the voting public. The downtown area is getting lamer by the day — even the fucking post office (another super-cool old building) is being threatened by the Big Money casino interests. Corruption is rampant — and so fucking obvious! — but the sheeple of this town don't seem to care. One of the last places to have punk shows just turned into a country line-dance bar.

I'm ready to give up on this town. If I leave, what makes me different from my friends who have packed up and moved to hipper places? Not too much, except for the fact that I really tried to make a difference. I did, to an extent, but in order to really effect change here you have to have a lot of money and you have to be willing to suck a lot of cock. So it looks like I'm leaving... at least for a while.

"Anarchists and radical activists of various stripes disrupted World Trade negotiations," the *Cincinnati Enquirer* notes in a hysterical editorial that could have been ghost-written by Establishment asshole Spiro Agnew back in the late '60s. "Open markets and common trade rules," the paper preaches, "still offer the best hope of spreading prosperity to ordinary workers around the world."

The experience of the purest free-market economy in the world—the former Soviet Union—is instructive. In places like Moscow and Tashkent, business is so fucking free-wheeling that killing the competition often involves blowing their heads off with a Glock. But as an economist-turned-taxi-driver told me in Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan a few months ago, "Under socialism, we were all poor together. Now we're all even poorer, except for a few dozen scum who drive past us in Benzes bought with stolen cash."

Unregulated capitalism brought us clear dishwashing fluid and movies starring talking animals, but it sure isn't about spreading the wealth.

The arrogant insiders in Washington and their bosses on Wall Street were astonished by the riots in Seattle in November. How could it be, the befuddled bankers and their politician lackeys cried, that tens of thousands of union members, environmentalists and students ranging in ideology from Vladimir Lenin to Pat Buchanan came together in the most potent and passionate political uprising since the Vietnam War—over free trade, of all things?

Corporate-owned newspapers and televised media outlets expressed horror that six years of pro-free-trade propaganda since President Clinton signed NAFTA and GATT hasn't done jack to allay the suspicion of the average American that what passes for free trade is less about cheaper consumer goods than about allowing multinational corporations to exploit cheap labor overseas. "Flat-earthers," the rabidly pro-free-trade *New York Times'* Anthony Lewis called the Seattle protesters. "Irresponsible," the *Fort Lauderdale Sun-Sentinel* screamed: "Anti-trade protesters are picking on the wrong target." Oh? As to opposed to Portland?

Armchair economists and corporate technocrats believe that the average moron is too stupid to understand the delicate intricacies of globalization. They're wrong. We morons get it just fine, and we don't like it one damn bit.

In this Slave New World, money travels freely across borders. Wanna open a microchip factory in Pakistan? No problem. Not only can you pay your college-educated workers $30 a month, the government won't mind if you dump your PCBs into the local reservoir.

Human beings, on the other hand, are stuck where they are, trapped by national borders. Free trade skews the labor-management balance: You can't just pack up and move to Qatar, which has the world's highest average per capita income, to look for work. And even if you married a Qatarian national to score citizenship, you'd have to foot the bill to visit mom and dad back in the States. Stuff that's made by cheap Pakistani labor gets shipped to the U.S. virtually free, thanks to tax loopholes funded by you and me.

It's a simple equation: corporations replace American workers with Third World workers, getting the same work for less. But they keep their prices high—noticed any $15 Nike sneakers lately?—and pocket the difference. American workers suffer layoffs and wage stagnation, foreign workers get the same old wages they ever got, and the one percent of Americans who own 90 percent of its wealth watch their stock portfolios soar. True, consumers see lower prices, but their real wages fall still faster.

Free trade is a fine theory. But a system where taxpayers foot the bill for corporate transportation welfare isn't capitalism—it's corruption. Furthermore, no country should be importing goods that are widely available at home. You buy a $25 CD made in England only when the same songs aren't available domestically. The purpose of trade, as it has been since the days of Marco Polo, is to sell what you make for what you don't

have. Trade for its own sake is wasteful and unnecessary.

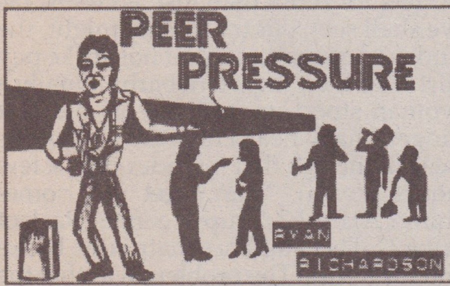
Corpicrats defend the furtive machinations of the World Trade Organization as an engine to negotiate the removal of trade barriers. Never mind that the mystical Chinese consumer market of 1.2 billion people doesn't have any money with which to buy American products; the WTO justifies its attempt to reduce global environmental rules to the lowest common denominator of the world's most polluted nation by asserting that free trade should always take precedence over the environment. We'll clean everything up after we're done opening markets overseas.

Fortunately, we understand that the health of the economy won't matter much if we're all dead. Eighty percent of Americans identify themselves as environmentalists, which is a big reason free trade has never been put up for a vote during an election year. While no one is advocating isolationism, Americans are against unfettered, uncontrolled economic globalization at the expense of their nation's sovereignty, the dignity of their workers and the health of their environment.

"Foreign delegates [to the WTO] couldn't believe free trade was attacked in a port city built on Boeing, Microsoft and other global traders," the *Enquirer* went on.

Well, of course they didn't get it; they come from countries ruled by people even more hated and alienated from their citizens than here. And until our First Amendment rights are reduced like our environmental laws to the level of say, China, Seattle was only the beginning of the real trade war.

Send stuff to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108, or e-mail at ted@rall.com.



BOZO ROCK NOW!!!

The recent epic of trials and travails I experienced searching for the Trend's elusive "Electric Chair" b/w "Band Aid" 7". could easily make up the bulk of this column; however, the band itself is what you really need to know about. Go find the record yourself, and good luck. The Trend formed in 1980 in Syracuse, New York—not exactly a mecca for young punk rockers, but then again neither is Lodi, New Jersey or Daingerfield, Texas. What separates the Trend from countless other early American bands is less about blistering punk rock power chords and more about their creative knack for not repeating the same old clichés. The fact that all their records were released while still in high school gets them additional bonus points on my punk rock rating scale. In the irrelevant-brushes-with-er-fame, one should note that "Bobcat" Goldthwaite (yup, *Police Academy*, *Shakes The Clown*, etc.) and Tom Kenny (voices on *Dilbert*) were in an early formation of the band.

The Trend's first gig consisted of four originals and five Ramones covers. Many of their gigs were in the wee hours of the morning, among the tinfoiled walls of the Insomniac club. They eventually made their way into the studio to record their 45 with the median band member age at a mere sixteen. In the grand DIY spirit of punk rock, the band cut, folded, and glued the sleeves one by one (not a fond memory for anyone). The Trend also made a habit of throwing out the 45s in promotional stunts and eventually using them as Frisbees years later when the records simply occupied valuable closet space. An early review of their debut 7". described the guitar break in "Band Aid" as the "most horrendous... ever recorded locally." Of course, the aforementioned guitar break is the very thing that drew me to the record... the simple bravado on putting the solo to vinyl scores points with me... kind of like the 1st Germs 7". The B-side, "Band Aid", is far superior to the A-side which is a little too poppy for my taste. (Side note: France's No Talents do a passable cover of "Band Aid," no doubt inspired by the song's appearance on *Killed By Death #10*).

Perhaps a year or so later, the band recorded an EP's worth of material that remains unreleased (in keeping with the records-as-frisbees way of doing things, some master tapes became streamers along local highways). In 1982 with the help of a local label, Northside Records, the Trend recorded the *Batman Live At Budokan* LP. Marc Patenaude, the guitarist and driving force behind the band, took over on vocals, something avoided on the first 7" since his voice was still in the early teen squeaky stages. In the end, it's the guitar and lyrics that make the record a classic of teen punk rock. Subject matter includes brushing your teeth, shopping for toys, divorce, and—of course —peer pressure. Musically, it's more polished and skirts the punk/pop line throughout; it is, without a doubt, a classic of bubble gum punk. As I said before, when you drop the needle on this one, you'll never confuse it with another band... the Trend LP is unmistakable.

And to give further credit where credit is due, the packaging on the record is awesome... great cut-and-paste style and plenty busy. The poster insert includes a hilarious posed shot with band members looking no older than twelve. Like the 7", the LP is dedicated to the pigmies of Madagascar... if you couldn't tell, the Trend never took themselves too seriously. Anybody who gets their hands on the LP will also discover that the track listings on the cover and label have nothing to do with what's actually on the record... apparently some miscommunication with the pressing plant is to be blamed. Citing personal experience, I'm taking the band's side on this one. Anyway, this LP is ripe for reissue, perhaps with the *Electric Chair* 7" tacked on as a bonus. Anyone? Anyone?

The Trend's tenure as a band would end tragically in August 1985 when J. Marc Patenaude, the singer, guitarist, and songwriter, died in a car accident. As with Rhino 39's Dave Dacron (killed in a car accident in 1980 at the age of sixteen), I can't help thinking there was some more great material to come.

Special thanks to Monique for much help with Trend info.

STOP PRESS

A couple of new reissues have hit the stands which need mentioning. First is a great Japanese two-for-one: GISM / THE COMES split LP reissue. This LP includes the entirety of GISM's *Detestation* and THE COMES *No Side*, both rare 12" debuts. Most punk rockers are familiar with GISM's over-the-top ranting and metallic riffs, but The Comes are equally awesome with their screaming banshee singer. The black vinyl edition of this one is the rare version (98 copies)... go, collector scum, go! The other LP you need is ELECTRIC EELS *Agitated: 1975*. This Cleveland outfit was cranking out bizarre distorto garage p-u-n-k before most even knew what to call it. The LP includes tracks from their two singles along with tracks which were—until this point—only available on CD (unless you could find a copy of the long out-of-print *Having A*

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Philosophical Investigation LP on Tinnitus ,which includes only two thirds of the songs here). Fifteen songs, all rock-solid. Cool silk-screened cover and numbered out of 500. Get busy. Till next time.

Peer Pressure, PO Box 49984, Austin, TX 78765

OK, lets go back to 1990 and *Profane Existence* number three, where I got to pick my top ten LPs of the decade. They were:

1. Discharge-*Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing*
2. Rudimentary Peni-*Death Church*
3. Napalm Death-*Scum*
4. Crucifix-*Dehumanization*
5. Proletariat-*Soma Holiday*
6. Subhumans-*The Day the Country Died*
7. Conflict-*Increase the Pressure*
8. Disorder-Singles LP
9. Carcass-*Reek of Putrefaction*
10. Amebix-*Arise*

In retrospect, I think this list is loaded a little heavily with English bands, and writing from the perspective of ten years later, I think I'd drop Conflict, Carcass, and Disorder and add DRI, Minor Threat, and Black Flag. Remember that in 1989-90, UK HC/crust/grind was the shit and US hardcore was at an all time low, so most of us were looking to the UK at the time. Ten years of experience has shown that crusty grind didn't stand the test of time so well as good old '80s US Hardcore, but what the hell is a top ten list anyway? For this issue's top ten of the '90s, I had a hard time finding any records that measured up to the top ten of the last decade. In 1989, I was struggling to narrow down a list of forty or so records to ten. Now I'm struggling to come up with ten records that I really would take to a desert island with me from the '90s. As much as I've enjoyed and supported the great bands of this decade, the fact is the '80s punk and HC packed a much greater wallop. Perhaps if I was ten years younger I'd have a whole different perspective on this issue, but for what it's worth, there were some great bands and records in the '90s. But, the '90s was not a period for "definitive" LPs. Rather there was a number of great bands releasing material all over the place and playing live gigs that added up made them top bands of the '90s. Here are Felix Von's top 16 bands of the '90s:

Los Crudos
Nausea
Gauze
Drop Dead
Vorhees
Aus Rotten
Capitalist Casualties
State of Fear
Totalitar
Resist
Disrupt
Antischism
Defiance
His Hero Is Gone
The Pist
Assuck

Note that this time around, it's mostly American bands. This list would be from my American viewpoint. I'm certain that a fan of punk and hardcore music writing in Japan or Sweden or Germany would have a totally different list. But as I said, what's in a top ten list anyway?

I celebrated the turn of the century with about as much zest as when the odometer in my truck turns over to 200,000 miles. Big fucking deal. It's hard for me to be positive about the 20th century. I'm sick of talking heads in the media talking about what a great century/decade/era/millennium its been. All I see is the horror of man's inhumanity to man. Peering through the misty veils of time we see genocide, war, disease, famine, religious and ethnic hatred. These curses are still upon us today. We don't deserve all our high tech toys and our so called progress, as we can't get it together to live side by side with each other. As one who has spent much of my time studying history, I'm shocked by the general lack of knowledge of past events. The horror of war and genocide in the industrial age pops up again and again like a recurring disease. The century that brought us automobiles, airplanes, computers, triumph over disease, etc. has also given us pollution, waste, corruption, new diseases, war, and genocide. I fail to see how it balances out the progress of technology and science versus the horror of its application at Verdun, Stalingrad, Auschwitz, and Hiroshima. I keep reading over and over again Siegfried Sassoon's poem "Aftermath" and asking myself, "Is it all going to happen again?"

The one good thing about the 20th century was the music. Some consolation, but at least it gives us one thing to live for.

The Art of the Insult

Among the greatest of human traditions is the insult. It hasn't changed as much over the ages as one might think. In olden tymes, Shakespeare wrote, "He makes a July's day as short as December." A few centuries later, Winston Churchill said of an adversary, "He's a sheep in sheep's clothing." What's interesting, is that the messages behind these insults are the same ones we try to convey today. All they were saying, using today's lexicon, was "God, does he suck to hang out with," and "That dude is a pussy," respectively.

Today, the insult is as common a form of speech as the greeting. At first glance, this appears to be good news. The fewer boring formalities, and the more ripping discourse in a society the better. Unfortunately, there is a problem. The downside of the illiteracy, ignorance and moronic level of entertainment in contemporary society is that people no longer have the slightest idea of how to get off a good insult.

I was watching Jenny Jones' show a few months ago. As engaging as it was, I have forgotten the topic, but it had something to do with the guests being fat. Now, fat people make easy targets for more than just assassins (as we shall see), but try as they might, the audience members could not strike pay dirt with their impotent barbs. Finally a woman stood up and got off the best zinger I have heard on a talk show this year (although that includes only a few hours worth). "Can I get you something? A drink? A cup of coffee? Rack of lamb?" The audience naturally broke into hysterics. The problem was that the line sucked. It sucked when it was in *The Nutty Professor*, and now, used completely out of context, it sucked even more. Its only virtue was that it was somewhat intelligible, and that was enough to set it apart. Such is the state of the insult.

You need not fret about this. In fact, it presents a tremendous opportu-

nity. While this state of affairs exists, you can achieve the status of tongue-fu master with green belt ability. By mastering a few basic principles and tactics you will be so far ahead of the field that you might even be viewed as a genuine wit by those who have none. Merely pilfering this article ought to bump you up several notches.

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There is nothing else that can so efficiently bolster one's social status, and simultaneously diminish that of a rival. However, the insult is a craft, and I contend, even an art form and it must be mastered. Childish exclamations such as "fuck you" or name calling, such as "fag" inflict little or no damage on an adversary, while revealing a probably link between the speaker and some sort of special education program. The art of the insult demands much more.

As it is with all art forms, a good insult must be either creative, or borrowed from a sufficiently obscure source. There is nothing wrong with thinking up an insult ahead of time, but it must always have the appearance of an off-the-cuff crack. For example, no good insult begins with the words "Your momma." These two words reveal, that even if what follows is funny, the speaker did not think of it at all, let alone spontaneously. In contrast, I have prepared a ready-made retort to such insults which has all the appearances of being unrehearsed. The exchange should go something like this',"Your momma is so..."

"C'mon, this is stupid. You don't know anything about my mother, and I don't know anything about yours, except that she had at least one stillborn child, so let's drop this."

Here, the jibe is slipped offhandedly into a conversational bit of speech. As effective as this is, most of the time your insults will be independent statements. When this is the case remember that, as quoth *The Simpsons*, "brevity is... wit." Think of your insult as alcohol: the more it is watered down with irrelevant words, the less potent it will be. Try and get your point across in one 180 proof sentence. Groucho Marx said, "I never forget a face, but in your case I'll make an exception." Note how densely worded this is, and contrast it with a more rambling version, something like "usually, I don't ever forget a face. However, I think I will try to forget yours." It is still decent, but is loses a lot of impact.

Additionally, try and make your insult seem more like a statement of fact, an innocent question, or an observation than a blatant put-down if possible. Prince once said, "Michael Jackson's album was only called *Bad* because there wasn't enough room on the sleeve for *Pathetic*." The statement has the form of the casual passing on of a fact, as opposed to something like, "instead of calling Michael Jackson's album *Bad*, they should have called it *Pathetic*." You can see which is the more effective.

So now that you've seen what makes for a weak insult, and how an advanced dig might be deployed, let's get to the creation of insults themselves. The first, and most obvious type of insult is the put down or name-calling. Name-calling is usually puerile, but if you are clever it can come off well. All you need to do is take a conventional slur and tweak it a bit. Instead of calling someone a whale, call her a manatee. When you might call someone a retard, call him a dizzy mongoloid. The same goes for put downs. Instead of saying a person is ignorant, ask if she has colored any good books lately. If someone is a reactionary, rather than label him a fascist, sympathize with him for having to wash an extra set of sheets. Put downs are as easy as that. Think up a few ahead of time and you will be sufficiently armed.

The next simplest, and easily the most devastating, form of insult is the nickname. Bestow a first rate nickname, and it can stick for years, causing real psychological trauma. A good nickname should be specific to its holder, and focus in on his most obvious or embarrassing foible. It is difficult to imagine a better job of this than the one done by the British press, which I got wind of via a Weight Watchers commercial. Apparently, at some point Fergie, Duchess of York, was unofficially re-dubbed the Duchess of Pork. The nickname was a master stroke, because it was totally specific to Fergie's idle title, and because it focused on her apparent inability to limit the vast quantities of haggis, mince meat pie and blood pudding that she scooped down her already bloated face. A finer demonstration of the principals of nicknaming could not be asked for.

Finally, there is the most difficult type of insult, and consequently the one which brings its wielder the most glory, the retort. A retort can be in response to any type of remark. For example, when informed that Calvin Coolidge had died, Dorothy Parker asked, "How can they tell?" However, the most critical retorts come when dealing comebacks to an initial insult by another person. Unless your opponent uses a "your momma" line, chances are that you will have to come up with a comeback on the spot. Obviously, in this situation you go with whatever you can. If you are unable to think of a decent reply, one course is to disparage the initial effort, although this will fail if it has been a good one. The best all-purpose response here is to feign mad laughter. Act as if this mediocre insult is the funniest thing ever to pass your ear. Delivery is vital with this response. It must be funnier than the initial jab, or you look will like an ass. Try to speak through your laughter, e.g. "Hahaha... (inhale) you... ha.. you... aaa-hahaha" Throw in sarcastic tear-wiping and side-clutching for good measure. If done well, this gets funnier the longer you keep going, and onlookers will begin to laugh in earnest, indicating success.

It is still better to come up with an actual verbal rejoinder. Ideally, you want to parallel the remark of your nemesis as closely as possible, but best it. This requires a true display of mastery. Look for a weakness in your opponent in the same area that he has insulted in you. Think an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Do not get flustered, as you can safely take at least ten seconds to respond without diminishing the effect... if you play it off as a dramatic pause. If you are still blank, you can shout "Oh, I get it" and proceed with the sarcastic laughter.

The principles of the retort can be demonstrated with a moment of personal glory, so of course, I will do so. I was in high school. As I was walking with some friends, this chit named Kevin was standing some distance behind us with a flock of his own chums. Kevin yelled something along the lines of "Nice hair, you look like a girl (my hair was long)." I turned to look at Kevin's own hair and saw that he had chosen his battleground with the same temerity with which his parents had chosen their genetic complements. Think back to the last era of the bowl cut, which actually precedes the time when this boy was wearing it by several years, and visualize it. I responded with something like, "I would rather have hair that makes me look like a girl, than hair that makes me look like a walking penis." As I was saying it, I was not that impressed with myself, but both my comrades and his erupted into laughter (a sure sign of a fatal blow). His face shifted from carrying a "Boy, am I enjoying everyone seeing how clever I am," expression to one of utter deflation that brought me pure

joy (it was beyond Kevin's sophistication to try and hide this reaction). Although no nickname was employed, the barb was reused often enough that Kevbo got a normal hair cut not long after the exchange.

All that remains is to determine who the recipient of your insults should be. Generally, it is best not to go for weak targets. Aside from cruelty and all that, there is the fact that ridiculing a person who is already a wretch is no more of an achievement, or a display of skill than beating Ronald Reagan in a game of Classic Concentration. A great insult, and real satisfaction, occurs not from kicking someone who is down, but from knocking someone from his high horse. The great insults in history, such as those quoted in this essay, are usually directed at heads of state and kings of pop, not a deaf mute beggar the author was passing on the street. This is not to say that such people, be they royalty or bosses, are not often ripe targets. On the contrary, the combination of their shortcomings and conceit may make them even easier targets, and certainly they are more deserving. All that is left to say is, ready, aim...

1,800,000 and counting

A column by Prisoners.

Greetings, Mike Cline here—22962 to the state of Utah Dept. of Corrections. Damn, what perfect timing for this #199 issue of *MRR* to come sliding under my cell door. You see, I'm in R & O (receiving and orientation unit) just arriving back in prison last month on a parole violation. Magazines are not allowed here, but the mailing label on the package had my housing unit I was in before I got out. It got sent over there first and then that unit sent it over here and it slipped by these guards—cool as fuck! Books are a real (comm)oddity around here, and it's nice to have something cool to read (if it had been the *Probe* it would have really come in "handy", if you know what I mean). Plus it has inspired me to write this piece. I hope it sees print.

I had originally planned on submitting this column back in April or so, but I was housed at this minimum security work camp and in the process of writing said column I got rolled up (moved) back to the main prison. When my property arrived two weeks later, I didn't get half of my paperwork and literature. The property department goes through all of your shit and decides if what you have is in excess of allowed amounts and what is allowed for retention. I had about eight folders full of material (a lot of it for my zine *In Struggle*) and I guess four is the limit. They decided which ones to give me, of course none of the ones I needed. Shit, they didn't even give me my commissary-bought CD player (or any CDs) because it had a sticker on it. They considered it "altered"—not allowed. I had four months left till parole, they could keister it for all I cared.

So I got out on August 24th. Couldn't do a prisoner column from the streets, now could I? Needless to say, I'm back in the hoosegow. What did I do, you ask, well let me just say I was doomed from the gate. Let's go back to my release date...

It's August 24th and I'm all ready to go. I did my three-year stretch (for robbery, by the way) and I'm stoked to be getting out—finally. I get up to the central control building where they release you and all the people there tell me to have a seat, I have a detainer from Juab County and they are coming to get me. "What the fuck—you're kidding , right?" I was shocked. After three years, now they decide to come up with a warrant? All that time they could have taken me to court on it. The sheriff's deputy arrives, warrant in hand, and tells me we gotta be in court at 10:30, we'd better hurry. My wife is there to pick me up and I come walking out with a cop, handcuffed and shackled on my way to another jail. She's pissed as hell. I tell her to relax, go home. I'll call when they release me, should be in a few hours. On the way down there the deputy tells me they got a call from the caseworker at the prison (the ones that are supposed to help us make sure things like this do not happen) two weeks ago, and if they wanted to come get me he would have a detainer put on me.

This piece of shit didn't like me because I belittled him in an argument in front of some other inmates. I needed to get some paperwork for my parole transfer to Arizona. He started telling me who I needed to write to, and that the paperwork I was requesting did not exist (I had some in my property that I was awaiting). I basically told him that he was full of shit and I would handle it on my own. "He sure is an arrogant son of a bitch," he was overheard to have said, describing me. So I guess he took it upon himself to dig into my jacket "file"and found this warrant for a unpaid fine for a charge in 1992. I'd been in and out of prison three times since then and no one bothered to bring it up until he decided to make an issue out of it. I forgot I even had this fine. I guess that slimy bastard got the last laugh on me. (I bet he really did fondle that female co-worker like he was accused of and for which he almost got moved to another facility.)

Well anyway, I go before the judge and he was like, "What's going on here? How long have you been in prison? Well I'm not going to keep you locked up, just pay the fine when you can." The DA comes over to me and apologizes. "I'm really sorry, I don't know why this happened, I had nothing to do with it." I knew why.

So they release me. No money, no ride, 100 miles from home. I'm fucked. My wife's car won't make it that far and I'm going to have to hitch hike and risk getting arrested for it. I thumb it all the way to Orem, 25 miles from home, and I call my wife. She borrows a car and comes to get me. What a surreal little adventure that day was. Doomed from the gate, I tell ya... That was my first day of freedom and it just fucked up my whole perspective. Can you see why I would try to transfer out of this shit system of Mormonism? I knew I wasn't going to be able to deal with this shit, being stuck in the same old rut, but I was forced to.

A few weeks later I went out drinking and ran into some old friends that were happy as hell to see me out and about. They were buying me shots of tequila and some banana liquor I have never heard of. Three years without drinking—I got fucking wasted! We all ended up going over to Burt's Tiki Lounge and some rockabilly band from back East (I forget the name but they were really cool) was playing. They were rockin' hard, I was dancing around having a good ole time. Well, I ended up falling over somebody's table and got thrown out. I decided I wasn't going to be 86'd so easily and tried to go back inside. The bouncer snatches me up and shoves me back out the door so I called him on to a fight. Being drunk and all, what else was I to do? He tells me he's gonna call the cops if I don't leave. "Call 'em" I say, "I don't give a fuck." I go around the side of the building to take a leak and the cops show up. I get a ticket

for Public Intox and urinating in public. My PO will not be pleased.

I'm on a 7 o'clock curfew and I'm not even supposed to be drinking. You'd think I'd be smart enough not to get the cops called on me right? Not I. I tell my PO about it and he holds a little meeting with his supervisor and me. I get a verbal reprimand. Cool.

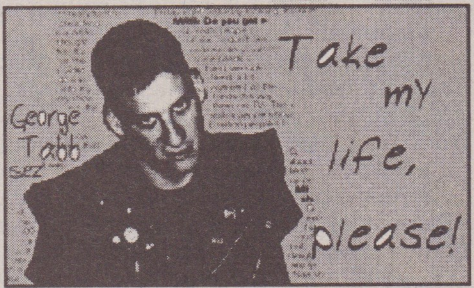
Then, let's see, I had been living with (read: trying to live with) my (now ex-) wife. Only because Tucson denied my parole transfer, I wanted to get away, like I said, from the same old rut that I always fall into out here. Things are not going well, neither one of us was expecting to be forced back into our relationship without a chance to work on it. So she kicks me out and I move out to my mother's house. I had nowhere else to go. About a week after I moved out I stop by her house and confront her about some lies and some things she withheld from me. We have a heated argument, I punch a door, she says she's calling the cops, and I leave (wisened up this time). I talked to her later and she tells me the cops came but she didn't press charges, she just wanted me to leave. They made a report and that was it. So I think nothing of it. A week after that my PO stops by my mother's house and tells me I have to be in the office at 8 AM the following morning (regardless of whether I had to work or not). I didn't know what was up, but I knew something was. I go in and he asks me about the "fight" with my wife. I tell him about it, and he says, "Well, she said you didn't hit her but you pushed her and she hit her head on the wall. I'm waiting for the police report now, it's a class A misdemeanor and we have to take you back to prison" Here I sit 45 days later and I have yet to be charged with anything. No court date. Nada. I don't know what happened, but someone wanted me back in prison, and someone told the PO about the fight.

That's the kind of shit you have to deal with when you become a number. It's a vicious cycle, a never-ending nightmare that always has the possibility of you waking up in prison again. I'm not going to act like we are victims in some evil plot or something. I was fucking up. But I was forced to stay here and I just kinda said "fuck it." It's probably hard for someone that hasn't had this experience to understand how someone can say "fuck it" with the threat of going back to prison over their head, but it's even harder for me to explain. By the time I did get my shit together and started to act right (got a job, quit going out drinking, etc.) it was too late. Whoever wanted me back in here had talked to my PO and the wheels were in motion. I'll tell you what, though. No one will ever again dictate what I can and can't do, and how I must act. I have a clear view of who is not there for me and what I have to do. I'm better off dealing with shit on my own, and I'm ready this time.

There are many reasons one can end up violating their parole, and if they want you to come back, no matter how good you are doing, you're coming back. One fellow here with me now had been out about two years. He was doing extremely well, running a body shop the whole time, starting a janitorial business, making real good money (they hate that). He had his fines paid, no dirty urines, no charges, nothing. Well he's got a home office for his businesses, and on the wall he hung a decorative sword. His PO decides it's a dangerous weapon. He's violated. What else is fucked up? Each parole officer gets a $50 bonus for each parole violator that goes back to prison. What the fuck kind of shit is this? If a muthafucka like that is getting a little behind on his truck payments, you think any of his parolees have a chance? Well, some people do make it off parole, like I said, I don't want to sound like we're all a bunch of hapless victims, but there's definitely room for improvement. In fact, there was a recent article in the local paper about the federal government (which foots the bill for most of the Dept. of Corrections' budget) being pretty fed up, no pun intended. Utah and two other states are the only ones in which a parole violator is brought back to prison for new charges without being convicted. In all the other states you can fight the charges, and if you are not guilty you stay on parole. That way the prisons are not filled with parole violators who are innocent and should not be there taking up much needed bed space. Utah is always complaining about the overcrowding and lack of funds, but they are quick to bring a person back for petty-ass bullshit. I guess the feds gave a ultimatum that if things don't change within a year (I think—this is second hand info) that they are going to come in and take over. We'll see.

To me, it seems like it's all about money. This monstrous machine they call "corrections" is like some kind of out-of-control, growth-hungry, spending juggernaut that feeds certain groups profits off the misfortune (exploitation) of millions. There are a lot of pockets being stuffed in all areas of day-to-day operations. Fences, cameras, construction, commissary, health care, to name just a few. And the trend is private companies coming in on all of these areas. Private prisons. Prisons for profit. (*To be continued next month.*)

—Michael Cline, #22962, Unit U33168, Utah State Prison, PO Box 250, Draper, Utah 84020.



"What?" I ask P.J., my seven pound Yorkshire Terrier, as we stand on 23rd Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues in our home of New York City.

P.J. just whines again. "You want to get down?" I ask my fluffy-faced friend as he squirms around in my arms, swimming nowhere in the air.

P.J. growls. "If I put you down," I tell my dog, "No bark. Do you understand? No bark. And no chasing people." P.J. looks me in the eyes, then licks his lips. I take this as a "I understand," so I put him down.

And he acts fine.

For about five seconds.

Then it happens again. An old blind man approaches us as we stand near a fire hydrant, waiting for Wendy. She's upstairs in some building doing whatever. As the guy gets closer, P.J. starts to bark like crazy. The blind guy, hearing this, tries to veer away from P.J.'s voice, and bumps into other pedestrians. I guess, for all he knows, P.J. could be a hundred pound Pitbull. Well, a hundred pound Pitbull with a high pitched bark. Maybe some other Pitbull, or Rotweiler, bit his balls off. Anyway, P.J. barks like crazy, even over my pleas of "No bark!".

Then he goes for the stick.

The white stick.

With the red tip. P.J. grabs ahold of the blind man's cane, and starts tugging on it. "Oh my God," shrieks the blind old dude. "P.J.," I yell, "drop the toy. It's not yours." "Toy?" the guy with the dark sunglasses yells at me, "Toy? That's my cane, God-damnit!" "Sorry," I say, as I try to pry my dog's jaws off the old man's seeing utensil. But P.J. won't let go. In fact, he just pulls on the cane, harder. "Get that damn dog off of me," warns the blind guy, "or I'll mace him."

Mace? "Um," I say to the old man, "I wouldn't do that. He's a seventy-five

pound German Shepherd with very sharp teeth." The guy then yells for me to please get my dog off his cane, which I eventually do. As the blind man walks away, I tell him that I am very sorry about my dog's behavior. "Fuck you," he says. Not more than two minutes later a blind couple comes strolling up the sidewalk. They both have canes, and are tapping their way along. P.J., hearing and seeing them, begins to bark. I pick him up and tell him he's bad, and "No bark." Of course, that means nothing to my little pal, who yelps his head off. As the blind couple passes us, I hear the woman make some comment about how non-seeing eye dogs are useless.

So I put P.J. down. And of course he runs up behind the duo, barking bloody murder. The couple rush forward, almost running into a mailbox, and I smile to myself. Five minutes later, and Wendy is still upstairs doing whatever it is she's doing. Most likely yapping with her friends about the latest fashions, or that O'Reilly on OZ is really cute. Suddenly, out of nowhere, comes a huge black St. Bernard. And attached to that dog is a blind person. About fifty or so, with a very kind face. "Charlie," says the blind woman to her St. Bernard, "where are you taking me?" Charlie doesn't answer, because, well, he's a dog. He just pulls her over toward P.J. and me. "Charlie," yells the woman, "No! You are pulling me toward the street!" Charlie the big black St. Bernard ignores her, and pulls himself over to P.J. so he can sniff his butt. "Bad dog!" yells the blind lady, as she can clearly hear P.J.'s harness and tags jingling as the dogs exchange whiffs. "Sorry," I say to the blind lady, "my dog just wants to be friendly." "Well, Charlie is trained NOT TO DO THIS," the woman yells in a stern voice. I pick up P.J. and again apologize. The woman tells me that my dog and I are a menace to the neighborhood and then takes off. Not more than one minute later a young blind guy comes walking toward us with his seeing-eye dog. A retriever, I'd guess. Of course, the dog gets one look at P.J., and suddenly he's heading for us at full force. I'm not quick enough to pick up P.J., who I had put down again, and the next thing I know, the dogs are at it, sniffing one another's butts. "Bad Sassy," the young guy yells at his dog, "bad!" I tell the guy that P.J. is just a friendly dog, and wants to say hello to everyone. He tells me that on this block is housing for blind people like himself, and perhaps P.J. and I should hang out somewhere else. I tell him that's a good idea, and as soon as Wendy shows up, I'm leaving. He's nice enough to let Sassy sniff at P.J. a bit more, and then they take off.

"Nice guy," I mumble to myself. Five minutes later and I really begin to hate O'Reilly. Oz. Fashion. And blind people. Three more of them come tapping by, and although I hold P.J. so he can't bite their canes, he barks like crazy, and they curse me and my Yorkie out. Finally, it seems quiet, so I put P.J. down again. No blind people in sight. But I should have thought about wheelchairs.

And the people in them. Too late. The next thing I knew he was on some woman's lap, snarling, and she was screaming. Finally, Wendy comes out of the building and asks how our wait for her on 23rd Street was.

"Typical," was my answer. "That's nice," she says, and with that, we make our way home.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. Cool CDs I got lately include ones from Enemy You, The Aquabats, GG Allin on ROAR, Heartdrops, Kowalskis, Darlington, Spunk, Sedated, Hidden Agenda, The new NO IDEA comp, and much, much more. Doh!
2. www.furiousgeorge.com for email adresses, naked pics of us, and free stuff.
3. I finally beat *Resident Evil* 3, now I'm stuck in fucking *Donkey Kong* 6.
4. The game is driving me bananas!

I may have mentioned it in a previous column, but it's also possible that my excitement caused some kind of palpitating cramps (the best kind) in my fingers and kept me from doing the Paul Revere. (As the Texans say, "Wasn't that the fella who ran for help?" Of course, as I'm talking about the legend around which the joke is based, it does not behoove me to bother getting into the business of what he actually did {or more to the point, didn't do}) routine, but were you all aware that Jon Wayne was still playing shows, however occasionally (the reason for the Texas reference {Texas is the reason?} now hopefully being crystal clear). Well now you are.

That is to say, Holy Fucking Shit, there is still a chance that I (and you) may one day be able to enjoy the spectacularness (they used to call it a spectacle) of Jon Wayne IN CONCERT, as it were (or, Allah willing, will be). For those poor little lambs to whom the name Jon Wayne means nothing, allow me to mention that his/their *Texas Funeral* album is the most effective fusion of country and punk (OK, I said it) sensibilities. Better than the first Blood On the Saddle album (the one where it was still a band) or the first Jason and the Scorchers album, etc.? Oh, please. In fact, the second place all-timer is not any of these (or even one of the Cowpunchers extant works), but the infamous *Lester Roadhog Moran and His Cadillac Cowboys Live at the Johnny Mack Brown Jr. High School* LP which was, amazingly enough, the Statler Brothers goofing off (imagine if Pablo Cruise goofed off and came up with a classic garage punk album) (possibly even more amazing is that it not only came out on Mercury Records but was produced by Jerry Kennedy, then president of said label). But (not surprisingly), I digress.

So now that we've established the primacy of *Texas Funeral* in its field, owing to its brilliant songwriting (e.g., rhyming "Fresno" with "cesspool" in "Texas Wine," as well as managing to mention Texas approximately 532 times in the course of the record with tongue in various degrees of cheek), aggressive playing (Eric Oblivian gave strong kudos to this LP, bear in mind) and general mauditness. (In the course of the drunken studio talk included on the album, Jon mentions that he moved to California from Texas to find Merle Haggard and then wound up in Hollywood, since which time everything's been fucked up/gone to hell/etc. When this provokes laughter from someone in the control booth, Jon states in a sincerely hurt tone, "It's not gunny.")

In fact, I included Jon Wayne's "Mr. Egyptian"/"Orange Blossom Special" (note deviation from the method of track listing mandated by *MRR* in the review section) single in my "Top O' The '90s" round-up last issue since I'd been told that a few extra slabs of vinyl wouldn't hurt, and poor Jon Wayne gets the shaft again. Huh!

There will even reportedly be a long-awaited (by most people of taste with whom I'm acquainted, including Carolyn Keddy who was kind enough to first introduce me to the joys of Jon Wayne - Hi Carolyn!) SECOND album some time this year (this news comes from Deviated Preverted. Monty Buckles - Hi Monty! - who was in fact the

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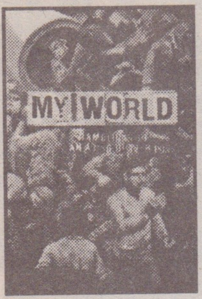

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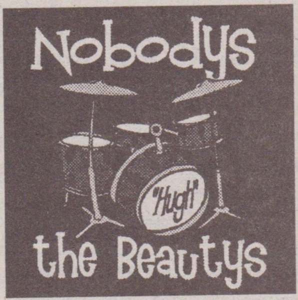

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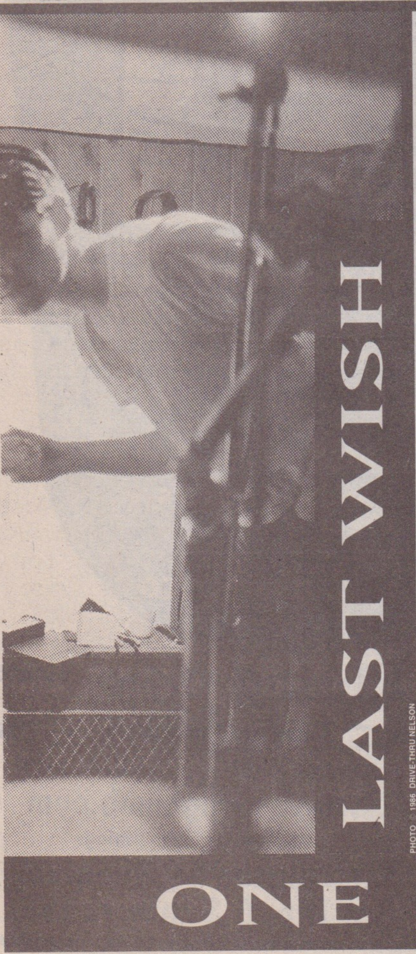

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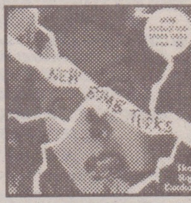

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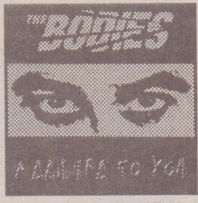

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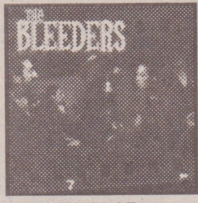

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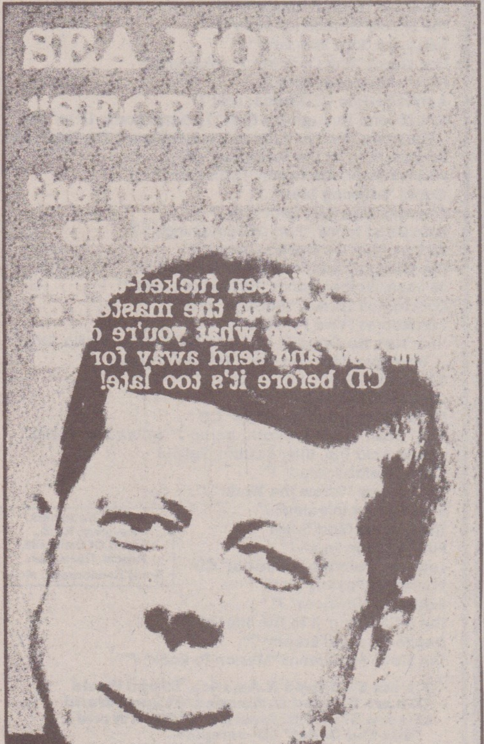

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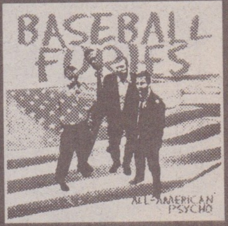

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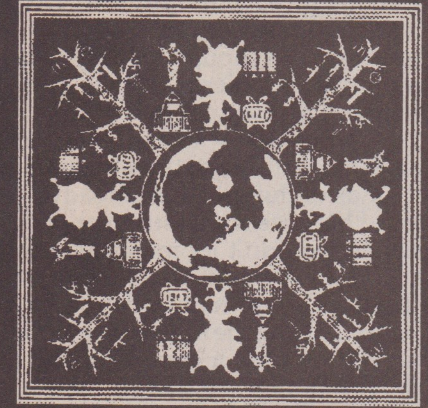

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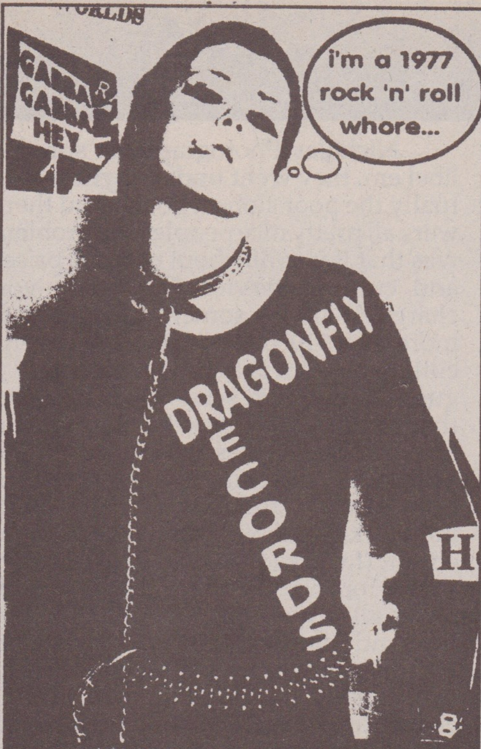

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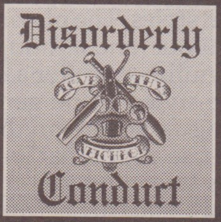

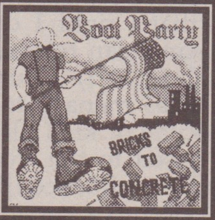

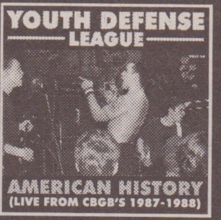

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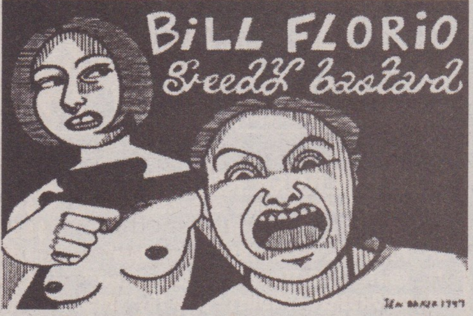
source of the news that Jon is still active), although who might have the guts to unleash it upon the world I don't know.

In other countrified news, the Dickel Brothers (named after the best whiskey in the world, as any discerning down-home lush can tell you) debut album on Empty is highly recommended for those with a taste for "old-timey," "hillbilly," etc. (gad, I love the use of descriptive terms for categorizing music) string band music. This lacks the stilted formality of most young practitioners of traditional styles. The playing is relaxed yet meticulous, and although the vocals on a few numbers suffer a bit from emulating the styles of the gents who made that song famous I predict that these boys will rise above that with subsequent releases (meaning that this will hopefully be analogous to *England's Newest Hitmakers* by the Rolling Stones {that's right, I only acknowledge the American releases, whatcha gonna do about it?}). I further hope that these fellas manage to create a full-fledged scene of kids playing real folk (as opposed to the sterile Pete Seeger/Joan Baez-influenced junk) music, which they certainly seem to be attempting to pull off. More power to them for it, as I'm for anything that makes life more interesting.



I'm going to take an opportunity to gloat about what a great job I have. It seems like most of the people I know and are into this punk rock thing fit into one of two categories. They either have a good job and time is divvied out to them in small dribs and drabs where they can't go traveling for a couple of weeks, or if they're in a band they never play outside the New York area. The other extreme are kids I know that are in bands that do fairly well and they just work shit jobs until the next tour. You don't really notice how work is such a burden until you're really working a shitty job and are unappreciated. A bunch of years ago when I was still a teenager I worked as a videographer on the weekends.

Nicholas Photographers: sure I'll libel em, they went under anyhow. Actually the poor slobs who worked there were all pretty nice people. The problem was that it was all about cut-rate prices and cut-rate service. See when you charge $1000 for something that costs more than $1000 to produce effectively, cutting corners is an understatement. I guess hiring high school kids is something you would resort to; so in that respect, I guess I was lucky to get the job at all, and it did bring me to where I am now. Anyhow, they weren't happy with me working 25-30 hours a week as an editor, (I worked from 4:00 to 9:00 after school for $5.50 an hour); they also took away all my weekends from April to June and from September to November. I could pretty much count on having to work every Saturday that there wasn't chance of a blizzard as well. It wasn't so bad at first because I wasn't very good and they really only put me to work on the Saturdays in the aforementioned months. At the time the big hardcore matinees were on Sunday. The problems started basically because the people shooting there were so bad that I moved up ranks within a couple of months. Getting paid $130 for ten hours of work seems like good money for 1987 for 16 year-old or 60 year-old. That is until you find out what a grueling thankless chore wedding video shooting is. You basically got a lot of drunken people goofing on you while you sweat into your $75 tuxedo for most of the day. We didn't have such niceties as camcorders either which meant I had about 70 lbs. of gear strapped on to me for a few of those hours and the rest was spent rolling a cart around killing my neck trying to see the viewfinder.

So one Friday night, it was pouring rain and I drove my car full of equipment home from the studio. We used their stuff, since anyone who could afford their own gear would never work for so little money. I had to shoot at 10 AM and there was no way I wanted to carry all that crap into my house in the pouring rain. So, I took a chance. Bad choice. The next morning there was equipment bags all over my lawn and all the tripods and VCRs and batteries were stolen. This was a bad situation; one where your heart is pounding and you're just hoping you wake up soon with an urge to pee. I sped over to the studio to get another set of tripods and stuff huffing and puffing and of course when I got there the freaking boss was there to hear my story first hand and he fucking flipped. I was like, "Hey! I have to shoot in 45 minutes; you have to worry about this later!" As far as I remember, I got though the day without any further problems, I really don't remember I blocked it out.

The next few weeks I was under constant scrutiny. I got complaints about all kinds of things. I was already pretty pissed because it was summer and that asshole wouldn't let me wear shorts. I sat in a little closet in the back of the office and never had to deal with customers. During the school year it was no big deal because a good Catholic high school boy like me had to wear a suit anyhow. But I fucking hate wearing pants and a lame polyester button down in 90-degree heat, or ever, for that matter. It's funny I was really into the idea of getting into television broadcasting at the time until a fellow wedding videographer who had won an Emmy for editing told me that despite his achievement, he couldn't get a job and he hated the whole industry.

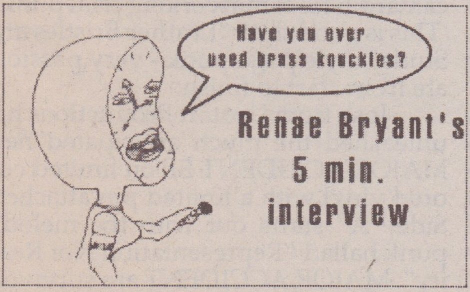
So one day it just came to a head. The boss started jumping on me because I forgot to bring in the insurance form for the stolen equipment. I filed a police report the very next day and gave him a copy of it the day after but he kept making inferences that I stole the stuff. I was very angry and when I got back with the papers I told him it was my last day. It was one of those things where I just cracked; I really, really didn't want to shoot these god-awful things and I wanted to go to shows and have my weekends back. I had already called a bunch of other places and one of them seemed interested. When I got home my dad saw how distressed I was and went over there to tell the guy off. Well, he made him feel pretty stupid and The Boss even admitted that I was an asset and he really didn't want me to quit. It felt really good telling him that I didn't care and I wasn't going to be abused like that ever again.

Yeah, so a week before all this I was calling around seeing who needed an editor, and this one person named Jean answered the phone. She had a cold and I thought she was a guy when I first talked to her. She told me that they might need someone and I should send her a tape of my work. The day after quitting I called her again and she told me to come over. OK, now the change of venue was a bit drastic. Before I was working in this huge office space with about 20 people working and I pulled up in the dirt driveway of Jean's little Cape Cod bungalow. So I walk in to the screech of parrots somewhere in the dis-

tance as their little dog snarls and bites at the kitchen cabinets. I can see he's already done quite a job on them, as the corner seemed to have been chewed off years earlier. I peer around the dim messy house and am led to the attic. The attic was something that is unexplainable. If anyone had ever seen where their videos were kept they would never hire us in a million years. I looked at the pile of tapes that went to the ceiling and the editing machines buried in potato chip bags and empty soda bottles. I said "I know how to use this. Should I start now?" She said, "OK, this lady's on our back" as she yanked two rubber banded tapes from the bottom of the pile.

Oh, the funny part is the reason they needed an editor. This guy was working for her for a couple of years and her girlfriend also worked part time up in the attic. It seemed she liked younger guys and whoops, she was having some unnamed man's baby that week. Jean never saw this editor guy again. Anyhow, it's ten years later and I'm still working for her. There's no more attic and we have a studio with a bunch of people working but in this time I have achieved all my goals for a career. 1. I never have to dress formal. 2. I don't have to wake up early or commute in traffic. 3. I'm treated with respect and appreciated, well at least by my boss. The people I do videos for are another story. 4. I dictate my own work and do it at my own pace. 5. I can take a few weeks off and still have a job when I get back.

I never really thought I'd get all of this, but its nice to know that it's possible to make a decent living without losing your sanity or all of your time and actually enjoy what you do at the same time. Hey, a couple of people actually emailed me and actually read my column. Oh yeah, I'm working on some punk video projects and if anyone in the NYC area is interested in helping out, send me a message at greedybastard @mindspring. com.



So March is here and it reminds me of the Irish in me (and I don't mean an Irish man). I thought it would be interesting to reflect on ethnicity. I think the word "mutt" applies to most of us where ethnicity is concerned. Not that we are dogs, but a mixture of "breeds." If this would apply to humans I would proudly call myself a "mutt" according to definition. I am Irish, Indian, and German. When I fill out an ethnicity questionnaire there isn't a box for "mutt" and there isn't a box for Irish, Indian, and German. What is the box I always check? "White (Not Mexican)" is the box. This is a curious choice for me because I am not always "white." As the saying goes: When I am born I am pink, when I go out into the sun I turn red, when I get sick I turn yellow, when I get hurt I turn black and blue and when I die I turn purple. So I choose to accurately label my ethnicity as Irish, German, Indian, not mutt or white.

My first recollection of learning my ethnicity was when I was in elementary school and we had to write an essay on "brotherhood." Up until that time, I had always called myself a white American. My mother is Irish, Indian, and German. For some reason I couldn't understand then why she is so very proud of being part Indian.

I never cared to know more about my ethnic background until I was in high school and my best friend traveled to Ireland. Her enthusiasm about visiting the country where half her ancestors were from made me curious about my own ethnic background and traces to Ireland. That is when I started asking questions and learned the true story of my ethnic background and identity.

My mother didn't know too much about our ethnic background past my great grandparents, but what she did tell me was quite interesting. On my grandfather's side of the family, we inherited the German and Iroquois. My mother's maiden name is Beckholt. Before our family came to the United States form Germany, the family name was spelled Beckholtz. They dropped the "z" in America. My mother holds the initial racism against the German immigrants as the reason why the spelling was changed. Somewhere in our family line the Blackfoot Indians of the Midwest are found. The Beckholts married into the Iroquois, resulting in the German/Iroquois mixed ethnicity of my grandfather. On my grandmother's side, there are the Tobans and Zalaman families, both German. Her mother's maiden name was Bell, and English name, who married into the Beckholt family. This side of the family married into the Cherokee tribe resulting in the German/Cherokee mixed ethnicity of my grandmother.

My father's great grandparents were from Ireland. The O'Briens, a Protestant family of ten brothers and ten sisters, came to the United States to escape religious persecution by the Catholic church. Upon arriving to the US, they changed their name to Bryant. The Bryants married into the Cherokee tribe, thus resulting in my father's ethnic mixture of Irish and Cherokee. Of course that is how I claim the Irish, German, Indian ethnicity that I do.

The only other memories I have of my ethnicity being made clear to me were in relation to the relationships I had with men of a different ethnicity. The first time was in 1984, when I was in the sixth grade. I lived in Sacramento and had many African American/Black friends. At twelve, they were just my friends—race didn't enter into my mind unless someone pointed it out. Like when my teacher, Mrs. Boyer, asked me, "Renae, does you mother know you have a Black boyfriend?" Now boyfriend in the sixth grade, in 1984, consisted of hand holding, jacket wearing, and pecking. I needed to tell my mother? The answer came one day. James, my boyfriend, wanted to know if I could go to the roller skating rink. So, finally, I told my mom about my boyfriend. What ensued was mass confusion. My mother told me I couldn't go to the roller rink and I couldn't have a Black boyfriend. I had to promise her that I would break up with him. Of course I didn't. I tried to keep my roller date. My plans were foiled when James' mother called our house and talked to my mother. The next thing I knew, my mother was crying. I got spanked by my then-stepfather. I still remember being confused and not understanding why "white girls" couldn't have "black boyfriends." I also remember crying in my bedroom, wishing I were dead.

The second time was twelve years later when I began dating a man who was African-American and French. Once again, it was my mother to minimize my feelings by telling me it was a phase and I had a short attention span. My stepfather (new one) actually though my boyfriend was a skinhead because he had a shaved head, not realizing he was part African American. Twelve years does not change much. When I asked my mother if my boyfriend could join us for Thanksgiving, she asked me, "Why can't he have Thanksgiving with his own people?" I had to ask my mother, "His people? I don't think they celebrate

Thanksgiving in Africa or France." It wasn't until I threatened to not show up to the holiday diner that my mother changed her mind.

I know that if I had to face racism on a daily basis I would feel differently about my own ethnicity. Since I do face sexism I feel the results of being a woman on many different levels. I see myself in the following order of identity: 1) human, 2) female, 3) Irish, German, and Indian. Everyone should have an idea of their own ethnicity and the complexity of it. Especially as it coincides with the historical events of this world. I agree with my wise friend Tina Bold who has called herself a humanist for years versus all the other "ists." I suppose even better than mutt would be plain human.

No scene shit this time. Sorry. Send comments, criticisms, love and hate mail to webmistress@ontherag.net or PO Box 251 Norco, CA 91760-0251. May the luck of the Irish be with you.

Weekend Kids

Hey! You lucky skins and punks get another chance to have Mr. John Hilario and Mr. Stan Corona come into your living room! That's right—BOVVER WONDERLAND has a *Best of BOVVER WONDERLAND—Piss Off and Die* 7"EP available. Destroy All Records from Los Angeles, California has provided us with a reprise of some this Southern California skinhead band's best work. This is a good reminder of how important and influential BOVVER WONDERLAND are. Side one kicks off with "Weekend Kids," clearly one of the finest tunes Mr. Hilario ever penned. The next hammer is "Super Yob," which could lead a working class man to drink. Flip over the disc and you get "Richboy Scum" and "Justice For All?" two more hits in the continuing reign of BOVVER WONDERLAND.

DSS Records from Austria has three great new selections for you skinheads and punks.

First off, DSS offers SOUL BOYS with their EP *Fuck You We Are the Boys*. This EP kicks some ass immediately with the song "Fun and Glory" on side "A." This has got superior singing style and the great jangle of guitar sound made famous by the TEMPLARS and others. The singing on song number two, "Frog Stomp," is deep and authoritative. Uwe's lead vocals harken back to the Chiswick Days of 1977. "Crash Kids" continues the triple assault on side "A." The guitars churn and intermingle with fine drumming and bass playing. Side "B" starts with "Dirty Faces" and more top-notch guitar work mixed up front with the vocals right beneath. The fifth and final song is a cover of "I Knew the Bride," written by Nick Lowe and made famous by Dave Edmunds. This fucking record rocks! Get this shit!

The next offering from DSS is a split EP featuring THE TEMPLARS and STOMPER 98. This selection is called *We Stick Together*. THE TEMPLARS give you a song from 1998 called "F.T.W.". This fine Oi! song rants "Fuck the police....Fuck the government officials...Fuck the music industry and the money machine..." The second TEMPLARS song is from 1995 and expresses the same distaste for the man in blue three years prior.

On the "B" side of this split EP is STOMPER 98 from Gottingen, Germany. The first song is "Skinhead" and it moves along nicely with an Oi! type of intro with aggressive singing, complete with solid guitar playing and sing-a-long choruses. This very good song has a small 30-second ska saxophone break and then finishes with a strong finale. The second song by STOMPER 98 is a cover of COMBAT 84's "Rapist" with new lyrics in German and a new title "Paderast." The message is the same as the original: "Hang 'em high!"

STOMPER 98 also have a CD available on DSS entitled *Stomping Harmonists*. The CD starts with the instrumental song "Stompertheme," again employing the saxophone. Then we go into a good melodic Oi! song about STOMPER 98's home town, "Gottingen." The song "C.R.C." features the ubiquitous sax accompaniment to good up-tempo Oi!. This number goes four minutes, forty two seconds. "Stuck Grosser Pissfuck" covers five minutes, five seconds, with some quiet parts in the middle—too long. When STOMPER 98 goes for the throat in 2:25 minutes as they do in "Was Uns Gefaut," the combination of ska horn and melodic Oi! works very well.

Scumfuck Mucke Records from Dinslaken, Germany, presents two skinhead bands for your listening enjoyment. First up is DEAD END YOBS with their fine Oi! EP that features the "Oldenburger Skins" song about their friends in the hometown of Oldenburg, Germany. The DEAD END YOBS sing Oi! songs in German about the "Weekend," "Bier," and "Working Class." The guitar playing is fast with some breaks. The singing is hard-edged and competent with lots of street urgency.

The second Scumfuck skinhead release for you this month is an LP by BOMBECKS called "Oi! Rock n' Roll." This LP contains eleven good cuts of pub oriented Oi! with some of those reliable rock and roll underpinnings that you would hear on a vintage Pobel and Gesocks recording. This Oi! fucker commences to kick you in the head on song number one with "...All die jahre!" The fine sing-along number "Zur Geilen Kaktusbar" jumps right out at you. The guitar moves along at a lively pace with well-timed choruses and prominent Oi! chants punctuating the melodies. "Nur Du" (Oi! Rock n Roll) gets the rock momentum percolating along rather nicely. Skip the one ska song and you get "Elg' Ne Regeln," a hard punk/Oi! song. Side "A" ends with the anthemic "Bootboys."

Flip the BOMBECKS record over and the band punks out with "Working Class Pogo," a catchy little number. We plow through "You Get Me Down" and arrive at the "Nur Mit Dir" rock and Oi! saga. The energy level is maintained through "Blind Marschiert" and "In and Out." Good stuff!

The ROTTEN BOIS from Parma, Italy have a good full length LP out now on Hated Youth Records. This LP is called *Pogo, Beer and Spikey Hair*. The band delivers twelve high-powered punk tunes with snotty vocals, strong guitar work and good back- up singing with all the appropriate lyrics. The Italian language parts are translated to English on the insert. The song topics include police violence, bigotry, the perils of drug use, and of course, the pride and camaraderie of the working class punks. This is good shit! "Leather Bristles and Studs" style pogo punk - very passionate from start to finish.

Josh from Upstart Productions has unleashed the much anticipated new MAJOR ACCIDENT EP on limited colored vinyl with a limited pin attached. Side "A" starts out with the melodic punk ballad "Representation Not Reality". MAJOR ACCIDENT are survivors of many Clockwork Oi! battles and have come out the other end with more than a modicum of polish and verve.

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On side "B" "Step By Step" demonstrates how old pros like "MAJOR ACCIDENT" can deliver a powerful anthem with grace and aplomb. It's very good to have these veterans still producing finely crafted songs.

Captain Oi! Records has three top shelf CD reissues for you punks and skins!
First you have THE COCKNEY REJECTS 1981 LP "The Power and the Glory" complete with lyrics and five bonus tracks including THE COCKNEY REJECTS collaboration with THE GONADS on "T.N.T." and the songs from the single "On the Streets Again".

Secondly Captain Oi! offers The Various Artists CARRY ON OI! - the legendary third Oi! compilation. This was a UK top 50 hit when originally issued in 1981. This reissue contains liner note by Garry Bushell and a bonus track by RED ALERT called "We've Got the Power" originally recorded for the album but never included.

Number three new CD on Captain Oi! is THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS "The E.M.I. punk years". This is a collection of THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS tenure with EMI's Zonophone Records. This compilation includes the singles "Last Night Another Soldier", "Kids on the Street", "England", rare "B" sides and cuts from the "Two Million Voices" LP. Great!

This month you get some fun beer-soaked punk rock from San Francisco's TRUST FUND BABIES, with the "Up To No Good" EP on Radio Records . These folks are infamous for their abysmal behavior during live shows, but they can actually play a punk tune loaded with hooks when they want to. The guitar sound on "Up To No Good" is excellent! Great vocals! Side two features "I've Been Drinking," with good harmonies and strong guitar playing. "Reject Me" features Karen's first rate punk rock vocals. Check it out!

Weird Records from Notts, England has two current releases that demand airplay. First up is ROAD RAGE with their *Painless Suicide* EP. This is over-the-top screaming punk. ROAD RAGE hails from Castle Donington, Derby, England. The band attacks you with jack-hammer ferocity. The guitar is prominent in the front of the mix causing much aural mayhem. You have sneering '80s-style punk vocals that are right in your face. Listen to *Painless Suicide*. Blistering punk rock!

Next up on Weird Records is the new EP by PISSED MOUTHY TROLLOPS with their extremely snotty all girl punk war machine. Talk about bad attitude! When these women come to town you are in deep trouble. As PMT says: "Hide your beer—Cider Slags are here." In "Humble Pie," PISSED MOUTHY TROLLOPS sing: "Too much beer, too much speed/Talkin shit when I should be asleep/My mind's fucking up/But my mouth carries on/Oblivious to the fact I'm in the wrong." Lots of bands could learn improved behavior and better judgement from PMT. There's also a punked-out cover of "I Will Survive" by GLORIA GAYNOR. Quite boisterous!

We got some balls-out punk rock for you cretins! Rock Star Records from Germany delivers the shit with their split EP by O.B. and TONNENSTURZ called *Kampf Der Giganten- 1- Runde*. O.B. comes out of the chute kicking like a mule. This is angry punk with a monstrous rock and roll foundation and a threatening bass and drum attack. Fucking no prisoners taken—O.B. shows absolutely no mercy. You get deep vocals to singe your fucking ears and a rock and roll locomotive of a rhythm section. On the "B" side of this punk rock double debacle is TONNENSTURZ stretching out with the thrash guitar metal punk blitzkrieg on the song, "Schubladen." Then you have some throw-away acoustic finger-popping crap that bears no resemblance to the crazed punk rock track what-so-ever.

This month the BUMP-N-UGLIES from Detroit, Michigan present another truly horrific installment in their brutal hardcore legacy. The new EP is called *Diary of a Mad Man* and it features the tortured singing and over-powering guitar crunch that you have come to know and fear from this heinous collection of subhumans. You have to accept the BUMP-N-UGLIES as they come to you—bloodied, bruised and hell-bent for destruction. After three songs of maniacal hardcore, the BUMP-N-UGLIES cool you down with CREDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL's "Proud Mary." Apart from their Possessed By Satan demeanor, this band of semi-pro alligator wrestlers can play great rock n' roll!

Taang Records has a split EP available by the DROPKICK MURPHYS and the BUSINESS called *Mob Mentality*. On the title track you have both bands performing together and the result is quite a cacophony. On side two THE BUSINESS covers a DROPKICK MUPRHYS' song "Streets of Boston (London)" without much success. The one gem on this EP is the DROPKICK MURPHYS ' performing the BUSINESS' "Informer."

Dogma Records Reissues, out of Hell, Norway has concocted an essential split LP by GISM and THE COMES. This is a reissue of two seminal Japanese punk debuts: The GISM *Detestation* 12" and THE COMES *No Side* 12" . These are two examples of absolutely brilliant Japanese punk with wild sound unlike anything else from that 1985 proximity. The audio quality on the reissue is excellent! If you don't have easy access to the expensive originals buy this split LP immediately!

Till next month...

See you fucks in hell!

Since the coming and going of the new millennium was rather bland in the grand scheme of things (...with a computer bug that was to adversely affect mainly large private, corporate and governmental institutions, what did you expect... Armageddon?), and since I have no desire whatsoever to subject you to my incoherent babbling like I did last month, I've decided to talk a bit about children and development.

I don't think that any of us can take a look back and examine our childhood and not admit that we were geeks. I was.

In the 7th grade, my three main musical inspirations were — in ascending order—Vivaldi, Huey Lewis & The News, and (you're gonna love this one) Tiffany. While all you 'old school' punks were busy moshing to The Circle Jerks, The Clash and the Dead Kennedys, I was dancing around my room to Cyndi Lauper, Michael Jackson and Billy Joel. I had braces. I lived for sports and was actively involved in baseball (I was pretty damn good pitcher, if I do say so myself), football (damn good defensive back), and basketball (I was really damn bad at basketball). I spent my days practicing violin, which I'd played since I was four (and still play, by the way), and kicking my mom's ass all over the cribbage board (which I also still play—and still kick Mom's ass at too).

In the summer between 7th and 8th grade, I started skateboarding which, as cheesy as it might sound, would end up changing my life. I got a whole new set of friends, an introduction to punk rock and a rebellious look at life, as well as a near-constant 'on-crutches' status. Don't

get me wrong, I was still a geek (as any picture of me from that era easily reflects), but I was headed down a different path. I was buying issues of *Thrasher* instead of SportsFlix baseball cards; building jump ramps instead of tree forts; and listening to Pailhead instead of Debbie Gibson. As far as I was concerned, it was a whole new world…and I loved it.

I did some awfully stupid things when I was a kid too, completely unrelated to my being a nerd. First and foremost—and probably the thing in life I regret most to this day—I used to torture the hell out of our pet cat, Tasha. Tasha was a beautiful white-haired Russian with the most outgoing personality I've ever known a cat to have. Regardless, I would pull her tail, chase her around the house with the vacuum cleaner, shove her into small drawers and keep her there for hours on end, and who knows what else. I, like a lot of kids, took a large interest in this theory that "cats always land on their feet," a theory that I would end up disproving (many, many, many times). On one particular evening, I was amusing my best friend by throwing her against the ceiling in our breezeway and watching her fall all the way to the floor. She would do the best she could to absorb the shock and then run and sit by the door to go inside, meowing with a sense of urgency so strong that it's giving me goose bumps as I write this. However, I hadn't quite developed that much of a conscience by age eight, and I continued to pick her up and repeat the act for a good fifteen minutes until I grew bored. My dad let her outside later that evening and she ran away (gee, I wonder why?). One of our neighbors returned her the next morning, but I would torment her no more, as a car tire had ended my reign of terror by squashing her flat sometime during the night. To this day, I'm convinced she ran in front of that car on purpose.

I did all kinds of other dumb shit as a kid, mostly related to fire. Our house was surrounded on three sides by a big cornfield, which I nearly crisped on about a half a dozen different occasions. I also nearly burnt down one of the neighbor kids' houses when a game of I-flick-matches-at-you-while-you-run-away-screaming went terribly wrong. Got grounded for a good chunk of my summer for that one. Otherwise my stupidity was mostly confined to the time-honored tradition of making fun of everyone that was different than me (a tradition that's still upheld by many a member of our punk scene).

Despite everything I just said about my childhood, I wasn't actually a bully or an idiot. I was actually a pretty good kid. I always had decent (read: neither remarkable nor remarkably terrible) grades, I voluntarily helped do chores around the house, never drank or smoked (that would begin later) and spent a good deal of my time reading.

Many of the other kids at school were very much like myself, though I would've never admitted that at the time. If you thought my cat-tormenting ways were harsh, get a load of this. A fellow student during my senior year of high school who lived on a farm (which is not that uncommon around here) used to pour gasoline on the barn cats and set them on fire! While frantically running around in flames, he'd shoot them with a bow and arrow!!! When confronted about such behavior, he'd just laugh it off and say "Ahhh…der jis bawn cats." The saddest part of this story is that his parents were well aware he was doing it and thereby encouraged it (my reasoning being that if you know you're son is setting cats on fire and using them as target practice and you don't do anything to stop it, you're basically saying that it's OK). This same kid is now "happily married" (yuk) and, if I remember correctly, raising a kid or two of his own (double yuk).

(By the way, there is a point to all of these stories, so keep an eye out for that.) OK, so both of us were quite animal-unfriendly (or, without the dressing… pricks). What makes our stories different? Well, asides from his being a bit more of a direct, drastic disturbing form of torture, I was eight and he was eighteen. This is not to excuse my behavior, but at least I can say I was young enough to not know any better. Either way, both were dumb things that just shouldn't have happened.

Everyone has a story of something idiotic they did as a child. I guess I've always chalked it up as the result of being naive and not having enough life experience to warrant intelligent behavior (and if the thoughts and actions of most adults I know are any indication, it's not just "something you'll grow out of"). But apparently, I've been mistaken. You see, these days kids don't just do or say stupid things (or act hyper, or recreate the images that mainstream media bombards them with, etc) just because they're kids and it naturally works that way. According to "the experts," kids are indulged in various forms of misbehavior and stupidity because of a chemical imbalance. That's right, most kids are fucked in the head, or so say their psychiatrists.

Now, I'm not going to sit and try to disclaim the notion that some folks' brains operate at a lesser level than others, because it seems to make perfect sense to me. But I think that the question of whose brain is operating at a lesser level is a difficult analysis to make; more a matter of opinion than anything else. Some would say that the majority of unintelligent and insane members of society reside in either mental institutions or prisons, but I have a problem with that. It seems to me that a lot of them live somewhere near the intersection of Madison Ave. and Wall St., but like I said, it basically just depends on your opinion of who's smart and who's not.

Children get the short end of the stick because they aren't afforded the luxury of voicing their opinions on the matter. A doctor could tell a child that they're mentally unstable (or hyper or inattentive or depressed), but since that child hasn't yet learned that their doctor has just as high of a likelihood of being screwed up, they'll be forced to live with that diagnosis. Hardly a coincidence, children are being diagnosed with ADD and other chemical imbalances at a higher level than ever before.

It's not too difficult to see the problems that could arise from this line of thinking. First off, the over-prescription of mental "wonder drugs" (which sounds to me like a bizarre name for acid) is having countless repercussions on society and, because of their very nature (or lack thereof), the full effects of throwing Prozac and Ritalin into kids' heads will be pretty damn tough to study. (Admittedly, I have never quite figured out how they decide who the "messed up" ones are. The way I see it, anyone, whether they're a scientist or not, that claims to know exactly how the human brain is supposed to properly function has just given a prime example of how its NOT supposed to function.) Furthermore, it perpetuates the capitalist mantra that there's a quick-fix for every problem out there, so long as you're willing to part with some cash to have it corrected. This ideology scoffs at the notion that there are problems that might be too difficult for us to ever fully grasp. If your car's broken, take it to the shop. If your fridge's on the fritz, call the repairman. If you're head's a mess, take two of these (and hope that your phone is still working in the morning). Even when a diagnosis is reached and there isn't a suggested cure-all pill (which is

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highly unusual, considering how much money there is to be made off medicine, with little regard to its overall effectiveness), I have a bit of difficulty understanding what good will come out of labeling a child as somehow dysfunctional. What possible benefit could there be to telling a kid that they're insufficient when compared to their peers, who've probably also been told the same thing, when it wasn't that long ago that we used to accept different behavioral patterns as part of the natural variety of our species? Damn, I think I've just stumbled upon the cause of that depression bug that seems to be eating at kids these days.

When I think back on the dumb things I did as a kid and compare it to what I'm like now, I see a definite link. I learned from my mistakes and it's helped me grow closer to becoming that person I truly want to be. Heck, if a cheesy pop-listening, cat-torturing, sports nut pyromaniac can turn out to be me, then anyone can turn out to be anything. Be leery of anyone who tries to tell you (or someone you know) that you're mentally disordered because, in the immortal words of Billy Joel, they may be right... but they may be crazy.

MORE NONSENSE.

1. I need to give thanks one last time to the now-defunct Asinine Solution whose song "What Ever Happened to Hyperactivity" sparked the subject for this column.
2. Speaking of subjects for columns, I've been running low on them lately (as if I needed to tell you that). Anyone have any ideas for a subject they'd like to see a column on?

Write me at PO Box 504 Chippewa Falls, WI 54729 and let me know about 'em.

3. Oh yeah, I was just kidding about that 'not subjecting you to my incoherent ramblings' thing that I said at the beginning of this column. One of these months, I'm going allow myself more than just a few hours to write a column and it might just end up making a bit of sense.

By the time you read this I will be famous. The *LA Times* is doing a story about my friends and me because we eat sandwiches. It's going to be amazing. We are making up sandwiches and they are having chefs prepare and review them. Mine is called "John Ringhoff's Triple Decker of Death Burritto." Anyways, here is my column:

OK, this is a little late, but here is my list of the top albums/movies/things of 1999:

10. This list.

9. *Interior Motives*. This is an interior design show starring the most flamboyantly gay man on the planet. I fucking love it.

8. Dee Dee King. I didn't know he was HALF GERMAN! This album rules! I know it came out in the '80s but it remains a timeless classic. It's time to rock, it's time to rap, it's time for the mashed potato attack!

7. Jar Jar Binks! Hola mesa Jar Jar Binks! God I don't know what I would have done without Jar Jar Binks in *Star Wars Episode I, The Phantom Menace*. I mean it would have been tooooooo tense! Without the constant comic relief of an computer animated Black man I think I would have bitten all my fingernails off!

6. Jessica Alba. Hubba hubba! Ouch! Did you see *Idle Hands*? *I* did! In fact, I bought copies of the movie for all my friends so whenever I'm away from home I can watch her. She looks like the kind of girl you'd want to treat dirty. Not me though. I'm a GAY.

5. *Angus*: What a fantastic movie. It has Dawson as a bully who picks on a fat kid in it. It also has kid with freckles and red hair who should be set on fire. And at the end the fat kid gets the girl and they dance to a Weezer song.

4. The time I accidentally sent an email to every single person in the company I work for that said, "FUCK YOU!" in really big font and then didn't get fired.

3. The movie *Starship Troopers*. I like the part where they all get tattoos that say "death from above" and show them off to the camera. I also like the part where Doogie Howser walks in the room dressed as a Nazi general. Then some girl says she loves him and he replies, "You don't love me, you just love my doogie style".

2. Backyard wrestling. This is the greatest thing on the planet. Good Christ. It's just fucking amazing. It's like when you're at a show and the show is really boring and all the bands are terrible then a fight breaks out and for a few minutes you get to see people pound on each other. Only this is in a backyard and people use barbed wire, glass, and chairs. "Real" wrestling isn't as fun because the wrestlers kind of know what they're doing and have fancy costumes. Backyard wrestling, on the other hand, is much funnier because the kids actually hurt themselves and their costumes are a shitty t-shirts with cheaply cut fringe on the bottom. I wish they would put these kids on TV instead of the "real" wrestlers. I'd rather see two skinny kids with freckles setting each other on fire. I don't mean just in wrestling matches. I mean I'd like to see freckled kids lighting each other on fire anywhere.

1. The Monster Mash. This is the greatest song ever written. God knows how many times I've put this record on and just started dancing by myself.

OK, here is my list of the worst songs/movies/things of 1999:

10. No new Sinbad movies.

9. Freckled red-headed kids who aren't on fire.

8. No sequel to *Starship Troopers*.

7. No new *Conan* movies.

6. Columbine. What a senseless tragedy. Just kidding!

5. Oasis quiting drinking and drugs.

4. The movie *American Beauty*. I mainly hated how people kept calling it an "intelligent film." Intelligent my ass.

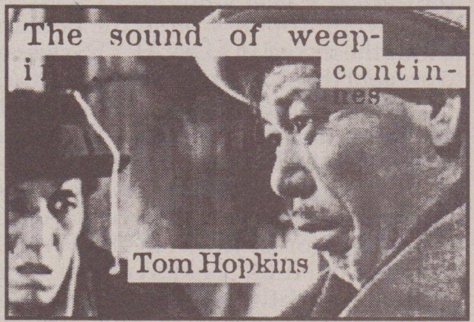
3. The great Mullet Holocaust of the late '80s.

2. *Maximum Rock and Roll* not putting me on the cover.

1. Missing Manowar when they came to town.

Oh one more thing, I keep getting letters from some asshole who thinks I'm his nephew Gobo. So whoever you are, knock it off. Sprockett and I get enough shit from ol' Schimmelfinney and we don't need your tomfoolery. Send me something: 4446 Finley Ave #201, Los Angeles, CA, 90027.

The Sugarbusters Diet© has left me too weak for an intro. You'll have to settle for the following reviews.



The previous THREE PENNY OPERA releases would have done just fine in a smaller collection of music, but nothing about them would really scream to

be played again and again from a larger stack of plastic. Not the case with the new full length *3PO* (Troubleman, 16 Willow Street, Bayonne, NJ 07002). I'm reluctant to mention the ex-SHOTMAKER status, but I keep thinking this is along the lines of a more tuneful studied SHOTMAKER. No bass heavy rippers, but still leaning towards the bass for direction with the guitar giving more then just window decoration. The vocals stand out on their own more than in past efforts and lyrically keeps me coming back due to the creation of an instant familiarity. Hard to believe this band was so flat live.

Rebound Records (17019 Evergreen Elm Way, Houston, TX) has quite the crush on the pop saturated sounds of midwestern emo. Look throughout the column for some primo examples of this sweaty palmed, butterflies in the stomach, aw shucks, blushing. Exhibit A: STILLWELL *Seven Song EP* CD. No doubt, these folks have enjoyed a couple of spins of the CAP'N JAZZ LP, but they contain that sound with precision. The jangle in the guitar is slight while the bass works on a just below the surface hypnosis. Vocals are way out front and sung in the slightly nasal and from the heart style. They successfully avoid the insipid emo-bop-ba-bop!!

I was not at all ready for the NUZZLE *San Lorenzo's Blues* CD (Troubleman). Wimpy as hell, but crazy in the quick grab of my attention. Part of the strength of the wimpy and melodic web is that it's short and to the point. And when things do start rockin' no lame dynamic cliches (hey, first they were very soft and now they are really loud!!). As one of the remaining members of the class of '95, they keep a touch of their older sound but have really found something that skirts between alt-country (SCUD MOUNTAIN BOYS/WILCO) twerpy sweater jerks (MODEST MOUSE) and post-emo Midwest (you-know-who). Totally wonderful. Be sure to hide the record in a DWARVES sleeve to prevent the shame of the wimp factor.

If you're asking me, the JERK WITH A BOMB *Death To False Metal* CD (Seven Segment, 1682 Frances Street, Vancouver BC, V5L 1Z4 CANADA) is a country album. Not in the magnificent HANK WILLIAMS (Sr. or Jr.), CARTER FAMILY, WILLIE NELSON kind of way, but in a quirky slightly pop way. If you were lucky enough to get a copy of the BIRDS OVER BUILDING cassette, the vocals are similar, if a bit deeper. The songs lean towards the storytelling and there is just a guitar and small drum kit (and every once in a while other accompaniment). As one would guess with such a sparse instrument showing, the focus is on the singer/songwriter.

And as long as I've mentioned the dreaded singer/songwriter term let me explain why ELLIOT SMITH bugs the crap out of me. The smash success of ELLIOT SMITH has encouraged an uncomfortable number of drips with an acoustic guitar to strike out on a singer/songwriter journey. Which means the odds are even greater that at any given show I go to some hippie is going to play, between the electric bands and all the backpacks are going to sit down on the ground and watch. Oh the humanity! JERK WITH A BOMB seems distinctly rooted in a love for roots country—probably why I'm not bugged.

For rants like the above and more be sure to check out the web board at troublemanunlimited.com.

Of course, Rebound Records doesn't have a total Midwest emo fetish (although I have heard reports of relocation from the Republic of Texas to Illinois). NO REPLY's *Beneath The Manacles* CD relies on nervous tension much more then it does on harmony. NO REPLY comes across as reserved and sparse for long stretches (and a few short ones), then the man behind the curtain (don't look at the man behind the curtain!!) spins the wheels and the jittery old car is quickly set into motion. A dour mood is created bringing to mind CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE, but without the polish. Dramatics are there, but only a subtle flavor.

Much too rarely a zine comes through the doors of the crybaby column. Jon K., formerly of Austin, now of Toronto, sent in *Diet Society* #9. BBQ chip reviews, an informative update on the Zapatistas if you've fallen behind (as I have), a piece on the narrow vision of most DIY activity, and a wee bit more. $1 to: 363 East 18th St. Hamilton, ON L9A 4P7, CANADA.

South American emo enters the column once more thanks to Sniffing Recording Industries (CC 3288 (1000) Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA). The newest addition to their large catalog (quite a variety, write for a copy!!) is a CD from CATARSIS. Light sounding stuff, but not really pop. A simple approach, without being amateurish, similar to J CHURCH with the introspection of NUZZLE. So there's a focus on the guitar, though not much focus on getting anywhere quick or showing off. Some songs consist mainly of guitar picking and the limited tap on the snare while laying down a story in Spanish. Quite melancholy.

What's THE PLAN, Stan? A band from Nova Scotia, Canada with a walkman ready demo tape. As Arwen and Sean cut and staple the newsprint of this zine, THE PLAN is on tour. If you see them live maybe you'll notice that there is a lot of sex going on in their sound. Nothing about sex, but the smooth bass line has satin sheets written all over it and the vocals smooth out the already sexy sound of Chrisser from the PEECHEES. The guitar tends to be a dirty voyeur that strums from the sideline, though occasionally tries to bust a move in loudly and jangly. Hubba hubba. (6044 Quinpool Road #5, Halifax, NS, B3L 1A1, CANADA)

NOTORIUS may blossom into a band of the new romance, due to their theatrical use of keyboard effects. Or maybe they'll open the new romance to some harsher sounds. These Italians totally distort time. While the entire *La Danza Dei Nervi* CD (Valium, via Nomentana 113, 00161, Rome, ITALY) is quite short, songs get twisted in a slightly off time and askew way, so the keyboard pauses seem long compared to the crafted guitar confusion one's ears are pulled through. Earlier LOCUST gets steamrolled by the JESUS LIZARD while Ian Curtis hangs himself once more. An LP is said to exist.

In an effort to prove myself oh so clever, I have waited till this point to review the NOTORIUS/SLAVES split EP (Valium) so as to prove myself oh so brilliant for the earlier remark of a connection of NOTORIUS to the new romance. Behold! They even share a record with a primary band of the new romance! My ego thus stroked, we can continue. NOTORIUS gets a bit spookier and discovers the wonders of a reverb effect on the vocals. Compared to the CD this lacks the mania I enjoyed. Motherfucking SLAVES, why did I spurn you so on your first arrival? One song with the relentless, reeling drone of their keyboards, '90s (00s?) post-punk following smartly behind, and instead of being a snoozer is damn catchy as displayed by the infectious handclap bits. Plus it's short attention span-friendly, I'd be surprised if the song is even three minutes long.

I was happy to pick up a used copy of the SLAVES 12" on Loveletter recently. Is this still in print? I hope so.

It was a mild winter day in 1996 when I first heard of a FISTICUFFS BLUFF LP being in the works. The dawn of 2000 brings that very release on Trou-

bleman on LP or CD with all of their other tracks. It tickles me that I am finally able to listen to one of my favorite pairings of music and vocals in a band. At times the tones of the female singer are calm and spoken while the band frames a deliberate box around her. Then there is the patented FISTICUFFS BLUFF snare drum roll that precursors a hair-pulling franticness of music with a completely frazzled set of vocals. Just think if your copy of the MOHINDER/NITWITS EP was left in the sun melting the two sides together musically so that the madness and non-cohesiveness of MOHINDER was diluted a bit with more pop savvy and the vocals became discernable. The levels of the CD are out of wack so the volume kind of comes in and out. Also, my favorite FISTICUFFS BLUFF song, "Catholic Dance," (from the split EP with ANGEL HAIR) sounds like it was recorded off of a VERY dirty copy of the record itself. As long as folks have waited for this, maybe waiting a month or two more to get these kind of details right would have been worth it.

Rebound Records doesn't just chase after the younger Midwest style emo bands, they've shown quite a bit of affection for a band that isn't quite a spring chicken. GOD'S REFLEX had a CD on Johann's Face about two years ago. That same CD has been put to vinyl for all you DJ enthusiasts. Super strong Midwest influences. BOY'S LIFE and CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE sparseness mixing with first-LP PROMISE RING harmonizing and upbeat tempo. Brand new sound? No. Derivative crap? Hardly. The singer has his own voice (no phony cracking), the lyrics follow familiar subjects but aren't by the numbers and an appreciation of good ol' guitar hooks.

The monthly Tom Hopkins' BOB TILTON obsession paragraph begins now. Turns out there is a difference between the original *Crescent* LP and the new *Crescent* CD. That being an added song on the CD. According to the Southern Records web site the new (?) BOB TILTON LP comes out in February 2000.

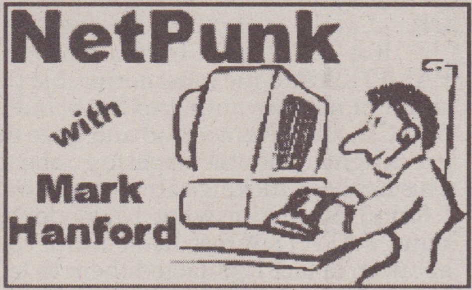
TRANSITIONAL's CD, reviewed last month, is rumored to appear on LP for an upcoming tour. Don't miss the new romance when it comes to your town. The band will not provide razor blades, nooses, or eye makeup.

Buying guide: NUZZLE LP/CD, NOTORIUS/SLAVES split EP, GOD'S REFLEX LP, FISTICUFFS BLUFF LP/CD, THREE PENNY OPERA LP/CD.

If anyone is interested in helping me with one of my newer unhealthy obsessions, I am anxious to buy or trade for South American punk and hardcore from the '80s.

Also, two or three columns from now I want to tread on Mark Hanford's territory and list emo related web sites. So take a break from the dirty pictures and record trading and email me so web site addresses.

Records (!!!!!), CDs, tapes, zines, and news should be packaged securely and labeled "Fragile! Emo" and sent to Post Office Box 170482, San Francisco, California 94117. Email: dixie13@pacbell.net.



The amount of e-mail I get from you, dear reader, has dwindled in the last couple of months. You've probably all been too busy to send any web addresses my way, and I suppose that is understandable, but c'mon—get off your asses and write me. Otherwise, I have to come up with some sorta theme for this column.

Which brings us to this month. I decided to go looking for punk sites about old-school bands. I'm talking about the original bands, not current bands trying to act old-school. As such, I have a few sites dealing with '70s and early-'80s punk for your enjoyment. I'm sure that there are more sites than these, but these are the best of the lot that I found.

A good place to start would be "Music From Before You Were Born," as that might as well be the title of this month's column. Lotsa great stuff here, with lyrics, photos, and music of a bunch of old hardcore bands.

You'll find stuff here on Negative Approach, F.U.'s, Negative FX, DYS, and more. Visit the site at http://www.geocities.com/ SunsetStrip/7143/.

Going back to an earlier time, the "Totally Damned" website is the best site I've found on The Damned. You'll all kinds of information about the band here, from their early history to what they are doing today. There are also sound files, original photos, and more. Check it out at http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Towers/4359/damned.html . Don't forget, Dave Vanian is the punk rock Elvis.

Speaking of punk rock Elvii, Evilive's Misfits Page has just about everything you'd want to know about the early Misfits (pre-'83). Included here are photos, sound files, a timeline, and some other fun stuff. Future plans include a discography and more. If you're a fiend, visit the site at the very appropriately named http://www.onethirtyeight.com/ .

I was checking out mp3s on mp3.com the other day, and ran across some classic punk rock in the form of the Alan Milman Sect, and ManKazaM. You can listen to the classic seven inch *Stitches* as well as a bunch of other first wave NY punk. They even have CD comps available for six bucks.

Visit their site on mp3.com at http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/44/alanmilmansect_mankazam.html and check out their homepage via the link from that site. Cool.

Jumping to a band that is still going strong today, the UK Subs page at New Red Archives is an interesting read. Including a bunch of writing by Nicky Garratt, including a history of the early years, tour diaries, and more. Be sure to read the diary of the Social Chaos '99 tour. You'll also find a discography, photos and sound files, guitar tabs, and, believe it or not, sheet music. Visit the Subs at http://www.newredarchives.com/bands/uksubs/index.html .

Speaking of the Social Chaos tour from last year, TSOL also played, and put on a damn good show the night I saw them. A fan has put together a killer site on this SoCal band, including tour dates, news, pictures, audio, links, and more. You'll find the TSOL website at http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Cabaret/7144/ .

As long as I'm talking about SoCal, I might as well mention 45 Grave. There is a small site that includes a discography, a small photo gallery, and a status on the members' current doings.

Visit the page at http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Venue/4579/main.htm .

Also another quickie is the official Angry Samoans' site at http://www.angrysamoans.com/. Not a ton of stuff here, but there is some classic stuff from Metal Mike's "scrapbook," as well as links to sound files, and Gregg Turner's view on the Samoans. Worth a look if you're a fan, and a history lesson for those too young to know.

Speaking of history, the Big Boys

Columns

website at http://thebigboys.webjump.com/ has a ton of shit about these seminal Texas punks. You'll find more photos, flyers, and pictures than I've seen at just about any other archive for one band, as well as stories, articles, soundfiles, a discography, lyrics, and more. Visit it today.

Next stop is Pedro: Land of the Minutemen at http://www.photogumbo.com/minutemen/. Not a ton of stuff here, but some lyrics, an incomplete discography, and some set lists. Worth a look.

A final site for this month is that of Phoenix old-timers, JFA. Still going strong, this site includes old and new art, band stories, a discography, links, lyrics, and stuff about skateboarding. Visit it at http://home.earthlink.net/~brianjfa/.

That's all I have for you this month. Get me your websites, and give me something to write about!

You can e-mail me at netpunk@diehippiedie.com, or you can always send me mail at PO Box 8059; Santa Cruz, CA 95060. See ya.

HIRAX MAX

OK, before breaking into the reviews, I have a little emo-stuff to whine about. There's been stuff that I have been debating whether to include in this column or not..... mostly personal experiences and the like. The one thing in my life the commands so much attention is my damn label. Its friggin small compared to most, yet it really does bring me a lot of joy....and heartache as well.

Everybody who does a label has different approaches, thus glitches in its operation are received in different ways. My approach has been ruled by really standing behind my releases, no matter what is said about them, and also (and more importantly) to stand behind the bands themselves.

So, recently and not-so-recently, I've had a couple of events that I totally fucked up on, which relates back to my general take on what running a label is about. So here's a quick summary, just for those who are curious about labels, etc, and don't worry, we'll get to the music soon enough!

Some time ago I put out a comp called *Possessed to Skate* on my label (625 Productions, plug, plug...) which had (what I considered) a good mix of thrash bands that were somewhat inspired by skateboarding. Well, the first press went quickly, so the label who helped me out in releasing it thought it a good idea to do a second.... and then later a third.

With this last pressing, a CD version would also be pressed. So I contacted the bands, one of which, PALATKA, was out of town. I got a green light from a band (who was also on the comp) that was from their hometown, and I just went ahead and assumed that this was OK.

Big fuck up... I later find out PALATKA had the most admirable position of never wanting to be included on a CD, and I went ahead and gave the green light to the other label to go ahead. This has been fucking eating at me since I found out about what I had done... now, PALATKA has been ultra cool about it, in fact I contacted them to talk to them about it—they knew it was a mistake based on a hasty decision. But I still can't help but think I completely fucked up a bands ability to carry out their principles.

To all of PALATKA, I am truly sorry, and I'm the only one to blame. This may appear as small potatoes in the larger context of the record "industry" but to me it meant a complete departure from what I as an individual was/am about.

On top of this, my last release wasn't really something that sounds too 625-ish, so I feel bad if kids buy it trusting my judgment. I've been attempting to put international bands which most of you haven't heard about recently, and I know to some degree that some people actually buy the damn things based upon the trust that I don't like mediocre stuff.

Well, the new release is OK, not bad at all in all honesty, yet its most definitely not my typical release, and not really my own personal favorite style of music. Thus again, this seems really fucking stupid if looked at in the larger context of releasing a records (because, after all, it's a good record), but I take these things personally, and I wish I could stand behind all of my releases 100%. Call me fucking lame if you will.

OK, enough of this shit... on a lighter note, I was skating a ditch today with my friends, listening to DRI's "Dealing With It" and caught myself thinking that this is exactly what I was doing 15 years ago. Fuck yeah... so on to the fucking music, lets GO!

New from Moo Cow comes an EP from Canada's RESERVE 34 who play some solid catchy, fast, youth-crewish hardcore. It's got tons of melody and hooks throughout, so it's not your basic run of the mill '88 formula stuff. It's also a rough enough recording where the melody doesn't annoy me (which too much melody can do). Don't know too much more about 'em, but hopefully they'll stick with the good-rough recordings, as melodic hardcore quickly loses its energy with higher production. (Moo Cow, PO Box 616, Madison, WI 53701.)

I got some tapes from the FACE OF CHANGE guys (great youth crew from Sapparo Japan). One is a new youth crew band called ANMA, and their four-song tape entitled *Accumulation of Ten Years* is pretty good. I think its the low budget recording that wins me over... it even has some BORN AGAINST-ish riffs mixed in with the formula SXE-styled stuff, so it was different. You can write 'em at Step Forward Records, 111 Koupo-River B, S6W22, Chuo-ku, Sapporo, Hokkaido 064-0806, JAPAN. Don't forget the IRC.

The next tape was another Sapporo band called TWOSIDE...their three-song tape entitled *Live This Moment* is pretty good as well. TWOSIDE plays some mid-paced, melodic/rockish hardcore that's kinda like BEYOND or the first BILLINGSGATE EP, its really rockish, but mixed with good hardcore. May not be for everyone, but I dug it. Write 'em at: TWOSIDE, Ko-po Ohori 202, Odori Nishi-18, Chuo-ku, Sapporo, JAPAN.

Alright, lets move onto another continent... from the Czech Republic comes the straightedge band UNDERFIRE who deliver a really solid ten-song demo. It's not the run-of-the-mill youth crew—it's basically a straightforward hardcore tape. Really pro cover and good recording to boot.

Watch for their track on an upcoming *Commitment* compilation. Their drummer Martin also has recently started a new label called Bad Man, so get in contact with him to see what his upcoming releases are. (Martin Cesky, Nebrehovice 7, 38601 Strakonice Czech Republic.)

From Canada comes AS WE ONCE WERE, who are to the "t" '88 youth crew. The vocalist sounds like a pissed off 16 year-old straightedge kid (that's good) and the music is good '88 energetic hardcore. Sounds kind of like early BATTERY. Awesome, so I suggest you get this so when their future records go

for $80 on ebay, you can brag to all your friends that you have the original demo.

Write 'em at: Ben Cook, 444 Scarborough Rd., Toronto, Ontario, M4N 3N2, CANADA. Thanks to Stephe for sending me his personal copy!

I was stoked to get the new DEAD END tape, since it's from ex-members of OUTLAST from Sweden. It goes a little further back in history for inspiration, so instead of great youth crew like OUTLAST, you get that mixed with some '82 influenced DC/Boston-sounding fast punk/hardcore. And as always, Henrik writes some great lyrics as well. Watch out for future material, which might actually be on 625. In the meantime write Henrik at Box 1903, 581 18 Linkoping, SWEDEN.

In the same pack Henrik sent me a demo from Sweden's PUNCHLINE, who are good catchy hardcore, not unlike the millions of bands that Sweden has produced recently. While PUNCHLINE is formula, if you like good youth crew hardcore without metal, you'll like this. And guess what, I don't have a goddamn address. Shit. Well, shouldn't be too long until some vinyl's in the works.

Last but most definitely not least, comes FAIRFUCKS from Norway. While this tape is a copy of their EP, this is awesome. They sent the EP cover and it's easy to miss: no logo, just an artsy picture of two semi-naked teens. But seek this out, cuz it's pure early DC/Boston hardcore, seriously. Hopefully these guys will have some more vinyl coming out soon! This was the surprise of the month!

Write 'em at (they also run the label): Tommas Svendsen, Svanevej 20 B.-3-TV, 2400 Copenhagen N.V., DENMARK.

In the same pack came the demo from AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ who are in the same vein... where the hell did these bands come from!?! A.P.A rip some total '81 fast hardcore that is totally pissed off. This shit is great. I think an EP is coming out soon, so write the address above and see what's up.

That's it for this month. I know it's mainly tapes this month, but that's what I love! How else could you get turned onto so much foreign hardcore without tape trading and dubbing?!

So, write these bands, send 'em a fair amount of return postage for inquiry and get involved!

If you want to send in any contributions or whatnot, write me at: PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413....

.OK till next time!-max XXX

Mykel Board sez: YOU'RE WRONG!

You'll like Sao Paolo, Mykel, it's got an edge to it.
—Martin, formerly of Los Crudos

[Note: All quotes in *italics* were originally spoken in Portuguese. I translate here for your convenience.]

Rio's been wet. Wet as in rain. Wet as in Antarctica, the beer of punk choice. Wet as in the promise of the ocean or self-induced juices running down my legs.

It's time to move my sopping body south. First stop: Sao Jose Dos Campos. That's where Erico, aka Korn, lives and operates Homocore Brazil. He's gonna put me up for a day or two. Then it's off to Sao Paolo.

I wrote about Erico last month. He's the tall blonde with the lower-lip spike. Friendly, attractive in a white way, I met him in Rio. In Sao Jose, he's a little late meeting me at the bus station. That's all right. It strengthens his punk credentials.

Now he's without his lower-lip spike, a normal young man you might meet on a Swedish street corner. We go out to eat.

"Take me to something Brazilian," I ask him. We go to *Habib's*, an Arab chain restaurant.

"It's all that's open now," he explains. "Besides, if you want to eat like the locals, this is the place to go."

I order some brown things, shaped vaguely like the hard rolls you get in a diner. They're filled with a reddish something with the consistency of partially-digested ground beef. Actually, it's not bad.

Then it's off to his apartment. He lives there with his large roommate.

She's an expert on satellite mapping. She does all this cartographic stuff I don't have a clue about. She's smart and funny and goes a long way toward proving my oft-stated theory that fat people are just cooler than the rest of us. But back to Korn.

"So Korn," I say, "why don't you take me into your room and show me your CDs."

He does. I mean he really shows me CDs. One after the other, the most obscure collection of homocore stuff I've ever seen. He puts one on. Then another. Good stuff, but I didn't go into his room to actually listen to records. Maybe he needs a hint.

I lie on the bed. An inviting double mattress, put directly on the floor. Korn rushes to get another CD. He pops it in the CD player. Then lies down next to me.

Yes!

"Don't you like this?" he says.

"It's great!" I say, squinching closer to him.

"Nice guitar in addition to the vocals, don't you think?" he continues.

"Aaargh!" I don't say as I move closer.

Just then the CD ends. Korn jumps up. "OK, Mykel," he says, "I've got to get up for work tomorrow. I'll get your bed and set it up in the livingroom. You'll be very comfortable there."

Aaargh! Aaargh! Aaargh!

The next day, I'm off to the local beach, where I throw myself into the waves and let them dash me against the sand. Coming back, I call Junior, punk-rocker and journalist, in Santos. I need to make arrangements for the next few days.

"I'm going to be in Sao Paolo," he says, "Bad Religion and The Offspring are playing there. I need to do an interview for the newspaper. Want to go to the show?"

"I don't think so." I tell him. "I didn't come to Brazil to see The Offspring."

"Okay Mykel," he says, "take care if you go to Sao Paolo. Don't show your wallet. Just take a little money and put it in your pocket. Don't walk on the street alone after dark. Even during the day, watch where you go and who you speak to. It's dangerous."

The next morning, I bid farewell to Korn and his roommate, and leave for Sao Paolo.

***

Aside: Crime or at least its threat is the price you pay for real life. For excitement. Crime is what you pay for fewer cops and more freedom. Only the most boring or timid want to be safe. For me, where there's crime, there's life.

Listen Rudy! Mug me once a year, if you like, but give me back my city! As for you, dear reader, maybe I'll see you in hell. I'm going to Times Square on New Year's Eve.

***

Sao Paolo. Wow! It's New York

twenty years ago. Dangerous, sleazy, dirty. You have to constantly watch your wallet... and your back. I love it.

Eduardo meets me at the bus station... actually he's about 45 minutes late.

"Yo Mykel," he says, "good to finally meet you. We did a mail interview a few years ago. I had a fanzine then."

"You don't have it any more?" I ask.

"Oh no," he says, "I need to live. You can't live off a fanzine unless you're Tim Yohannon... and he died."

"So you're not in the punk biz anymore?" I say.

"No," he answers, "sorry to disappoint you. I'm in porno now."

Some disappointment.

Turns out Eduardo is a big man in Brazil porn. He's a friend of the notorious Buttman, and was there the night a depressed Buttman let a transvestite whore penetrate his little rosebud. Buttman now has AIDS.

[A warning... remember, when you go to parties, wear your party hat. I always bring too many.]

Eduardo's pal, Paolo, has set me up with my own apartment. About three blocks from the subway, it belongs to a Japanese girl who is now in Japan. Free rent, internet access and a double bed! Yeah!

The first night in town we go to the good part. Guys stand in the doorway of every club. Each offers a better show and a bigger discount than the next. Eduardo passes 'em by. We're headed for the class. *Kilts,* built in a kitsch parody of a castle. Huge, white, with pink lights on it. 20 reals to get in. We pay and head through the door.

It takes a few seconds for my eyes to calibrate themselves to light. Once they do, a few more seconds lets my blood calibrate my floppy into a hard drive. There, on the small stage, on the bar, walking around the club. In skimpy bathing suits, in bikini bottoms, in nothing at all. Is the most beautiful collection of girls I've ever seen. Brown skinned, light skinned. Blonde, Negro-haired, skinny, 8-shaped, all of it. Why die? Heaven can't be any better than this.

Dancing on the bar, a blond girl who looks as if she'll soon celebrate her 16th birthday, dances completely naked. She wears a dreamy look of absent mindedness. She wraps her tight-muscled legs around the barpole. Her expression doesn't change as she raises and lowers her body against that pole.

"Hello, what's your name?"

I turn and see a slim Negress wearing what Tim Curry wore in *Rocky Horror.* She looks even better than he did.

"I don't speak much Portuguese." I tell her.

She says something else. Eduardo answers for me. Then the two of them begin a long conversation. Filled with laughs, I catch what I think sounds like "New York" and "famous rock'n'roll star."

We have a bit more of a conversation and the woman says something to Eduardo. Then she kisses me lightly on the cheek and heads off to talk to a fat guy with a mustache.

"She said it was fun talking with you," explains Eduardo, "but she's got to go to work."

The disco music lowers. The lights dim. Eduardo leads me and Paolo to a seat near the stage. It's the fuck show. A big beefy fellow strips down to nothing. He's muscular and hairy. Not what I'm interested in. A dark-haired girl, with teacup tits and big round eyes— like a character in a Japanese comic— drops to her knees in front of the guy.

She reaches down to caress his limpness. She strokes it once or twice, then sucks it into her mouth. Using her mouth and hand, she strokes it to ninety degrees. Jeezus fuckin' Christ! I'm at forty-five degrees without the suck! Fire that guy and hire me!

As it turns out, ninety is enough. The girl turns her back to the audience. Bends down. Puts her head between her legs, exposing her shavedness, and naked twin cavities. Then, still in this awkward position, she turns around so the hardish guy has easy access. He goes for the bigger slot.

So, they're fucking on stage. This position, that position. It's not as thrilling as it should be. It's hard to be hard when the guy's so ugly. At least Ron Jeremy is funny!

My attention wanders. It wanders to a girl sitting at the table ahead of me. Another blonde. (What is it with blondes this trip? I usually find them hideous! Playboy cheerleaders. Yuck! But these have an innocence and exotitude lacking in the homegrown centerfold types. Hello there.)

She looks at me. Half opens her mouth. Sticks her tongue out and runs it along her top lip. Then she says something.

"I don't understand." I tell her, *"I'm from New York."*

Eduardo translates. "She says you can go to a hotel with her. Only 200 reals."

"Sorry," I say, *"I don't have much money."*

She says something else. Again Eduardo translates.

"She says she really likes you and she'll do a special deal for 150 Reals. She also says you don't need to understand Portuguese because her body will do all the talking."

150 Reals is more than $75! Does my ethnicity get in the way of my hormones? I don't know, but I somehow refused her.

The next day I call Henrike, singer for The Blind Pigs, one of my favorite new Brazilian bands. We make a date to meet.

"Great, Mykel," he says. "There's been so much stuff I've wanted to do, but I had no one to do it with. You know, my friends really want to do it, but it's 'not punk rock.' Or it's 'objectifying' or something. Now that you're here, I can do anything!"

Later that day, I meet Henrike and his friend Gordo. Henrike has green hair and wears shorts and a baseball hat. His English is nearly perfect. He could come from California. Gordo is quiet, more Brazilian looking.

We're off. First to an amazing conglomerate of record stores. There must be fifty stores, together, in the same building. Fabio, oldest punk in Brazil (till I showed up), runs the punk store. He sings for Ohlo Sehko. who, along with Colera and Ratos de Porao, helped put Brazil on the punk map in the '80s. He still sings, and now runs a record store too. He's got an incredible collection of CDs and even a bit of vinyl. I trade him some GG CDs I brought from New York.

Then we go to the skateboard shop where I meet the singer for GRITANDO. An attractive young man with coffee skin and a mohawk. He shows me a video of his band on Brazilian MTV.

"We're anarchopunks," he explains.

Then he gives me stuff. CDs, t-shirts, everything. Wow! If he were any more friendly.... He isn't THAT friendly, but he does put his arm around my shoulder. Supercool guy. (Wanna come over and listen to *my* CDs?)

Then come the girls. Highschool girls, half a dozen of 'em. They hear Henrike speaking to me in English.

They scream, "OFFSPRING! OFFSPRING!"

Henrike smiles and waves.

"Can we your signing?" says one girl wearing a Catholic schoolgirl uniform. They hold out pens and paper. Henrike signs his name.

"You too!" They say to me.

I sign *Jello Biafra* and hand the paper back. The girls hug the papers to their budding breasts. One sighs, as if she's just reached the finish line after a long race.

We return to the skateboard shop, and laugh at the adventure. Not for long. Here's a dozen more girls, screaming, running through the building.

"Where are they? Where's OFFSPRING?"

We huddle into a corner, behind some sweatshirts. A joke is one thing. A mob is something else.

We can run, but we can't hide. The Gritando singer knows how to fill his shop. He calls to the girls.

"Right here! Right now! For a limited time! The OFFSPRING! In our shop. Step right up! They'll sign autographs. Maybe they'll kiss you!"

They stampede, the screaming horde of girls. They encircle us, thrusting pens and scraps of paper into our hands. We scribble furiously. For each signature, there are ten more. The girls pack tighter and tighter around us. One tugs at my sleeve. Another grabs Henrike around the neck. They pack the tiny store worse than a Tokyo subway. A little girl, no more than twelve, slips on a skateboard. It flies into us. WHACK! Shin level.

"Let's hit the door!" I say, limping toward that aperture. Somehow we get out... and run. Down the stairs, out the building, followed by a pack of screaming girls.

Running down the street, I hear Henrike say, "Now! Turn!" He tugs me by the shirtsleeve. We're in a small passageway, filled with kiosks selling stamps and old coins. Like in a movie, the screaming girls pass us right by. We escape out the back of the passageway.

It's off to sexland. Not the classy stuff. This time, we go for the sleaze. Last night's entrance was 20 reals. Today, it's two.

Upstairs in the small club a single woman dances on stage, without much enthusiasm. When we sit down to our Antarctica beer, a chubby girl with dirty red hair comes over to us.

"I don't know you." she says.

A strange introduction, but I pick up on it.

"Sure you do." I tell her. "We're in a band called THE OFFSPRING.... Ow!"

Henrike has kicked me.

"Oh punk rockers. You're punk rockers. That's why they thought you were my friends."

A voice comes over the loud speaker. It's time to go on stage. And there she is, the chubby little redhead. Stripping away... to The Ramones.

Yes! Yes! Yes!

Never in my life have I seen someone strip to The Ramones. My God! I AM in heaven!

Next, we enter a big old theater. On stage is a plump blonde, and three guys. The males have obviously been pulled from the audience.

"Who's gonna fuck me?" asks the blonde.

"We are." say the three hopefuls.

Then, it's *Let's Make A Deal.* The blonde points to guy number one. He's a square-shaped man with curly dark hair, khaki pants, and a Hawaiian shirt. He points to himself with the index fingers of both hands, nodding his head to encourage the audience. A few people applaud.

Guy number two is a Brazilian W. C. Fields. He's got a bulbous nose, a pot belly, and pants two sizes too tight. He gets some laughs, but not much in the applause department.

Finally, there's a guy whose picture should be in the dictionary next to the word "Hispanic." Skinny, mustachioed, with loose fitting pants and a brightly colored shirt. He's about 30 years old. When she points to him, the crowd bursts into applause.

"Luigi! Luigi! Luigi!" they yell. (Is Luigi a Brazilian name?)

He wins.

Bang, he's out of those baggy pants. Bang, out of his underpants. Standing there: drooping meat and potatoes. The woman on stage says something funny. The audience laughs. The guy pulls his pecker. Hand furiously pumping. Nothing gives. The chubby blonde looks directly at him and laughs. Mmm boy, nothing like a woman laughing in your face to get you hard. Yeah right.

The guy fails. Can't do it. Can't even manage the 90 degrees of the ugly guy in Kilts. Zero. Pointing down. Like a dowser that's found water. The party's over.

Dejected, he puts his pants back on. The audience applauds and the woman sits on the stage. She removes her tight leather pants and panties.

"OK, here comes another treat," she says. A stagehand gives her a bag of something. It's hard to see exactly what. But she reaches into the bag, then reaches between her legs.

"Come and get it!" She says.

There's a mad rush for the stage. She sits at the edge of that platform, leans back on her elbows and spreads her legs wide.

First on line puts his head between those spread legs. There's a quick fart sound and a click, like a penny hitting glass.

"Next!"

One by one, the action repeats.

"Come on Mykel," says Henrike, pulling me out of my seat. "Get on line."

"I don't know," I say, "I like the idea—and I certainly don't have inhibitions about putting my face there. I like that better than fucking... but... all that *other* saliva. I mean, there's more spittle in that twat than on all the rattles of my nephew's day-care center."

Henrike shakes his head and runs for the stage. Soon he's back, with a big round piece of sucking candy between his lips.

"She just shoots it out!" he says. "You put your face there and pop! Right in your mouth. It's too late now."

Another in my life's long list of missed opportunities. I will return from this trip without ever having tasted Brazilian pussy sucking candy.

The rest of the day is strip club to strip club. Henrike bargains a deal for the three of us (Gordo is there too!) at every club. What a great fun-filled day of nudity, sex and perversion. Toward the end I suggest:

"How 'bout if we go to a transvestite place," I say. "I wanna see some boys take off their clothes."

"Sorry," says Henrike, "that would be just too weird for me."

We part company, that second day in Sao Paolo. Despite the single gender focus, it's some day.

By now, my moaning hormones are begging for release. Three times that night, I spill my liquid seed into own my clenchedness. It doesn't solve the problem.

The third day: I'm on the subway, going back to the multi-record store. I figure I'll find some eager little girl who wants more than an autograph from THE OFFSPRING. I sit on the seat, looking at my map, trying to figure out where Eduardo said, "You mustn't ever go if you value your life."

I feel a tap on the brim of my hat. Then again. I look up. It's Erico, in Sao Paolo for a movie festival. His piercings are back. This time there's a nose ring in addition to the lip spear.

"Hello there," he says. "Do you come here often?"

We decide to go out for lunch and make the tour of the super record store store, where the groupies mobbed Henrike and I yesterday.

Columns

I don't suppose I'll have much success today picking up groupie girls. Erico's wearing a DIE HETERO SCUM t-shirt. Not very inviting to the "opposite" sex. Still, Erico's fun, and now that I have my own apartment, you never know...

"I've got to get back home," says Erico after shopping.

"No rush," I say, "you're welcome to stay at my place..."

"Thanks for the offer," he says, "I'd like to stay, but..."

Yeah right.

Ah well, I still have the night. I'm meeting Eduardo and Paolo, again. This time, before we hit the strip clubs, we're going to "a special restaurant."

"I think I'll have the Piranha soup." I say, looking over the menu. "What are you going to get?"

It doesn't taste like chicken.

After dinner, we hit the strip clubs again. We pass through the classy area and move toward a somewhat seedier location. Off on a side street is a small bar with a woman's ass in neon, It flashes first in red, then in blue. The place looks dirty, worn out. The last stop on the stripper express.

"Let's go there." I say to the guys.

We go in. There's no entrance fee. We only have to buy a beer each. There are only a few girls here. Not the beauties of KILTS, but girls next door. Real girls with real faces. Here's a transcript of the notes I made about that trip:

I fell in love again, this time with a stripper in Sao Paolo. Her stage name is Liza like Liza Minelli. Real name: Patricia. Not a beautiful face, but a beautiful smile, wonderful body and cafe-con-leche skin.

In Portuguese, "duro" means both "hard" as in like a rock and "broke" as in completely without money.

"Can you take me to your apartment?" She asks.

"Io so duro, mais duro." (I'm hard, but hard (broke)) I say. She laughs.

She does a private strip show for our little group, looking only at me. Afterwards, she comes to our table and talks. Her hands rest on my legs the whole time. When the club closes, we go out to have coffee together. I ask her to marry me. I tell her about our life in New York together. And how I'll take her away from all this and how once she's with me she'll only strip in the best places.

She laughs.

She's with her friend and roommate, a rectangular blonde who says she has a kid.

"I would come to your place, for free," she says, "but I have to make sure my friend gets home ok. It's dangerous to travel by yourself in Sao Paolo."

We hug. Make vows of staying in touch. She gives me her address. A tear runs down my cheek.

Tomorrow, I'm off to meet Junior in Santos. Then on to Buenos Aires, but that's another column.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.freeyellow.com/members2/seidboard/index.html, or subscribers (email to: MykelB@ix.netcom.com) will receive a few extra endnotes.]*

—> *When New York was good dept:* I lost the source of this, but someone sent me the story of Jonathan Willhester. He testified at the New York Criminal Court building in Manhattan. The report described Willhester as "a small quiet man." The prosecuting attorney was questioning.

"Can you tell me in your own words what happened?" he asked the man.

Willhester replied, "I'm a mathematician dealing in the nature of proof."

"Yes, go on," said the judge.

"Well, I was at the library and I found the books I wanted and went to take them out. They told me my library card had expired and I had to get a new one. So I went to the registration office and got on another line... and filled out my forms for another card. Then I got back on line for my card."

"And?" asked the judge.

"And the man behind the counter asked 'Can you prove you're from New York City?' ....So I stabbed him."

—>*As if you need another reason dept:* Discover Magazine reports about a study of British aristocrats over the last 1200 years. They found that nearly half of all people who survived past the age of 81 were childless.

This leads Thomas Kirkwood, a Manchester biologist, to the conclusion "when the body commits more of its resources for reproduction, fewer might be available to support a long life."

I say, check out that mom dealing with the kid pulling shit off the shelves at the local A&P. Reasons for a short life become immediately apparent.

—>I got so many CDs and tapes in South America, I thought it would be a loss if they were only for me. I've posted more complete reviews and contact information on my website. Here they are in brief:

White Frogs: hard melodic-punk whitefrogs@fractal.com.br
Cover Your Bones: Argentine sampler punk CD cover@dant.com
Gritando H.C.: Brazilian anarcho hardcore, address on my website
Churros: raw DIY punk, address on my website
Conspiração 77: 77 style wild punk Brazil, theoutsiders@usa.net
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Fun People: Argentine mix of styles, funpeople@funpeople.com
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Sensacional Plasma: Euroglitterpunk sensacionalplasma@hotmail.com

—>*Speaking of websites dept:* TARGET STARBUCKS is up and running. If you want to contribute your adventures or "fictional" adventures in the war against java-conformity, you can find the site at: http://www.delphi.com/target_starbuck/start/

You'll have to register to contribute, but it's worth it.

—>Ramon, an Argentine anarcho-skinhead, and all around cool guy, has a music & zine distribution company. You can contact him for a catalog, or just say hello at upthefukingpunx@hotmail.com

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS

with arwen curry

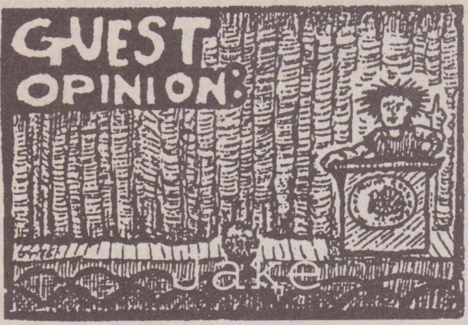
Accidents

Dear MRR,

I am writing regarding your recent feature about the best ten punk singles of the '90s. It was bad enough reading through the insipid ego stroking of all the individuals involved, but to add sheer horror to the reading experience, Arwen Curry placed the Blatz/Filth split in her top ten. Maybe Ms. Curry hasn't noticed, but the fabulous "Shit Split" is a 12" piece of vinyl, NOT a 7" single. I can no longer read a zine filled with such inaccuracies. Please cancel my subscription at once.
Sincerely, Tom Hopkins, PO Box 170482, San Francisco, CA 94117.

Dear Tom and *MRR* readers,
I admit, though my error would indicate otherwise, that I have been intimate with the record in question. Let me defend my position by saying: it was late, it was dark, I had a little too much vodka. In my addled state, those twelve inches seemed more like seven. Did that puny diameter temper my passion? No, sir.
Sincerely yours,
Arwen Curry

Columns



As the whole "power violence" thing begins to die down in terms of drawing power, I notice a new fad on the horizon here in the Bay Area. I notice people chopping up their hair and shopping at overpriced used clothing stores for the latest in (ahem) hip fashions. Yes, boy and girls, I'm talking about the mod revival scene that's sweeping the Bay Area. How silly of you people. I'm all for having a good time and rock 'n' roll and all of that fun shit. Fortunately, this isn't rock 'n' roll, however. That is why I, the man with no life, am here to give you good people a few perfectly good reasons as to...

WHY MODS SUCK!

1. The lyrics. What I hear in these lyrics sounds a lot like the sexist lyrics of some silly cock rock band of the 70s or 80s. Only, it's thinly veiled. Too bad your girlfriend that you just cheated on with some fifteen-year-old groupie didn't notice that. No, I'm not saying that you hate women. I'm sure you love them as long as they look good, never have an opinion that conflicts with yours, and "put out" whenever you want them to. Always remember, it's a *man's* world, right?

2. All style, no substance. The girls look like rejects from a Bettie Page look-alike contest. The guys look just like they wish they were on Carnaby Street circa 1964. Plus, you all look like you do *way* too much fucking speed! Food is good, try eating it sometime in between your ten million cups of coffee and Export A's. You'd be surprised at the wonders it can do. Bowl cuts look just as stupid as mohawks or dreadlocks, and you can't tell me that you can walk a few miles while wearing dress shoes or brothel creepers. Your outlook on fashion made sense long before any of you were even fucking born. The guy that made your piece-of-shit scooter that sounds like a dying lawnmower is probably having a fucking field day right about now too. And what could I possibly say about any of you wearing fucking *bell-bottoms* that hasn't already been said anyway?

3. Lack of originality and/or spirit. The Murder City Devils are still a band. Find a few more bands to rip off. And while you're at it, try playing your instruments with at least an iota of the spirit and energy that the MCDs do. I'll be the first to admit that I'm not a fan of theirs, but what little I've heard sounded good simply for the fact that they were obviously really into the music that they were playing, and it showed on the recording. So why is it that you look like you're about to fall asleep from sheer boredom when your band is on the stage? It wouldn't surprise me if you didn't know who Ray Davies was. Too bad, because his band once played a song that ripped your little fad a new asshole. The band is the Kinks, the song is called "Dedicated Follower of Fashion." See number two for a further explanation. And didn't any of you bother to notice that the members of the New York Dolls and the Heartbreakers were all junkies? That's why Johnny Thunders is fucking dead and Keith Richards looks like he should have gone that route years ago.

4. Egos bigger than the human brain itself. You take yourself too seriously and your dominant male ego can't handle being bruised to the point where you can't take a fucking joke. Get a grip! Some little kid in South America is getting the shit kicked out of him to pick your wretched coffee beans. Your topic of conversation usually starts off with "Did you see what he/she was wearing? Ugh!" Is that all you have to worry about? WELL DOESN'T YOUR LIFE JUST FUCKING SUCK!!! Then again, the whole world just revolves around you and the stench of your cologne anyway, right? By the way, if your girlfriend stuck her nose up in the air any higher, she'd smack it on a doorway.

If this list makes you mad, then it describes you and I win. If you play in this kind of band, don't rip off the same bands that are still around, and actually do it because you really honestly love the music, then more power to you! Unfortunately, you seem to be in the minority, for it seems like a lot of these bands are just trying to get laid. You can all say whatever the fuck you want about the music I'm into. (I'm mostly into old hardcore thrash, but my tastes also range to metal and just straight-up cheesy shit like early Madonna or Tones on Tail. Fire away.) At least I have a fucking sense of humor and can laugh at myself and the people that share the same musical tastes as I do.

And by the way, some of you may wonder, "What's wrong with forming a band just to get chicks?" Call me old-fashioned, but I thought that punk started as a reaction against that sort of mentality. Thank you and go die.

So we are on tour and I'd like to share something with your readers. We are two bands, Los Rabbis and the Little Birds. It's the week before Christmas. Our first two shows were in Berkeley at Gilman and in Portland at the Dustbin. In both cities, it seems it's pretty difficult to play if you're a new band. We tried to play a party as a third show. Being in a new band, it feels good just to be able to play people's living rooms or basements. Growing up during the first couple of years of Gilman, my favorite moments were seeing local bands play parties. The Vagrants, East Bay Mud, Crimpshrine, Filth, and OP Ivy would be worth the journey to a strange new neighborhood. It was a shame that Neurosis hardly played parties. They were definitely a favorite to see live, to hear them and lose myself. I'm about to turn 27 and I'm still holding my breath to play a party in Roseburg, Oregon. But I see this in the big picture as well.

To say there's less places to play is incredible. This is a world where extremes occur. From corporate control to grassroots convergence. Have you seen the top of Haight Street recently? I remember buying acid from crowds at the park, now a fence clearly keeps people out after dark. Where did the underworld go? We lose a club like the Kommotion, or Ruthie's, or the Berkeley Square, or lose a mixed use space like Epicenter. Who will let my band, or some touring band, play their garage?

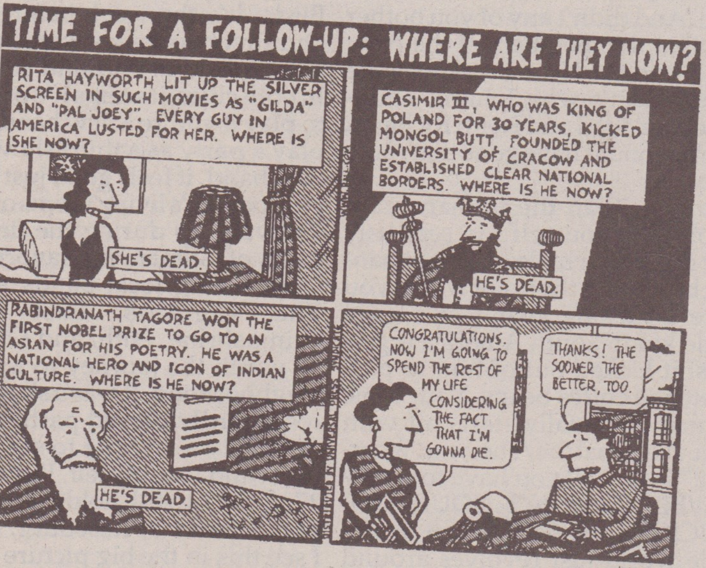
After seeing New York for the first time in January 1999 with Harbinger did I realize how rare free spaces are, especially for freaks. What I'm talking about is being an amateur but being in a supportive space to develop a message and a medium. The kids in Roseburg gave me a whole list of local bands to confuse me in my pot brownie mindset. And a whole world of underground music existed in the shadow when I was

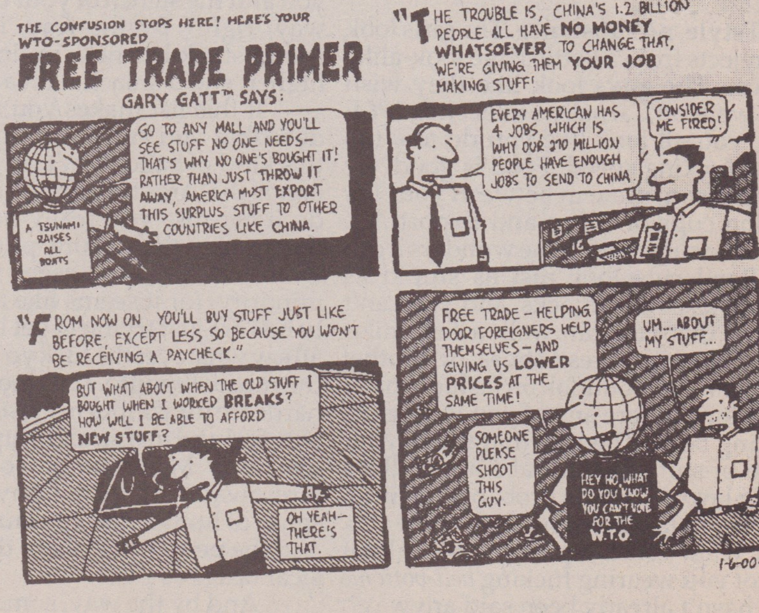
a kid in the '80s. Berkeley definitely had a variety of music and performers. I remember underground metal bands, reggae, industrial, and a world of stuff that would surface on KALX, KUSF, or on fliers. My sister was into going to dance clubs, and that started to suffer an attack as well as punk shows. From what I remember, the Diane Feinstein mayoral years brought cop crackdowns. Soon nightlife became clearly 18 and up. 21 and over. How does this criminalize youth or inhibit free speech?

To be in the Northwest shortly after the WTO is illuminating. Yes, the stakes are high. Yes, people are doing things, and have been. And yes, the media will just as soon make clowns out of groups. I'm in Eugene writing this, where activists get the trademark news name on *20/20*. Is this the legacy they created by reclaiming the streets or by smashing windows in Seattle? Well, the result is more federal scrutiny here. People I know from here know that their potato is hot. I can't say it stems solely from hippie type activists and co-ops. Could it have more to do with the timber in this region and nuclear power, or perhaps military? I think we forget that the US is a highly effective military power. Confident. Explosive. What the police did for the corporations in Seattle was just flexing its arm. You know the urge to use real bullets was there. But remember, temper, temper. It's much more civil to hit with a backhand. How many out there heard that after they used up the tear gas on Tuesday in Seattle, they sent in for more? On Wednesday, the results were more like nerve gas, and you won't hear that on the news. But talk to someone who was there a couple of days after, and ask how health problems affected the protesters.

I'm just a little man. I don't expect the country to change, the world, to my vision. Though I see the value in small communities, this is actually the first time I've ever written to this magazine, and I must say I feel better for doing so. Thank you.

—Robert Eggplant: PO Box 4985, Berkeley, CA 94704. (510) BAD SMUT.





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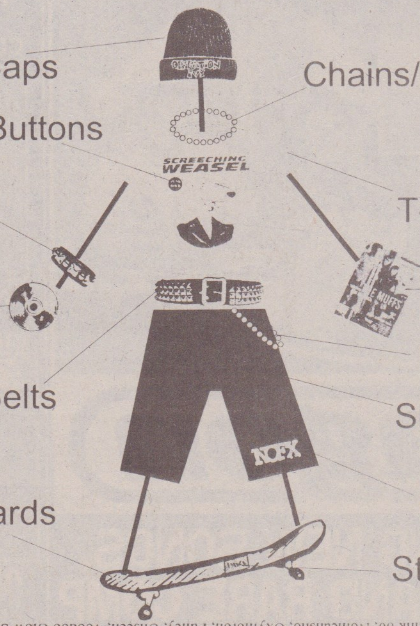

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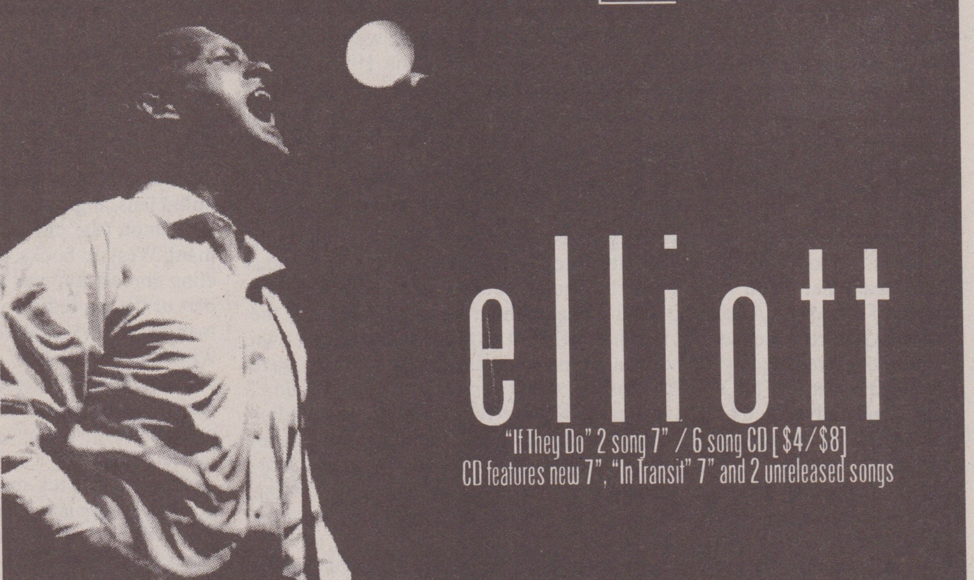

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A HISTORY OF A SCENE...

This scene history report will serve to let you know more about Bulgaria. This is not an attempt to describe *everything* that has happened here connected with music and the underground movement, but at least I can try. Bulgaria used to be a satellite country of the USSR, but that changed in 1989 with the change of the Communist regime. I will divide this all into two main parts: the golden years of communism, and the years after that. The fate of Bulgaria was closely aligned with the Commies; their reign and misery and their rises and falls. So, prepare to dive in the dark sea of the Socialist realism!

In the early '60s, the first rock bands appeared. Though all Western radio stations were carefully silenced and all Western culture passed through the unclean eyes/ears of state censorship, it somehow made it. I do not have that much info about the years before '65/'66, but I am aware that bands existed who imitated SHADOWS and similar stuff and played at the night pubs. They were quite brave and outrageous to speak out against the censorship and to try to sneak out their fave tunes. I do not think they gave out any records or even did songs of their own, but they existed and rocked the midnight Sofia hard.

But let us go back a little farther. Due to the system we were living in, things were quite complicated. After the death of Stalin in 1953 and the infamous XX Congress of the Soviet communist party, the melting of the ice in the East began. The man was dead, but his iron shadow was keeping an eye on everything. Nothing changed that much, but Bulgaria started to open its territory/culture to foreign influences. That was a pure fucking miracle, keeping in mind the steel knot of Russia over all the Warsaw Pact countries, especially Bulgaria.

But the socialist party still organized huge meetings and propaganda festivals. Up to the early '60s, all art was officially considered propaganda. That meant that if you wanted to write a song, you needed to sing about the future of socialism. A painting was nothing without the mighty figure of the socialist worker. We were living in a different world that created its own heroes, overproduced by the political propaganda/art. Pavlik Morozov gave up his father to the NKVD (the Russian secret services) and his "exploit" was hugely advertised as a loyal deed for every young pioneer. The radios were flooding the air with happy revolutionary songs, the main positive heroes in all movies were communists or Comsomol members (the youth organization of the party), and the bad guys were: you name it. The newspapers were full of lies, angry rants about Western decay, and the fact we were living in Paradise on Earth.

Christianity was unofficially banned, and most people were brought up with the idea that *Stalin* created the world and the local party leader was his noble helper in the glorious struggle against capitalism. Everything from the old times was officially destroyed and rebuilt according to the dark visions of the USSR architects. You could buy everything with the leader's face on it—from towels to newspapers to carpets. I share the view that these were great years, because people were hungry, oppressed in all ways, yet they had the desire to fight.

Some people really believed communism was going to change the world for the better, a few people knew it for sure, and most people were just poor, depressed rats, living a sewer. Like rats, they were crawling in their grey houses, living a life full of grey thoughts and desperately trying to secure the minimum amount of food to live. Scared by their bosses, oppressing their inferiors, ready to serve the party majesties at any cost, they returned back home at night and only then were able to show their real faces. In the morning, they were again the cruel soldiers of the party line, knowing no compromises and showing no mercy.

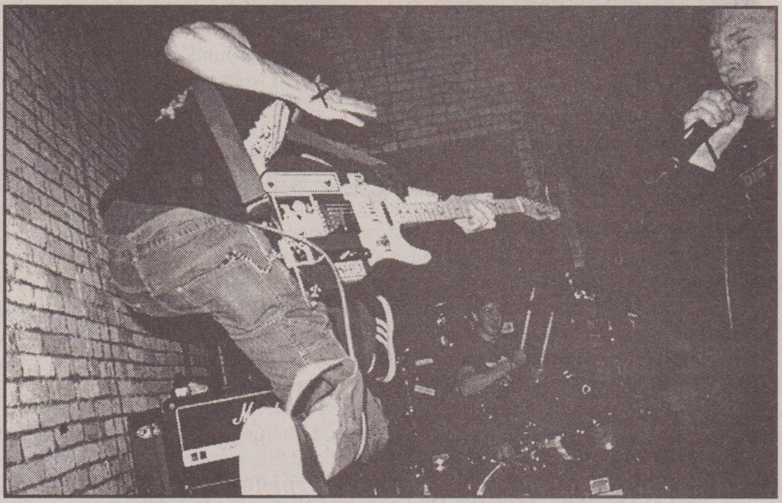
These rough days created the extreme art of Stalinism that might send night shivers to any of the readers, but was supposed to be "a nice and joyful," "realistic" picture of contemporary life. All obscure/modern art was considered rubbish, not adhering to the laws of realism and carefully persecuted by the state authorities. The critics judged just about everything—following statements made in the USSR in the '30s. The people accepted this and it was considered a Valium for the masses, made to calm them down and make them happy. I can't tell you much about these years, but surely they were good for living, with the giant public meetings, the long queues, the people on the streets dressed in uniforms as clothes. All the population was caught in the net of the party, and the factories were working like crazy producing crappy things whose only use was to fill the shop windows. Bulgaria was like a warzone, closed to foreigners and to anything that might disturb the peacefully sleeping citizens. Giant slogans usually told people that they should work so hard that five years would be like twenty-five, and similar crap.

Yet the BEATLES made it. Yeah, that was them, along with the ROLLING STONES, the ANIMALS, the SHADOWS, and ELVIS PRESLEY. The '60s were a time for opening up to the world, for God knows what reasons. Politically, Bulgaria decided to show its best, inviting tourists from all over the world and trying to make more money out of everything. One day Bulgaria woke up as a "free country," with full shops, really open-minded politicians, high wages, and access to almost all sorts of Western culture. Balkanton (the one and only state label) released heaps of great records, many Western books were translated, and there was even a chance for traveling abroad that was almost impossible in the past. I guess that was just a part of the unpredictable policy of the party, to follow the advice of Chairman Mao, who once said that if there is a storm coming it is better to build windmills than to hide. The party never hid its dislike of rock music or Western culture, but it decided that forbidding too many things would have resulted in a bad situation, and I am sorry to say, but Bulgarians were always considered too passive and loyal to Moscow to do anything really wrong. So instead of putting a strict ban on everything, they just decided to loose the clutch and let rock music in: it was presented to us with its happiest and probably crappiest face, as anything too radical would have never made it.

Then some people started discovering that the music scene abroad was not only the KGB-sponsored pop crap and there were more things behind the BEATLES that they would never let us see. We never went that far—like for example in the USSR, where people were pressing Western rock stuff on X-ray photos since regular vinyl was too expensive. These facts will help you get the picture of the enormous jump made by our government. Not that it was getting more liberal, no way—just trying to show a friendlier face to the world. Otherwise, the political repression was still going on and there was no personal freedom allowed to the citizens. We were given a golden cage instead. So musically, it was an absolute outburst of bands. Most of them never recorded anything, so no traces were left, but let me tell you about a few items worth checking out (and pretty hard to find).

Let me start with the BUNDARACITE. I do not think they ever did anything on vinyl, but they are said to be one of the very first rock bands here. I have not heard them either. SHTURZITE ("the Crickets") started

back then, and they have put out many releases. Their early stuff is great garage-ridden psych rock with hard rhythm and great melodies. SREBURNITE GRIVNI ("the Silver Bracelets") are said to have released at least ten records, but so far I've seen only five of them—great '60s rock and folk (from time to time) influenced beat—a great band to check out! Another cool band, GLASOVETE ("the Voices") appears on *The Best Of The Sofia Beat Bands* LP (an ultimate rarity). They play great psychedelia-influenced rock. I've heard only one of their songs, but it is fucking great. Then I found another song in a weird propaganda sampler, which was not that good. It is not known if they recorded any other things or released anything at all. HORIZONT 70 have a 7" out, which is again garage sounding stuff. They have a fucking curious history, being one of the countless working class bands formed at the factories to entertain young people. They were workers in the wine factory in Sofia. This is a great and very limited 7", but I couldn't trace anything anything else about them. Other names that are worth mentioning in the good '60s vein were the OPTIMISTS, early LILI IVANOVA and EMIL DIMITROV, early STEFAN VORONOV, GEORGI MINCHEV, and countless other artists. You can't find these records anywhere—no shops here stock them, you have to run around like mad, ask everybody, and try to dig in old basements or the forgotten collections of old people. There was an *enormous* amount of stuff that was put out those days, but nothing was saved and nobody re-releases it—a fucking shame!



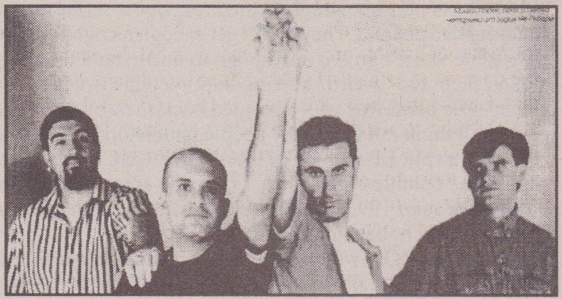
Otherwise, rock music here was officially conceived here in the late '60s. It was a weird time, too. There were a lot of long-haired people. It was like a fashion, but more than that too. You could get into trouble if caught by the police—just by walking on the street with long hair or with a beard. Miniskirts were officially banned too, and thus they were more attractive than ever. Rock bands were touring the whole country, doing gigs and releasing records. Everyone was dealing with Western rock records—a BEATLES 7" was probably enough to make you a guest anywhere there were young people gathering. Thousands of youths were tuning their radio receivers to foreign stations that were transmitting rock music. No matter that all those stations were carefully silenced by state security, no matter that a BEATLES 7" could have cost you one easy sentence (as it could be easily discovered and described as a frightening "ideological diversion")—the kids wanted a change and they saw it coming through rock music. I guess I can write volumes of paper on that, but I was born too late to experience it, so I rely mostly on the memories of people from that era.

Suddenly the '70s came and things changed again, due to the strange logic of the communist politicians. Probably someone on the top decided that there was too much freedom given, so things were straightened out. This was the beginning of a great stagnation in our society, that had its peak in the late '80s.

Born in 1973, I was a kid back then, but I certainly remember the glorious parades, the giant monuments, the double standard society (the highly moralistic one hidden in the books and advertised by the mass media, contrasted with the real "give me and I will give you/steal it or I will steal it" principle), and the first signs of economic problems when certain items suddenly began disappearing. I spent those seven years playing in the kindergarten, pretending I was the good (Russian) soldier and the others were the fascists. I could not sleep without watching the next war movie, without the next fairy tale about Fidel Castro or Lenin. These were my heroes back then, and I still remember our games around the high tower block, fighting the fascists and the capitalists, being the Russian guys ourselves. We were obsessed with the idea of being good citizens, fighting injustice, fighting the capitalists.

Musically, the '70s can be skipped, probably excluding the first two LPs by DIANA EXPRESS (quite good progressive rock) and probably some of the '60s bands appearing again in the '70s with new releases, sadly more and more into pop music. Otherwise, most of the new things popping up at that time were just shit—countless pop compilations. The end of the '70s appeared with a few bands that had a slight new wave touch, but that was all. It was a real stagnation. The '70s seemed eternal. Punk was absolutely unheard of, excluding some freaky hippies who discovered the new sounds of PERE UBU, MEKONS, BUZZCOCKS, SEX PISTOLS, CLASH, DISCHARGE. The records were smuggled into the country in all sorts of weird ways. The smugglers could have easily gone to jail for being anti-establishment. There are lots of great stories: how one of them, working as a waiter, traded cheese with German tourists for punk records, how another one received a parcel with some records from the USA, not from the post office, but from the secret services along with a letter—he thought he was going to be arrested. This doesn't include the strict censorship on all incoming/outgoing mail, the missing parcels, and the double bottoms people used just to sneak an LP or two through the strict customs/state security control.

One day I woke up, started school and it was already bloody 1980. My school was a nightmare. Life during the '80s was that bad, but yet quite *inspiring*. It gave me the power to create and to feel its atmosphere even now, almost ten years later. Remember, I was a propaganda junkie back then. My school was like a bomb shelter. It was supposed to teach us to hate the USA and how to hide from bombs, nothing else. Not that they taught this directly, but the whole atmosphere was just soaked with it. The glamour of the '60s had already disappeared. What better beginning for the punk culture here? The shops were empty. The crisis had already touched our society. I still remember the whole frightening atmosphere of those years, the fear, the pain. I still wake up shivering if I hear a plane passing over my block of flats. We were educated to fear the Nuclear Bomb, to want peace. But they forgot to tell us about Stalin, about the blossoming Bulgarian weapon industry at that time, about the real facts in this unreal life. We collected food for Poland and we really thought they had problems caused by some capitalist spies. We glorified Pol Pot (before the *party* decided he was too extreme). We collected "lucky flowers" for those who had escaped to the USA, hoping they would make them feel homesick and return.



At ten I was a member of a group organized to help the economic development of the society. For a month we collected and recycled paper, worked (cleaning the school), read books about the glorious comrades all over the world, and wrote postcards to other freaks like us in the USSR, Vietnam, and Korea. We were *pioneers*. This was the period I really overdosed on the propaganda drugs. I believe at least 60% of my classmates were taking it equally seriously, reading books about WWII, dreaming of meeting Lenin or being friends with Comrade Fidel. It may sound funny, but we were in it for real. Believe it or not, that was the '80s in Bulgaria.

Musically, up until '85, it was really the weakest period ever. Rock music had a pretty bad name, there were no real bands playing, the police had the right to stop any concert, and there were cases in which bands were banned from stage for playing hard rock and for "outrageous behavior" (like getting wild with the guitar or playing a DEEP PURPLE song). Because rock music was officially banned, many kids got into it.

We were desperate, we wanted a change. I remember the fear, the rotten core underneath the shining surface. This was my time, and I was just like a fish flying in these dirty waters and seeing no end. I can describe it like this only now, when this period is already over, but I am still the kid of the '80s. I was dreaming about jeans and listening to stuff like the BEATLES. '83-'85, I was a desperate BEATLES fan. I had a few records and played them on my old turntable.

The Perestroika came quite unexpectedly and it brought a new feeling into this society. Suddenly, we were supposed to believe that the old politicians could create something different. It was stated that we were now forgiving the mistakes of the old regime and looking forward to the future.

What a childish joke! The Komsomol gave a helping hand to many rock bands, and these were the years when the BG underground flowered under the grey sky of communistic Bulgaria. I started seeing punks, hippies and metalheads walking freely on the streets, which was impossible before. The first rock concerts started and the very first records were made. The first musical magazine was released (done by the Komsomol, but quite open-minded).

Let me tell you about the bands that succeeded in establishing their names in the scene and leaving something behind as a proof of their existence. A band that really stands out is NEW GENERATION. I would need at least twenty articles like this to be able to describe them, one of my favorite ever bands. They described their style as "cold wave," yet it was really diverse—probably the closest comparison would be JOY DIVISION. They started in 1985 as WOTZEK AND CHUGRA, and this was one of the many projects of these brilliant musicians/artists. Other projects like KALE, ABSOLIUTNO NACINAESTI, VHOD B, LAKSHMI OT NAPISCHIM are also worth mentioning. These were quite varied musically, from goth-sounding wave up to minimalist improvisation. As KALE, they took part in the first rock festival in Sofia, where they were officially thrown out by the police. Something really scared people about this band—they were too extreme and too radical for our short-minded scene back then. They were the first to put out their underground films, to form their fan club (which was not t-Shirts and autographed pictures, but a serious communion between like-minded people). They didn't get enough recognition in their early years—the scene wasn't grown up enough to understand their message and people found them too "weird" and too dark, yet this is what I love so much about them! The band was well-accepted back then by most people in the scene, but I still think not that many people understood what it was all about. They released a split LP with CONTROL in '89, a CD as a posthumous "best of" in '98 and countless tape releases, mostly spread though their fan club.They split up around 1992, after the death of their leader/songwriter D. Voev. It was a sad event back in those days.

CONTROL were one of the first official punk bands here. Punky, with keyboards, really influential, their early stuff is classic Eastern European punk rock. Their first official release was the above-mentioned split LP. Their lives had always been really intense and soon they became one of the most popular bands here. That really meant a lot back then. They were the first to be officially connected with punk, though they never accepted it very well, and their unique blend of styles was really hard to define. After the split LP, they were supposed to put out another LP—a tape of it exists—one of the true underground punk classics. Their next, "LELE KAKO," was their most commercial album and the beginning of their decline. A few other albums followed, not really good metallish-sounding punk/rock with weird influences. Around 1996 CHUVAL CHUVAL was formed as a side formation, and has one CD out. CONTROL still plays, with a new 17 year-old vocalist. ERA had a very successful start, with their split LP with CONCOURENT. Fast, thrashy punk/metal with political lyrics. Later on, they changed most of the original members, turned to thrash metal, then to macho metal core, then they split up in the middle of the '90s. They did a couple more tapes and played with bands like ANATHEMA (UK), TANKARD (Germany), and SODOM (Germany). CLASS also have a pretty good post-punk/wave split LP with ATLAS. CLASS can be described as cold wave, while ATLAS were on the more traditional wave side of the things. REVIEW bore the only female punk star(?) here—MILENA. REVIEW did a great LP of gloomy wave/punk, the first underground film movie, *Waterfall Manager*, and then split up. Later on, there was a tape released by DS Music. MILENA was their vocalist, fascinating with her mohawk and her unique dressing style. Sadly, the '90s fucked her up a lot. She did one great and extremely hard-to-find LP, where she was supported by the musicians of ERA, and later turned to glam rock, metal or crossover. I saw her last summer and she had a new style again, this time sort of acoustic rock. There were some other major bands at the time. Some of them put out records, like IMPULSE (1987? the first heavy metal LP), AHAT (LP 1989?—classic Iron Maiden-style metal), EPISODE (rumors say they started back in 1984, metal like CANDLEMASS), TANGRA (1986—the first new wave LP, quite good stuff even for the '90s), CONCOURENT (started very well with the split LP with ERA, but later on adopted a WHITESNAKE ripoff style). These were the most major names that succeeded in establishing themselves as bands or releasing records (which was not at all that difficult back then).

Do not be surprised that all these records were released by the state label (Balkanton) through the Youth Communist Organization. This was normal back then. After the '80s, these records *disappeared*. Most were destroyed in the storehouse or simply rot here and there in the basements. I still have copies of some, but if you are offered one of these, take it at any cost, because they were the real thing back then. Nobody has re-released (yet!) these things on CD.

There were two compilations done by Unison Records in '91/'92 on CD, that were meant to feature bands from the '80s. It was a pretty bad selection, not at all interesting, excluding four or five songs per CD. Especially rare are the *World Wonderful People 1&2* LPs, that feature live recordings of most of the relevant bands back then and some others that never made it to the hall of fame. Another rare LP is the *Rock For Peace* LP, released in '86/'87, and the first BG rock/underground sampler, with wave/metal and rock bands. There is also a 7" put by me (ugh! I am trying to be really humble) and Breakeven Records in Canada that features five underground bands from the '80s. Only 500 were made.

After discussing the more *star* phase of things, let us go deep into the *underground*. In these years, there were serious assaults (mostly verbal) against the government (this never changed since the late '50s). The whole system was collapsing, with empty shops and dirty streets. The people were fucking disillusioned. I remember the whole fear of the future, how the Party was trying to regain control again, how I was thrown out of school in 1987 just because I had my jeans on (I was asked to go back home and dress properly "for the well-behaved society I was living in") The first two rock festivals in my hometown were genuine events that had more cops than fans. It was really a wild time. We were still brainwashed by the mass media, but we felt like the fall of the system was really close.

I remember being a Komsomolec, declaring *honesty* and *loyalty* for the state, even though I was already a metalhead and rock music was officially banned. Any sources of music were well-respected and used—the kids were hungry for it. The music shops were selling mostly classical, propaganda, and licensed pop records. Outside, the kids were trading shitty Russian tapes for bad-sounding copies of metal and later on punk bands. Records? As rare as ice in Sahara, these were sold for ridiculously high prices like 30 DM.

Just as both the client and the owner were under the risk of having serious problems for a) spreading Western culture, b) illegal profits (those not made from working in a factory, though nobody asked the real rich scumbags back then where their money came from), and c) well, you name it...depended on the sense of the humor of the police officer. Compare: one normal LP in the shop was 2,3 DM. We were quite interested in music and that created a whole offspring of cool bands that never recorded anything in studio, never got the proper attention, and never appeared in the pages of the magazines. You could see those bands on the rare rock fests held in each town, or in small publications in local newspapers. The underground bands used sharper language, attacking society and the rotting and decay between the people. While the major bands had to hide this or that under more figurative expressions, the others were like arrows pointed towards the wounds of the society.

Let's start with DDT. They were a genuine BULLSHIT DETECTOR type punk band, rumored to be one of the first here in the mid-'80s. Two of their demos were recently released on a CD. Straight to the point UK '82 oi/punk with Bulgarian lyrics that deal with all sorts of topics. There is a song against war and the quality is a bit raw. They never put out any demos while they were playing (I mean officially). Tapes were not yet discovered as a means to spread underground music, I guess mostly due to the fact that cassette recorders were still very rare and expensive (the black market had them for $100-150, which was and is a lot to spend on a cheap and simple cassette player). Check out the CD—it should be out in September 1999. KOKOSHA GLAVA started in 1988 in Kurdziali. They were great UK/Exploited type of punk, with two tapes out. They had a song on the *Punk Rock Makes The World Go Round* LP/CD released by Teenage Rebel Records in Germany. They still exist and play more ska-influenced stuff, but by no means influenced by the latest MTV trends. TARAN released one tape—'77-style punk from Varna, with raw garage quality. They incorporated a PODUENE BLUES BAND member at the time. UZZU appeared on the edge of the '80s—great punk with female vocals from Gabrovo. I have two of their tapes. They weren't airplayed by anybody, but rumor has it that JOHN PEEL, when he came here in the early '90s, took their only studio master.

VIOLETOV GENERAL started in the late '80s too, and was one of the most influential underground bands, styled something like early SWANS mixed with a healthy dose of KILLING JOKE, JOY DIVISION, and something dark, punkish, and really extreme. They put out one CD in 1995 and countless tape releases. I've seen their '90s concerts—intense wall of ear-

destroying noise and industrial rhythms. Highly recommended! RUZDA from Plovdiv is basic punk from '89. AVE MARIA played in the late '80s—great SEX PISTOLS-style punk. FITIL were from Varna—EXPLOITED influenced punk. HOLERA made a pretty bad start in the late '80s, and almost 7 years later they put another album that was not that bad, but I somehow miss the chaotic sound of their early stuff. ODESOS, from Varna in '87 was a quite successful mixture of punk, metal and early thrash. I have one song off a radio show in 1987. TRIZUBEC from Bourgas—I never heard them really, but I know their bassist and he assured me they played fast punk like the EXPLOITED. There were hundreds of bands playing, really, and I want to apologize if I missed somebody or something, but hey, I was too young back then to remember absolutely everything.

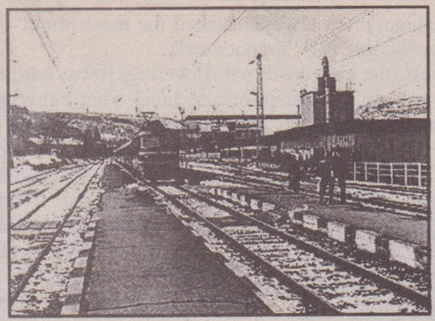
The '80s was also a time of big changes, due to Perestroika and for other reasons. As I said, all Western records/tapes were banned as a dangerous USA influence. No fanzines existed, any touring foreign bands (ANL, POISON GIRLS, DISORDER) were avoided like the plague. Bulgaria was still a closed country, opened only for "hippie monsters" like URIAH HEEP that visited us in 1986 and even played in St. Zagora using playback! What a first encounter with the so-desired Western culture. We were living in a sort of a cultural paradox, trying to live in the '80s the way we were supposed to live in the '50s. Punk was considered more like a type of music back then, not really an ideology. Still, the punks were the real upstarts of the society, screwed by everyone and everything, but laying the foundations of a steady underground scene, that was sadly destroyed in the early '90s. So few of these people are left in the scene and it is so sad. The '90s broke their illusions, and most of those green-haired spiked freaks turned into junkies or just conformed into the society, becoming what they once hated. The metal scene was growing too. I was a metalhead in the mid '80s and I loved so many of those metal bands, but sadly all of them were quite short-lived too. Metalheads and punks were hanging around quite united, drinking together and often playing together. Suddenly, the fun was over.

The '90s came. We were prepared, but it all came as a kind of a shock. Under the communist regime, we were all stoned by the powerful sedative of the system and we were living a simple and easy life. We didn't bear too much with politics, and though we loved rebelling, we never crossed the line of good behavior. The shops offered all the necessary goods for living. From time to time something was fucked up, but soon it was fixed and forgotten. We made the infamous mistake with the Bulgarian Turks, forcing half a million people (Muslims) to leave our country. We sent two space men into orbit and Todor Zhivkov, our party leader, did a hilarious interview with the second one. The country was boiling with jokes against the party, yet nobody dared to say or do anything against it. As a sign of democracy, we saw the end of the obligatory uniforms everywhere. The first private shops appeared and they made millions selling fake copies of world-famous clothes, sneakers, cassette recorders. We were getting into the Western standard of living, being silent consumers in a society destined to live through its consumption. The owners of the small palaces, expensive cars, and huge bank accounts turned into highly respected guys, because though we were still a socialist country, we were planning to become rich. Surprisingly, it failed. The whole country was in ruins, while the officials insisted we were heading toward a better future! What about me? I spent it all as a student in one of the city's most prestigious schools, surrounded by the kids of the ruling elite. This school was quite progressive, I must admit. The whole country was slowly changing in accordance to the new Perestroika rules. These things set the beginning of a new epoch. One night we heard that the old Todor had been overthrown! We were amazed. Some were happy, some not, but the fact was that we had a new, younger and some thought, more progressive leader. We were quite surprised to discover the concentration camps, all the cruel atrocities and absurdities of the regime that crashed in just a few seconds after its leader was replaced. I believed we were heading toward a better future those days. The whole country was thrown in a huge crisis, empty shops, hunger, low wages, crime, deserted kids on the streets. These days ('90-'92) were very weird. I was finishing school, trying to enter real life, while at the same time "real life" around me was almost non-existent. Endless protest meetings, rumors about riots and violence, total fear of the future, empty streets. Bulgaria (as always) picked the most idiotic way to revert back to what some people call "democracy".

As you might guess, the music was not flowering. It was hard to survive, let alone play in a band. The state-owned label went bankrupt and there was no more vinyl pressed here. The independent companies never took their place here, meaning that even now the labels that pretend to be independent from majors are in fact totally connected with them. Even the HC label On Point (more later) has an exclusive distribution deal with Wizard, the biggest metal company, closely connected with everything I can call "commercialism" in music. So, the first indie companies have yet to come. The '90s were quite monotonous in terms of music. They were full of big changes in the life of the society, but comparatively dull in underground life. I don't know why, but the GREEN DAY fashion killed most of the things conceived in the '80s.

Comparing these two periods, people became lame, passive, not interested in music or ideas, but just plain consuming. Life became better, some may say, but believe it or not, I really miss the raging anger of the '80s bands. Their sucessors had their "anger" somewhat softened. There are so many reasons. For the last nine years, Bulgaria has undergone so many government changes. The whole country is still a total mess of ideas—followers of these ideas fight against each other. It is a real boiling pot of words, promises, money floating here or there, people shouting, screaming, promising, glorious projects, giant failures. It is the pace of living sped up to ten times faster than we knew it in the '80s.

Let me talk about the situation in 1999. Right now, the country is governed by the people of United Democratic Forces, opposed by the Bulgarian Socialist Party. Two main forces are supposed to cover the two extreme parts of the center—left and right—but to me they all look the same arseholes, blinded by the sparkling light of the glamorous life and the talk of money. It is more that naive to believe in politicians, yet so many people believe that politicians will help us build a better Bulgaria. Hey, that seems to be promised every election year, but so far Bulgaria stays on the verge of the deepest crisis in its history. I do not like and do not approve of any of the attempts to find anything good or positive in politics. They are a bunch of arseholes. The Bulgarian way of getting rich: become a politician, get others to know your corrupt nature and soon you will be bathing in money. The ex-dissidents from the '80s turned into fat-assed millionaires that drive fast cars, own huge castles and curse the commies, though they are even worse. Like naive dwarves, we lick their asses and pray for a better life that never comes. I work as a teacher and the state pays me about $70-80 per month. There are people that work for even less money and the prices are similar or higher than those in Germany or the USA. Food is really expensive—people spend 90% of their wages just to feed their families and themselves. The unemployment is really high. You can easily find a job, if you are satisfied with a $30 monthly wage. If not, go and die somewhere. Medical services/health care has just been privatized with ridiculously high prices. Education is still free and that's why our kids rot in schools that look like bomb shelters, never cleaned since they were built. At the same time, we spend millions of dollars to invite arseholes like Hillary Clinton or Prince Charles, just because it is fucking prestigious. So they come, play their roles as V.I.P. sedative pills and go away, while we stay here and are still supposed to call this place "a democratic country that cares for its citizens." There are dying people on the streets, and hunger and misery rule over us. The crime rate (pretty obviously supported by the ruling elite) has gone sky-high and the so called "fathers" of the mafia rule the country, spreading their stinking money everywhere. You can't open a shop and avoid paying some fat-ass with



muscles instead of brain to defend your shop or label from his colleagues. To leave BG is almost impossible, as no foreign countries want our "tourists," that travel and then settle forever in some country that is said to be more progressive, with a better social security system. Some simple calculations say that more than one million Bulgarians have left their home country in pursuit of happiness and money. The economy is in ruins. We import absolutely everything, from bread to clothes to cars. We collect the low-priced garbage of the world, which turns over here as high priced import goodies. We swallow everything the world offers, kindly distributed by the rip off merchants of the multinationals. Our natural resources are almost destroyed. We have yet to find a new way of dealing with ecological issues, and never paid attention to them back in the early years. Chernobyl was described just as a giant explosion—the bastards never told us it was one of the biggest ecological fuckups in the whole history of mankind. We still feel the effect of this and many other fuckups that were hidden and stay hidden. People changed too, losing their hope for the future, their idealism. We turned into merchants, ready to sell everything we owned just to get rich and to break that damned curse over our bad luck—being born in the country of Bulgaria. We closed ourselves in the grey world of the everyday pursuit of food, shelter and money. The theaters stay closed, the book shops are turned into fashion boutiques, the schools are turned into churches. I feel like this is only the beginning of the huge decay that started in the very first days of the '90s. I still hope that things will change, but what scares me is that people are so passive, they never even think about rebelling against what pisses them off, but instead prefer to hide in the sand of ignorance and passivity. Believe it or not, there were no major strikes here, except the biggest one in '97, that I guess was directly paid by the above mentioned UDF just to overthrow the old communist government. We just swallow everything and never dare to speak out, since we were taught to behave and think like nothing but slaves.

That is the way it goes even now. I believe this is Bulgaria in 1999, but I wholeheartedly welcome other people's ideas about everything. Things may not look that sad, through somebody else's eyes, but I am Mr. Pessimist and I am really disappointed by the world I am living in.

Musically speaking, let me start with the labels. Most of them were quite short-lived. No wonder, judging from what you've just read! Wizard is the biggest, with mostly metal stuff. Insanely high prices—I do not like this label. They have put out some nice BG releases, but I think they are only in it for the money. They also put on shows according to a deal: you will get the name Wizard here. On Point Records started as a HC label distributor for Victory in BG, but as they went bankrupt, they sold their distribution to Wizard and now they are releasing LAST HOPE's third tape, planning a BG hardcore comp CD and other things. Rise'n'shine is the short lived label of Alex/LAST HOPE, that put out a tape and faded in the nothingness. AON is my label, notoriously infamous all over the world, no more comments. Another said-to-be independent called Yellow Label was formed by some bands in Sofia. I think it was their idea to create something, but soon they got their songs to Avenew Productions. Nothing really interesting about this one: Pighouse Records is based in Pernik and again it deals with black metal stuff mostly, but there is also some punk stuff too. Counter Attack, again a metal label, releases boring slow doom/black stuff. They are nice chaps, but it's not my cup of tea. They also put out a zine in the same name—a good read, but only metal stuff is covered in it. There are heaps of other metal zines that are good for wiping your ass with (not with the glossy ones though). *Never Again* is a zine put out by Dantcho, a very nice guy from Sofia. It's a totally DIY zine, devoted to the international HC scene. Number one is out.

Now the bands. LAST HOPE play fast and powerful hardcore in the vein of the old USA bands. They and lots of other bands form the SOFIA HC crew. Other bands worth mentioning are: FACE UP (fast HC, two tapes out), STRATEGY X (one tape), TURNDOWN (one tape), SPITFIRE, CATCH AS CATCH CAN, INCRIMINAL, and others. You can find lots of these HC kids on the streets of Sofia, if you ever decide to come here. They are like a big tribe—they put on shows and publish zines and tapes. Sometimes it turns out they are mostly in it for the fashion, but many have stayed true since the early '90s and you can count on their HC pride. Sofia is undoubtedly the HC city. Together with VARNA, that is the punk capital. CONFRONT emerged from there, formed by some spiked anarchists. They broke up in '97 (or was it '96?) leaving three demos and a posthumous CD, released in '99 as a document to their tight oi-influenced anarcho punk. DISSIDENT were more on the crust side of things, and they share members with CONFRONT (two demo tapes out). TERRORISTS played fast punk (one tape out). Same with IGNORE, another short lived punk project. JUST A PRODUCT play fast and tuneful punk in the vein of the old school pop punk stuff (DESCENDENTS, ANGRY SAMOANS). They have four tapes out and a song on a comp 7" put out by the USA label Rotten House Records. CROWFISH are totally melodic, late '90s pop-punk; not bad. INDIGNITY and OUTRAGE are both fast old school HC, having a few tape releases behind their backs. MEANSTREAM were a legendary HC band that put out a tape, took part in a comp CD done by Boysleve in France and split up, due to Christian's departure to the USA. They were also putting a zine that never came out and several booklets in Bulgarian that proved a good read. I can mention NEMI EZERA from Varna—hypnotic industrial/ electronic music. ARACHNOFILIA were one of the very few Industrial bands here. R.W.F. come from DOBRICH and play wavish pogo punk with funny and sometimes quite serious lyrics. EREKTSIJA came from Pomorie and played psychobilly influenced punk. PARANOIA from Smolian played dark punk rock. Lots of great new wave bands can be mentioned, like MEPHISTO, DEAD POETS, DRUGI GLASOVE, PSEVDO HOR... check out the new wave scene, it rocks! OM from Sofia have more than five albums of tight psychedelic ambient with exotic folk roots. DVE KUPETA (later on called BAND OF MAD WOMEN) play exotic experimental music, similar to early TUXEDOMOON. ALIEN INDUSTRY play heavy industrial—not bad, considering the fact they are formed from ex-thrash metallers. SRAM & POZOR did one punk album and later on turned into a sad Nazi oi outfit. Weirdly enough, they have a huge support system in all the gigs they perform. Seems people like Nazis here. I don't. HIPODIL play musically good but lyrically horrible thrash/punk.They already have five tapes out and their songs are full of nasty sexist remarks and even Nazi propaganda. Sad—they started as a punk band, too. BFH are preparing their second album of great metallish HC from Varna. Hm, this is all worth mentioning and there is surely more, but I just can't think of it right now. Keep in mind, most of the bands mentioned here released nothing but tapes, as vinyl is dead and CDs are too expensive to be made for our little wages. Most of these bands did tapes on major BG music labels, since only they can provide the necessary promotion and distribution. Most of the bands are in an eternal search for a releasing label, while the easiest thing is to do everything DIY. Sadly, nobody gets the right idea at the right time. No foreign bands in the punk/HC field have ever played here, so it means this thing is open for YOU to do!! Punk is getting really fashionable these days, with all those new MTV trends, and the kids seem to respond to it quite whole heartedly. There are lots of these clones, but I am not really into this fashion stuff, so I will leave it for somebody else to describe. Well, that seems the end of this long article.

(If you want to ask something, order something, or contact any of the above-mentioned bands/artists, just check with me. You can easily contact me through the following address and ask for my distro list. It also contains a huge variety of music from the whole Globe—tapes/ vinyl/ CDs/ zines. Lots of used stuff. Almost all sorts of music styles covered. Most of the stuff comes out of Bulgaria. Also, a special section for weird/totalitarian time records! My entire list can be obtained by writing to:
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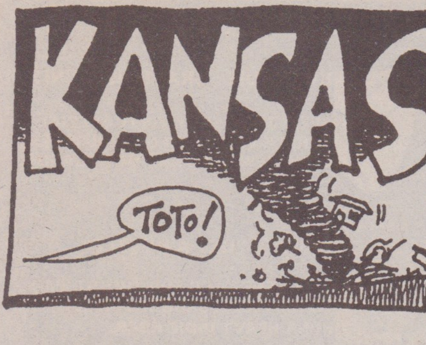

Eastern Kansas Scene Report

I've been reading MRR for several years now and I've never seen a scene report from Kansas. This may make you think that there is no punk scene in Kansas. I thought that I would do a Kansas scene report to make you think other wise.

The only area that I can really talk about with a great deal of knowledge is eastern Kansas. This encompasses the towns of Lawrence, Olathe, Leavenworth, Ottawa and The various suburbs of Kansas City. I think it would be best to start off with my home town, Lawrence.

DERAILER

Lawrence is the local college town. Our town is rich with punk history but there aren't many punk kids around anymore. The punk scene in Lawrence is a lot older than that of other eastern Kansas towns. A lot of the older punks have moved on to the grind/crust and emo/indie rock scenes.

Lawrence still has a few bands that play DIY music. **Derailer** is one of the longer running Lawrence bands. They have been around for at least 3 years. They play grindy/crust music a lot like early Dystopia stuff. They have put out a demo tape and a split 7" with another Lawrence band called **Esoteric**. They have toured the US twice and play in Lawrence quite often.

Esoteric play what some would call speed metal. They are on the split 7" with **Derailer.** They seem to be going more towards the metal scene as they get older.

Wormwood, another Lawrence band plays bass, keyboard, and drums sluge music. They have two 7"s out and have toured the US several times.

As far as venues go. Most Lawrence shows use to happen at the infamous punk club, **The Outhouse**. **The Outhouse** was built by punks in the middle of a corn field so that the police wouldn't hassle kids after shows. The outhouse started having shows again in 1996. It was closed in the middle 90's. Now it has been closed again. In 1999 the outhouse was made into a bring your own beer strip club. The sad thing is some "punks" still go there.

A lot of bigger punk and hardcore bands play at a local bar called **The Bottleneck**. There are also a lot of grind and emo shows at an indie rock bar called **The Replay Lounge**. I've never been to one of these shows because they are all 21 and over. This bar is were most of the older and college punks hang out.

Recently a group of kids known as the pirate punks have been doing show at their house. They seem to have shows about twice a month. They also have vegan potlucks every Thursday night. There house is also the home of **FREE THOUGHTS** distro. **FREE THOUGHTS** is a shirt and patch distro. They have over 100 designs. They also distro tapes, **Derailer** 7"s and chain mail jewelry. Send a stamp to 300 w. 14 th street Lawrence KS, 66044 for a catalog, or stop by after 4 pm.

There are a number of bands from outside of Lawrence that play quite often. Most of these kids are in high school or jr. high. The younger Kansas punk kids can be found at a club called **GEE COFFEE** in Olathe Kansas. Gee coffee does shows almost every night. There's usually one punk show a week. The club is owned by old Christian tossers but the kids in the scene are awesome. There is a core group of kids that are at every show and in all the bands.

One of these bands is **Lost Pride**. These kids play old school hardcore punk. They believe in changing the world through friendship and unity. They have a demo tape out and are recording a 7" soon. The first time I saw this band there were 300 kids at the show. It was amazing. It renewed my faith in the Kansas punk scene.

Other bands from the KC suburbs and Olathe are the **X-statics**, **Mongoloids** and **The Basement Disasters**. All these bands play fast hardcore punk. None of them have any recordings but they all play at Gee coffee regularly.

A lot of the Olathe, Leavenworth and KC suburb kids have started a political group called "Voice the Revolution" which will be a APF group soon. They put on a benefit show last month for area homeless organizations, like Food Not Bombs, which raised $950. These Kids are awesome.

There are several activist groups in Lawrence but none are punk run. Lawrence has Food Not Bombs chapter which serves every Sunday at 6 o'clock in south park. Kansas City also has a Food Not Bombs which serves at 4 pm on Sundays in the park at 10 th and oak.

Eastern Kansas also has a number of good fanzines. **Stay Gold** and **Thought Process** are personal zines done by kids in the pirate house. **Terrorist** and **Alabama Grrl** are personal zines done by Kansas women.

I guess that's about it. If your in Lawrence stop by the pirate punk house to find out what's going on.

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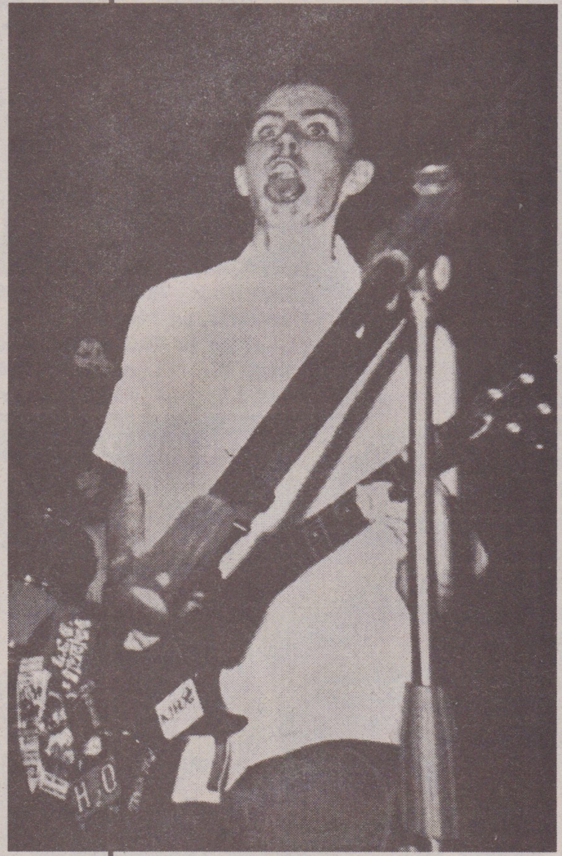

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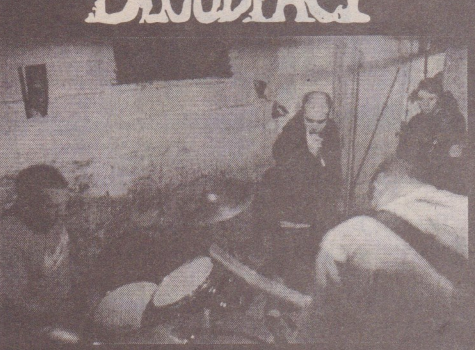

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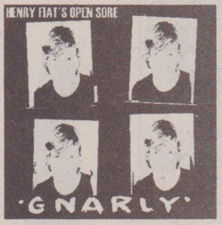

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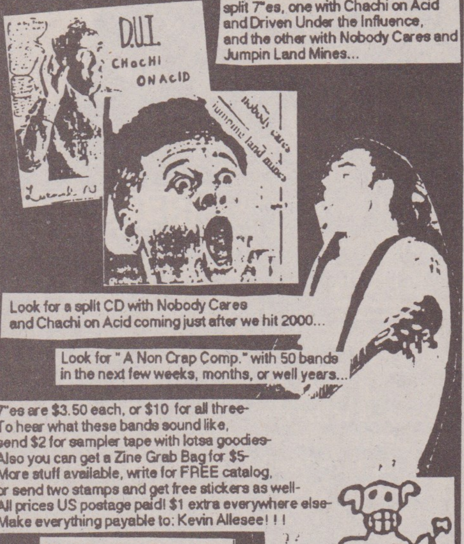

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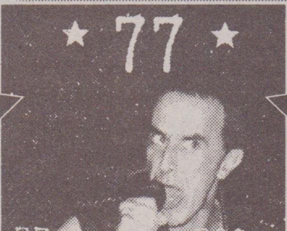

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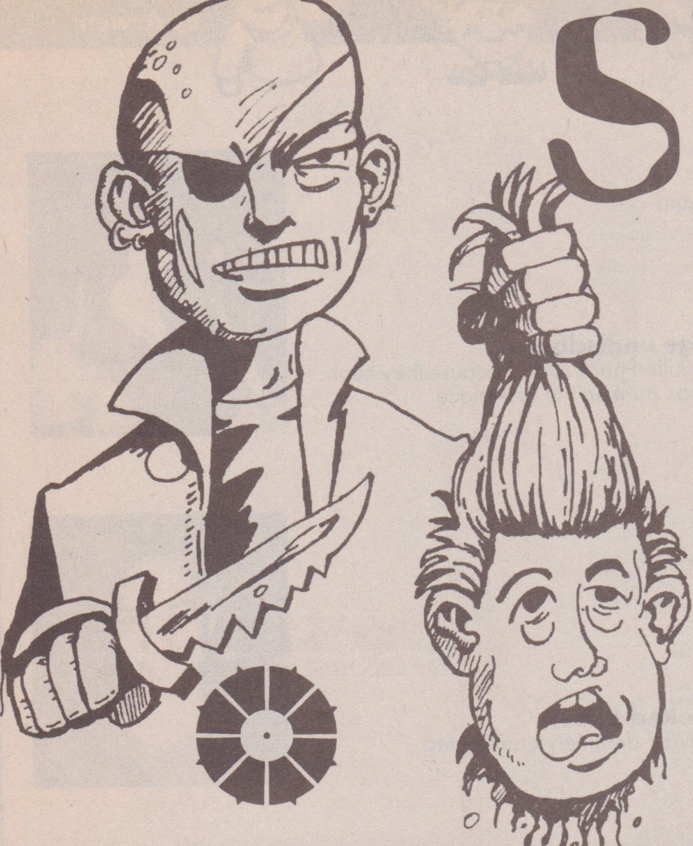

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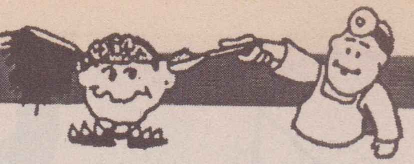


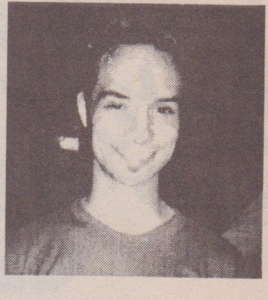
by Arwen

Today's question: "Who killed punk rock?" Asked at the Covered Wagon, SF.

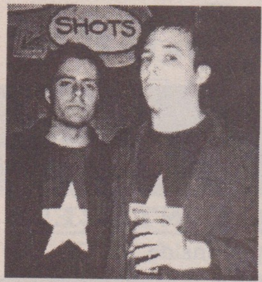
Greg Lowery, from right here:
The Hellacopters killed punk rock. Or any band from Sweden or on Man's Ruin.

Tigger, age undisclosed:
Green Day killed punk rock, because they kept saying it was punk in the first place.

Betty, 23, Stuttgart, Germany:
Is is dead? Because I haven't heard of that.



Mike, The Red Stars:
MRR. And MTV definitely contributed.



Red Stars:
The kids.

Teal, 29, San Francisco:
MRR. Before they put out *BYOFL*, bands were making their own way, but afterward they were hammering on the same people all the time. There might as well be a form to fill out. Also, it fractured punk rock into all these little groups, so they were all pitted against each other. They were fractionalized, instead of all working together.

Carrie McChesney, 24, San Diego:
I think Ronald Reagan killed punk rock. But he also killed a lot of other things.

Angie, 23, San Francisco:
Green day, Rancid, Pennywise, should I go on?

Roger Maynard, 24, Vermont:
Modern man killed punk rock. It was running around with a Cro Magnon forehead, killing beasts and eating their raw flesh with your bare hands.

Het, 45, Chicago:
Bands like Green Day and Nirvana that pretended to be punk and really weren't.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL NEWS MARCH 2000

Food Not Bombs Arrested in Los Angeles

On Sunday December 26th, seven members of Los Angeles Food Not Bombs (FNB) were arrested for serving food to the needy in Pershing Square. The arrests marked an escalation in a conflict between FNB with the Pershing Square park rangers and the LAPD. One person was arrested last Sunday for serving food, but his charges were dropped. Following the arrest, FNB met with Park Rangers and apparently made a deal where they would not be arrested as long as they did not block pedestrian access to major pathways in the park, including entrances and exits.

FNB claims that they expected no problems, thinking that they would be able to serve food without consequence. However, despite th meeting, the activists were arrested and booked at Parker Center by LAPD.

FNB claims that they have been harassed by law enforcement for the past few weeks, and that the harassment is consistent with a pattern where police aggravate FNB members during the Christmas Holiday. One of the prisoners, identifying himself as only John Doe 3, claims that the harassment coincides with the annual construction of an ice skating rink in Pershing Square. He believes in attempt to keep homeless people away from the skating rink, the city tries to make sure that the feedings happen in the back of the park in a less visible area.

FNB takes its actions partly, so the issues of poverty are visible and not swept under the rug and ignored. FNB fears that the kind of harassment that they are facing is part of a larger problem that is occurring around the nation. FNB alleges that incidents of harassment by police is also common in cities like San Francisco and Atlanta.

Dave Busch of FNB stated that being arrested for sharing food in a free picnic with the public "Is not at all in the Holiday spirit, and further works to marginalize activists that are working under their constitutional rights to feed the poor."

Six of the FNB activists are currently awaiting arraignment and one, a juvenile, has been released. All were charged with violating municipal code 63.44 LAMC, a misdemeanor.

Recently: The ACLU has filed a suit intended to block the further arresting of FNB activists. The suit lists the city, the LAPD, the Department of Recreation and Parks and two individuals as defendants. It seeks a temporary restraining order to prevent them from interfering with the group's activities until Jan. 17, the date the permit held by the skating rink is to expire.

LISTINGS!

5th Annual Bay Area Anarchist Bookfair
15 April 2000
10am till 6pm
San Francisco Hall of Flowers, 9th Ave & Lincoln Way
Over 60 tables from activist groups and radical publishers.

The Ninth International Conference on Penal Abolition
Toronto, May 10-13, 2000.

With the theme A Call to Transformative Justice: New Questions, New Answers, this conference will examine the links between corporate dominance and the growing prison industry.

To find out more, contact ICOPA at: ICOPA, c/o Rittenhouse - A New Vision, 157 Carlton Street, Ste. 202, Toronto, ON M5A 2K3. Phone 416-972-9992. Fax 416-923-8742. E-mail <ritten@interlog.com>. Or visit our web site at <www.interlog.com/~ritten/icopa.html>

Another Labor Leader is Murdered—Still US Approves $1 Billion in Aid to the Colombian Government

Some 18,000 banana workers and other members of the Agricultural Workers Union (Sintrainagro) in Colombia began a 48-hour strike on December 14 to protest the murder of union leader Cesar Johny Herrera Torreglosa. Herrera was general secretary of Sintrainagro, one of the strongest agricultural worker unions in Latin America. He was shot to death on December 13 by unidentified assailants at the union offices in Cienaga. Sintrainagro president Guillermo Rivera Zapata said that Herrera had been on a list of 15 Sintrainagro leaders threatened with death and that the government failed to take any action to provide protection.

Colombia has the world's highest number of assassinations of labor leaders, journalists and human rights activists. In the great majority of cases, these assassinations are carried out by paramilitary death squads working hand-in-glove with Colombia's military. Under the guise of anti-drug efforts, the Clinton administration has okayed more than a billion dollars in increased military aid to Colombia, in spite of the military's involvement in gross human rights abuses and in spite of the fact that its paramilitary allies are known to be far more involved in the narcotics trade than are the guerrillas. This aid will result in even more assassinations of Colombian labor leaders - and quite possibly will facilitate an increased flow of illegal drugs from Colombia to the United States.

STATISTICS—

An Index of the Widening Gap

The following statistics were compiled by Paul Cullen. Sources include: UNDP, WHO, UNICEF, Dataquest, Forbes, the Economist and Transparency International.

The world's richest 200 people are worth more than $1 trillion.

The world's top three billionaires are richer than all least developed countries and their 600 million people

1 per cent of the richest 200's wealth would pay for access to primary education for all.

The top one-fifth of the world's people control 86 per cent of world GDP, 82 per cent of export markets, 74 per cent of phone lines; the bottom fifth control just one per cent; the richest one-fifth is 74 times wealthier than the poorest fifth.

Military spending in the world: $780 billion a year;

Organized crime grosses $1.5 trillion a year;

1.3 billion people live on less than $1 dollar a day;

About 840 million people are malnourished.

One in five of the world's children of primary school age is out of school.

100 million people are homeless.

12 per cent of people in the richest countries live in poverty.

2.6 billion people have no access to sanitation.

In New York City, 52 per cent of children are born into poverty.

The average Bangladeshi would have to work more than eight years to pay for a computer, the average American needs only one month's wage.

11 people are infected with AIDS/HIV every minute; 95 per cent of cases occur in developing countries.

There are 31 million refugees and displaced persons in the world.

8,000 to 10,000 children are maimed or killed by land mines every year.

Since 1970 40 per cent of the forests on the earth

Our Circus of Drunks, Thieves, and Scoundrels

Just for fun, try to identify this outfit of over 500 employees with the following statistics:

*29 have been accused of spousal abuse.
*7 have been arrested for fraud.
*19 have been accused of writing bad checks.
*117 have bankrupted at least two businesses.
*3 have been arrested for assault.
*71 cannot get a credit card due to bad credit.
*14 have been arrested on drug-related charges.
*8 have been arrested for shoplifting.
*21 are current defendants in lawsuits.
*In 1998 alone, 84 were stopped for drunk driving.

Give up?
Yup - it's the 535 members of your United States Congress. The same group that perpetually cranks out hundreds upon hundreds of new laws designed to keep the rest of us in line.

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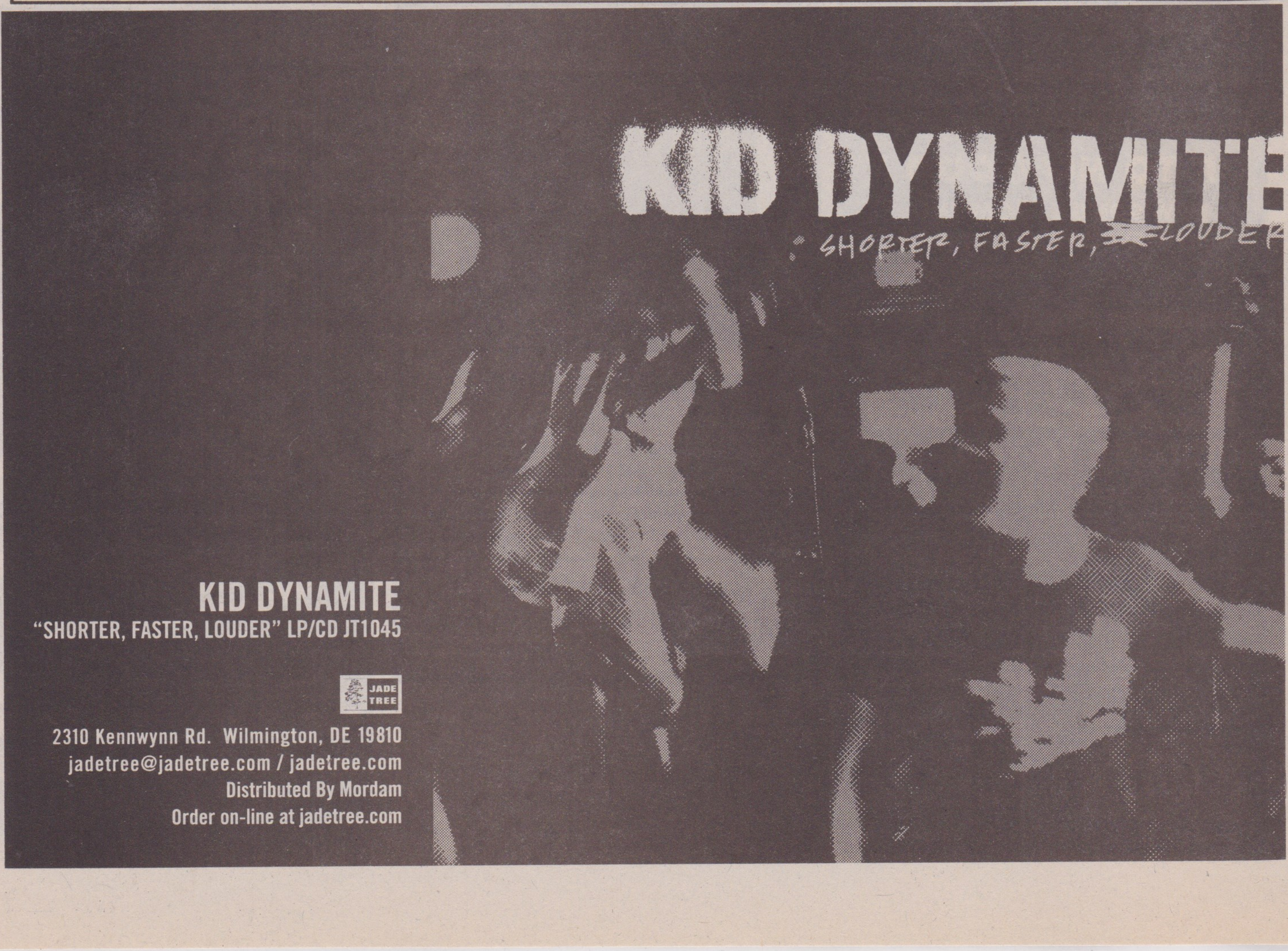
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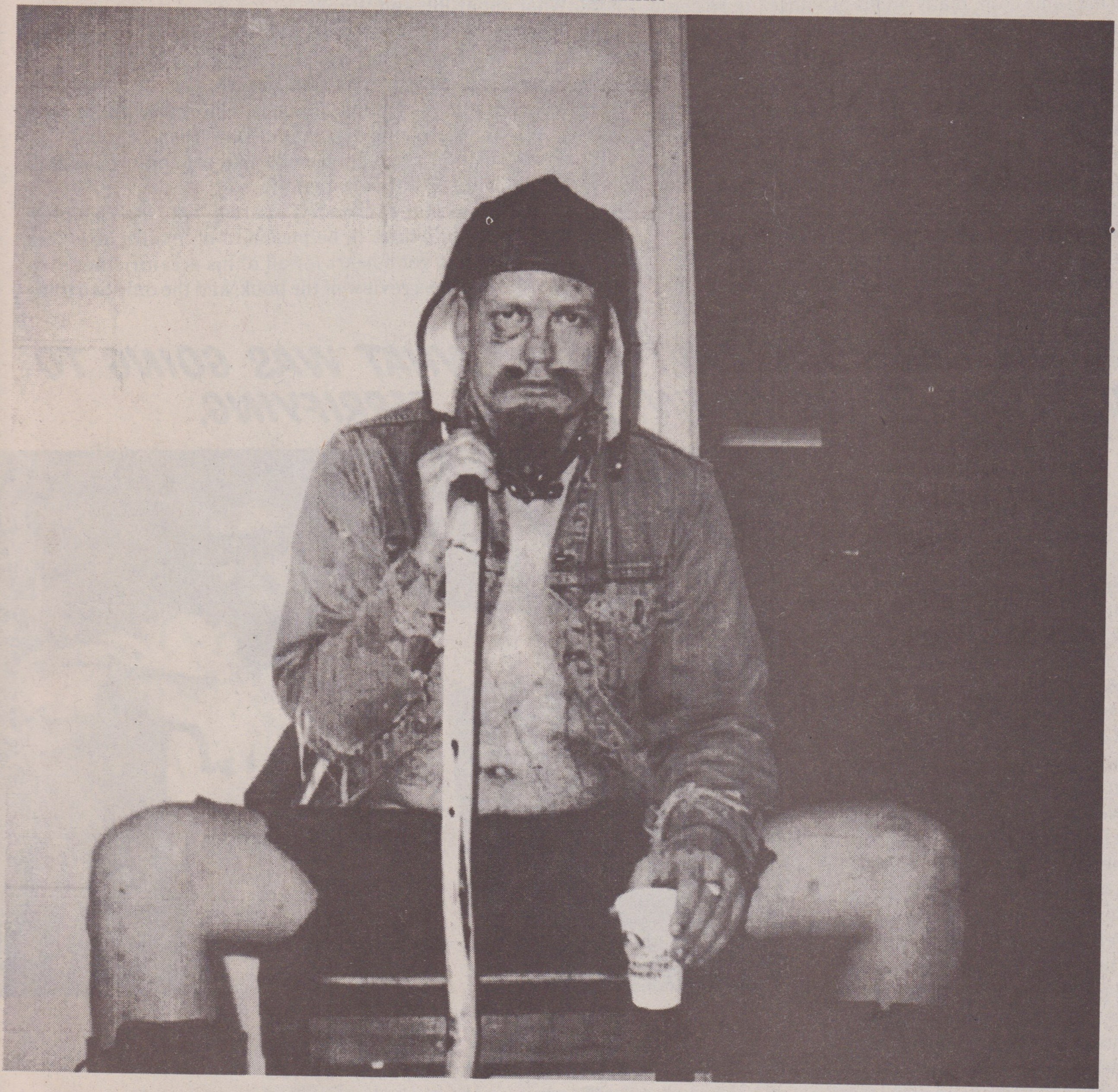
CASHING IN
ON A DEAD SCUMFUC

Evan Cohen talks about life on the road with GG Allin



In the summer of 1993, GG Allin and the Murder Junkies embarked on their "Terror in America" tour. They blazed a trail across the country that had the Allin signature all over it. They came tonight to wreak havoc, to leave tomorrow at dawn. It would be their last tour ever. Evan Cohen was there every step of the way. He was the Murder Junkies' roadie, merch' man and video documentarian. After spending every hour of every day with GG and company, he has a story to tell. Actually, he has a few stories to tell, and those make up his new book, I Was a Murder Junkie, the Last Days of GG Allin (Recess Records).

Most recently Evan was promoting the book on the Recess Vargas summer tour. He wandered through the crowds, found someone that "looked like" a GG fan and struck up a conversation. Through small talk with Evan, I found out a few things about GG that were left out of the book: he preferred country and oldies music to punk rock, he spent a lot of time in Chicago and New England and didn't really live in New York City most of the time, and he actually had a steady girlfriend when he died. This left me with more questions about the mythical creature that was GG Allin: What was GG's off-stage life like? How was his relationship with his brother, Merle? So, after arriving in San Pedro at the end of the tour, I sat down with Evan and tried to start a conversation of my own.

Interview by Tito Rabit

MRR: Most people reading this are probably in the same boat as me—I've seen *Hated*, I've seen videotapes and I've read interviews with GG, but I never met him. Most people didn't. The main thing that I wanted to get from reading the book was if he was the real deal, meaning, what he did on stage, if that carried over into his life in any way. I always wanted to think that he was the real deal and he was some psychotic fucker that found release in music and off the stage was just as crazy.

Evan: Yes and no. The on-stage persona and the off-stage persona are two sides of the same coin, really. In his off-stage life he could be very rational, normal—and I use that term loosely —coherent and functional as a normal human being. However, I've heard people say, "What GG does on stage is just an act." Cutting yourself and eating your own shit and ending up in the hospital with blood poisoning—you can't say that that's an act. Attacking the audience, y'know...there's something wrong upstairs. I remember he once told me that the thing that he loved about performing was that he could beat up people, shit on them and really abuse them and they would thank him afterwards.

MRR: David Lee Roth said something similar...

Evan: I think there's a difference between David Lee Roth...

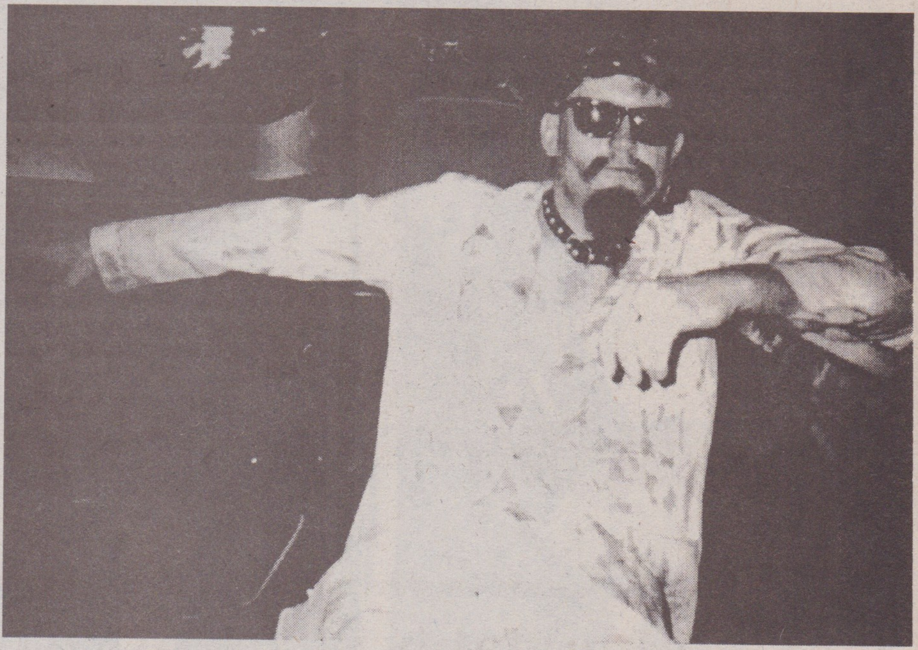
MRR: Oh, no, I would never...

Evan: Of course not, there's no comparison. If people want to know, to my knowledge, from what I observed, he never ate shit or cut himself recreationally. But even though that wasn't the case, you can't say that the on-stage and off-stage GG Allin were two different people. They were the same person but with different facets; and sometimes the on-stage persona would come out off-stage, but that would be mostly when he became drunk.

MRR: Would you say that he sort of lost himself on stage? Was he aware of what he was doing? Or did he lose himself in the thought of being a performer?

Evan: He knew what he was doing, but... I remember the first time when I started performing in novelty acts and joke bands in New York City and I would be out there singing and I would get this rush like, "My God!" You feel like you could do anything, you feel like you could break a bottle over your head and not care because there's so much energy. But there's a difference between feeling that and doing it, of course. I definitely think that GG lost himself in the moment, but there was definitely control as well. He was the only one that knew what was going to happen. None of us knew. It was exciting and terrifying.

HE WAS THE ONLY ONE THAT KNEW WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN. NONE OF US KNEW. IT WAS TERRIFYING.



MRR: Were you ever worried?

Evan: Constantly.

MRR: So he had no problems throwing shit at you, as his friend?

Evan: He never attacked me. I was part of the team. It was the five of us against the world. My worries came from the unpredictability of the reaction—being in a club with several hundred people and him antagonizing every single one of them.

MRR: So you were more worried about the crowd turning on the five of you than you were of GG turning on you?

Evan: Definitely.

MRR: What about Merle? If you were to observe GG and Merle, not knowing who they were, did they act like brothers?

Evan: They had a close relationship. They were very close in age. I'd say they were friends as well as brothers. You would see it in the way they talk to each other, when they would reminisce about "the old days"—Boston in the '70s—and rock 'n' roll bands. We all got along really well, everyone had a great sense of humor, GG especially.

MRR: What about Bill and Dino?

Evan: Bill is probably the wittiest person I have met in my life, and Dino is quiet. Quiet but understanding.

MRR: Is he a spacecase like he is in *Hated*?

Evan: Yeah, the more I think about it, I probably could have written a more interesting book about Dino than GG.

MRR: From Seeing *Hated*, he seemed like a phony. I couldn't imagine him being like that in real life.

Evan: He is... (thinks for a second) it's hard to tell... He's a bicycle messenger and you'd have to be insane to do that in New York City. But Dino has a good heart for all of his eccentricities.

MRR: You showed me a review of the book, and the only bad thing the reviewer had to say was, "where's Liz?"—who was she, and why wasn't she mentioned?

Evan: She was GG's girlfriend at the time, and she wasn't mentioned in my book because in the story she played a very minor part. If I had mentioned her the little bit that I could have, I would have to give her merit—I would have to do more, and I would've gotten lost in that. I figured for better or worse I should just cut her out of it. There's probably another, more interesting, story...she spent three weeks with GG between the end of the tour and his death; that would be her story to write. But the book wasn't written for people who were there, who knew. It was written for people who didn't know. People who were there might say, "Well what about this, you forgot about this."

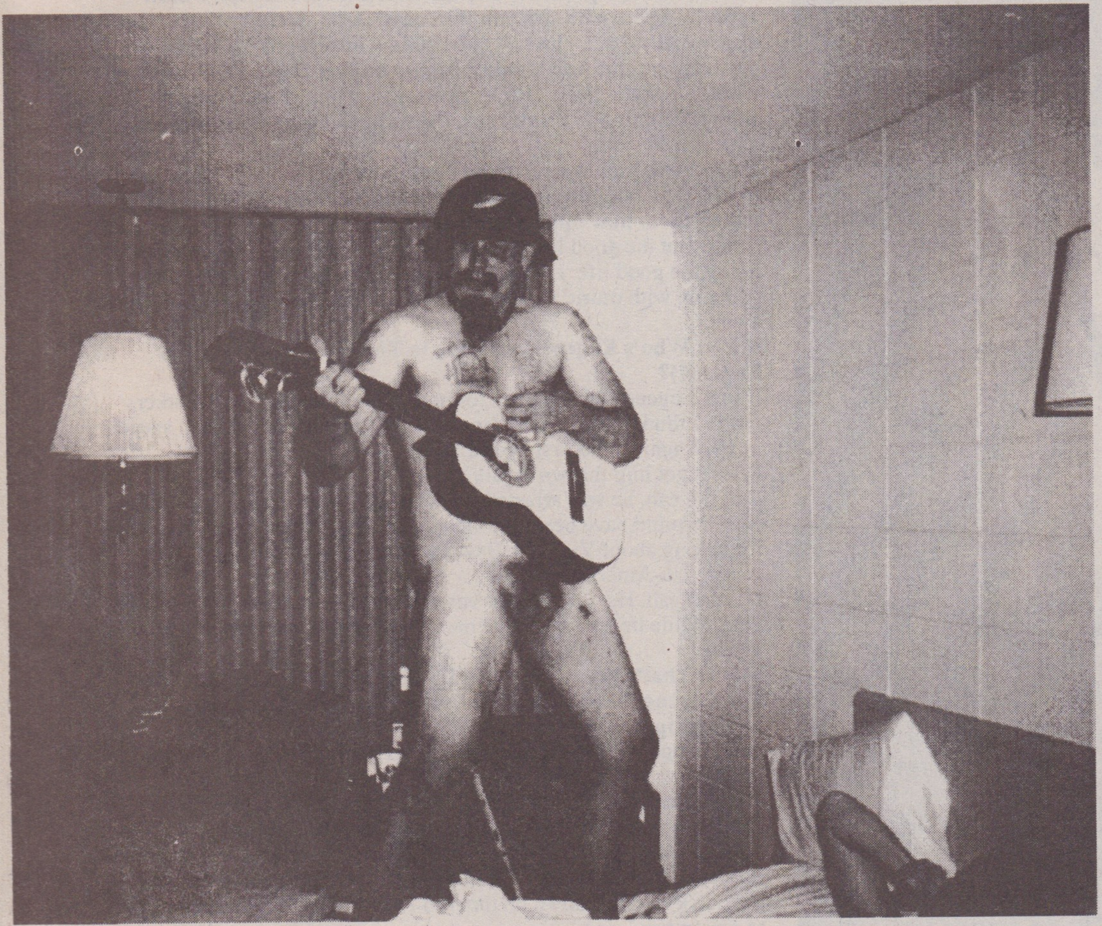
MRR: Is there any comparison to a Murder Junkies tour with any

other tour you've been on?

Evan: Hell no! Going on tour, on a punk rock level, is crazy enough, but when you throw GG Allin into the mix—his unpredictability is a huge factor.

MRR: During the Recess Vargas tour in West Palm Beach, a huge skinhead who was working security at the show decided to end FYP's set early by choking Todd of FYP. This prompted the skin's minions, who were paying customers for the show, to join in and pummel Todd. A few of them turned on filmmaker Craig Flippy when he smashed a pint glass over the head of the huge, psychotic skinhead security guy. How would you compare that to Joplin, MO, where the Murder Junkies were chased out of town by angry show-goers?

Evan: West Palm Beach was scarier. They both had their scary moments, but in Joplin there was never any physical contact. We were just chased out of town. The thing about West Palm was seeing this giant skinhead beating up Todd and Craig and not being able to do anything about it, even with all of us massing. It just seemed like for a while there was no escape. We were very lucky to get out of that. I think that it was a fluke that we got out of that situation unscathed and that the only thing lost was a video camera. All of the equipment was still in the club and we managed to get it all out. We were lucky that I had the car and was able to get those guys away from there... That was definitely one of the scariest things I've lived through.



MRR: I guess there's a difference between a mob of GG fans and a bonafide killer.

Evan: Even with an angry mob of GG fans, you had the "GG Allin aura." It's funny, I'd see him run into a crowd and it was like the red sea parting—people trying to get away from an unarmed naked man—his only weapon was that he had shit smeared on him. And, you know, a crowd of a hundred people could easily take this guy. When we were in Texas it got a little hairy and there were five of us against a hundred-something kids—that's a mismatch right there. They screamed, they shouted, they postured, but no one ever had the balls to start anything. That never happened and I think that was a testament to what he gave off.

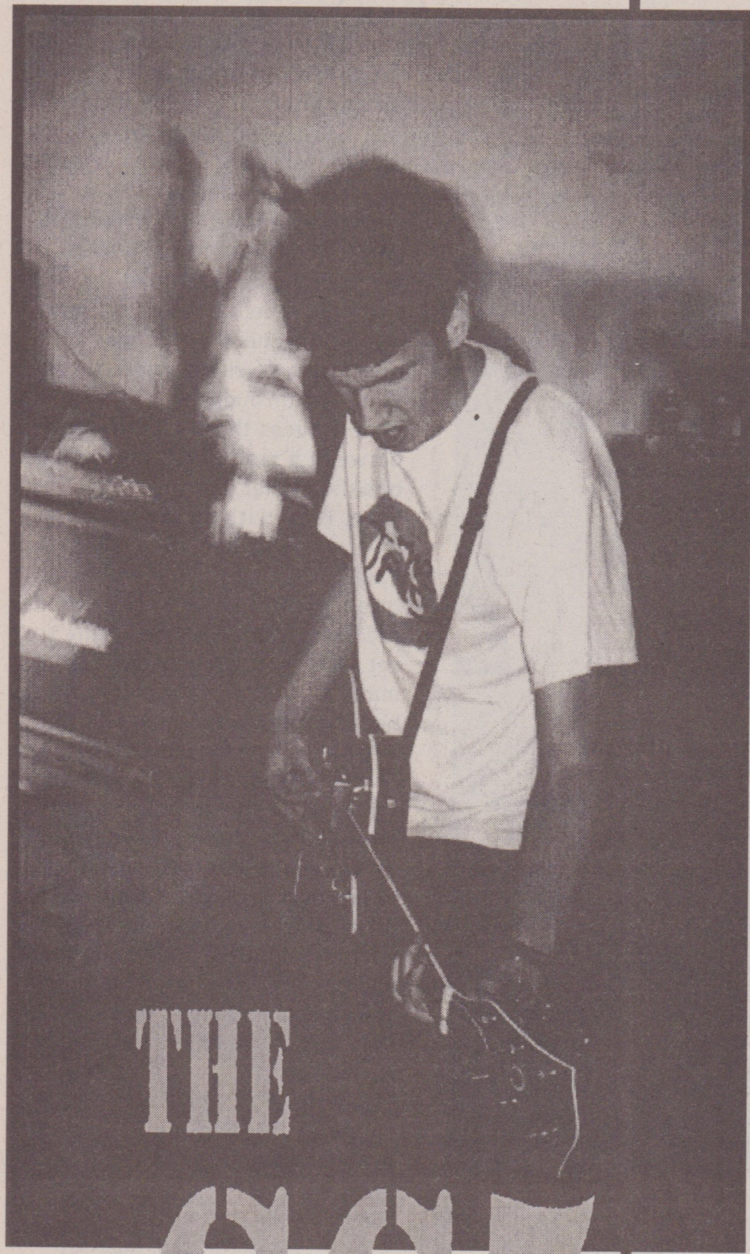
You can contact Evan Cohen through e-mail at ggbook99@aol.com

An undoubtably incomplete GG Allin discography.

Seven Inches:
GG ALLIN & THE JABBERS - "1980's Rock n Roll" 1980
GG ALLIN - "Public Animal #1" 1980
GG ALLIN - "Gimme Some Head" 1982
GG ALLIN - "Fuck Up" 1982
GG ALLIN /ARTLESS 1983
GG ALLIN - "Live Fast And Die Fast" 1984
GG ALLIN & THE SCUMFUCS - "I Wanna Fuck Your Brains Out" 1985
GG ALLIN - "Biggest Tits" 1987
GG ALLIN - "Expose Yourself To Kids" 1988
GG ALLIN - "Live...Carolina In My Ass" 1990
GG ALLIN - "Legalize Murder" 1991
GG ALLIN & THE DISAPPOINTMENTS - "Live At Statches" 1991
GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES - "Watch Me Kill" 1992
GG ALLIN - "Up Against The Wall" 1993
GG ALLIN & ANTISEEN - "Violence Now" 1993
GG ALLIN & THE SOUTHERN BAPTISTS - "Look Into My Eyes And Hate Me" 1993
GG ALLIN - "Kill Them All!" 1994
GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES - "Kill Thy Father, Rape Thy Mother" 1994
GG ALLIN - "Make Me Bleed" ?
GG ALLIN & JABBERS - "Out For Blood" 1997
GG ALLIN & THE SCUMFUCS - "Drink Fight & Fuck" ?

Ten Inches:
GG ALLIN & MURDER INC - "Sickest Of The Sick" 1993
GG ALLIN - "The Masturbation Session" 1995

Twelve Inches:
GG ALLIN - "Always Was And Always Shall Be" 1980
GG ALLIN & SCUMFUCS/ARTLESS 1986
GG ALLIN - "Dirty Love Songs" (double LP) 1987
GG ALLIN & HOLY MEN - "You Give Love A Bad Name" 1987
GG ALLIN & THE TEXAS NAZIS' - "Boozing And Pranks" 1988
GG ALLIN - "Freaks, Faggots, Drunks And Junkies" 1988
GG ALLIN - "Doctrine Of Mayhem" 1990
GG ALLIN & ANTISEEN - "Murder Junkies" 1991
GG ALLIN - "Hated In The Nation" 1992
GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES - "Brutality & Bloodshed For All" 1993
GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES - "Terror In America" 1998



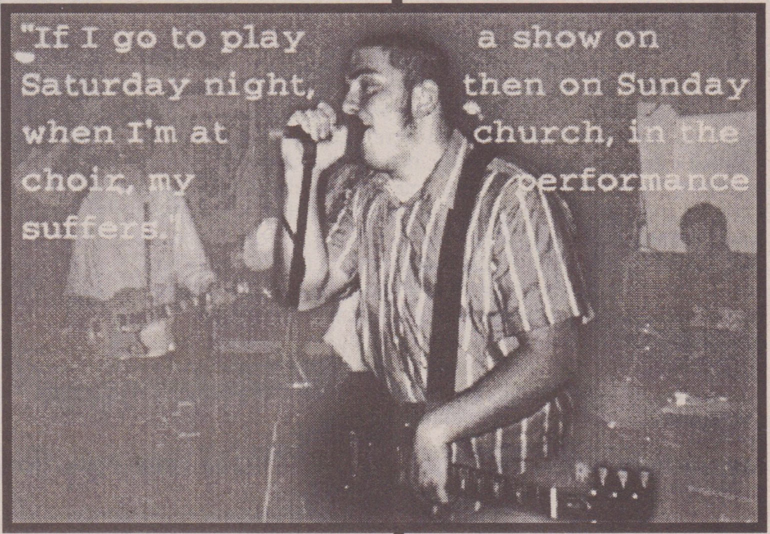
THE GC5

MRR: The GC5 are relatively young, but you seem to be very politically aware. How did you become so politically aware?
Doug: The Internet (laughs). No, Pete got me into the Dead Kennedys, actually, and I went from there and started reading a lot of theoretical stuff about anarchism. I got really heavily into that. It's sort of based on that, and then we are always looking for avenues where we can actually, physically do something.
MRR: Such as putting out punk records...
Doug: Yeah, and going to rallies and that type of stuff. You know, actually getting off of your ass about stuff rather than just talking about it. We are always looking to do more than we actually are doing. It's always a challenge. The band sort of solidifies it.
MRR: A lot of my early political views also came from Jello Biafra, but as I got older I found that a lot of the stuff I didn't actually agree with. Do you think that Jello overemphasizes how oppressed we are - he talks about how oppressed we are by the government, but in actuality we can do just about anything we want, all of the time. Our lives are good. We're out going to shows, listening to punk rock, drinking. How can you feel so oppressed?
Doug: Punk rock is a suburban phenomenon.
MRR: But Jello preaches to suburban kids living the good life, telling them how oppressed they are.
Doug: But the good life depends on other people, not necessarily living the good life. I think one of the sadder things about what's going on with music right now is that a lot of these people don't have a voice.
MRR: Who's Eugene (referring to The GC5 song 'One For Eugene')?
Doug: Eugene Debs. He ran for president of the Socialist Workers' Party. I think four times in the early 20th century. He made a speech in 1918 against the first World War.
Pete: It got him thrown in jail.
Doug: Yeah, he was arrested, basically for speaking out against the war. It would have been like George McGovern had been sent to jail for talking about Vietnam. It was absolutely ridiculous.
Aaron: Un-American.
Doug: Yeah. He got 900,000 votes for president, from jail, that year.
Pete: While he was in jail, he ran his campaign. And got 900,000 votes.
MRR: That's great. All along I've been singing along to 'One For Eugene' like it was one of your friends, and you were holding up a beer for him.
Pete: (laughs) I don't know many people named Eugene anymore. It's a dying name, kind of like Earl.
Doug: Yeah, the song is kind of like a folk song in a way but in another way there is also, I think, an important historical parallel to what's going on now with somebody like Mumia Abu-Jamal. When people speak out against injustices against society, powerful people are quick to crack down on them so I think that's an important thing to remember.
MRR: I was considering supporting Mumia Abu-Jamal's cause, but I don't necessarily think he's innocent. Do you support his cause because you think he's innocent or are you just against the death penalty?
Doug: First and foremost - I don't see what his conviction is based on. And I don't think he ever got a fair trial. So it'll be interesting when his trial comes up where he's able to present new evidence.
MRR: It does help a lot that they have Ed Asner and other actors supporting him. It made me interested, and made me think that maybe there was something there, in his story.
Pete: Yeah, it breaks it down for middle Americans that can't stand behind a black man with dreadlocks, but they can stand behind Ed Asner.
Doug: Yeah, I've had people at work give me shit about how Mumia is just a celebrity cause now. They're really skeptical about it. I hate that - I hate when I see that kind of cynicism in people. What I tell them is that, when the whole culture celebrates being a spectator - somebody has to do the activism. Rather than people just sitting around, and going out to bars, and listening to music.

The GC5 were interviewed by Paul Holstein of Transparent Records over breakfast on 11/27/99. This was the morning after they played a great show with The Saints (Detroit) and The Hudson Falcons at Innisfree in Garden City, MI. The GC5 are a politically influenced punk rock band from Cleveland, Ohio, with a full length CD and two singles already out, and another full length CD plus two more singles to be released in the year 2000. The interview was with Doug McKean (bass, vocals), Pete Kyrou (vocals, guitar), and Aaron Pacitti (roadie).

THE GC5

MRR: Away from politics and back to the music for awhile. Your first album is so far different from what you came up with for the stuff on Transparent. Was that just because you were such a young band, and you've gotten better now? Or did you actually decide to change your sound to a harder, faster sound?
Pete: Our first album, which you really can't get anymore...
MRR: Yeah "our first album which you really can't get anymore but I still have 600 copies in my house!" (laughs)
Pete: Uh, I don't know. It was really a time when we were learning to be a band, learning to play together. We were really young, 15 and 16 years old for me and Dave, you know. It was a transitional time for Doug and Chris. They were facing new things in their lives. It wasn't the kind of record that...
MRR: So it was like a practice.
Pete: Yeah, like now we've been together a while and we know how each other play. We play well together. We write songs that will sound good for us to play. Back then we were just learning how to do that.
MRR: How did you guys finance that? Did you finance that all yourselves, no backing from a label?
Pete: Long hours collecting garbage. We did it all ourselves. My Dad let us borrow some money, thanks Dad.
MRR: Did you lose money on that release?
Pete: We made our money back. Now it's like something we'll give away if anyone really wants it.
MRR: I know you started out in Mansfield, Ohio, and now you've moved to Cleveland. Was that move based on the fact that you wanted to get into the Cleveland scene - I know 9 Shocks Terror is from Cleveland, there must be a better scene there than in Mansfield. Was that the reason you relocated there, and did it help you to get more shows, play out?
Doug: Mansfield is cool, but there is nothing to do there. Anything you want to do with a band, you're going to have to scrape for. You really get your work ethic together in Mansfield. And then coming up to Cleveland obviously there's clubs that have shows all of the time, and there's a lot more bands already doing stuff. You don't have to, when you want to do a show, necessarily contact the hall and pay for the place yourself and promote it yourself, etc. And then hope people show up. So it's a lot easier that way. There's actually an infrastructure that you can work within.
(Talk drifts to Star Trek, life on Mars, science fiction movies including The Arrival, Contact & Planet of the Apes. Highlight - Pete: "I think Star Trek should have had Will Smith in it, to make it more accessible to the kids.")
MRR: So tell me about Chuck Lambert. What's his part with the band? His name seems to pop up everywhere.
Aaron: You might want to talk about Ron Allen, too.
MRR: Yeah, and Ron Allen.
Doug: Chuck's just our friend, from back in the day. He came to our first show and just starting hanging around with us and stuff. I mean we've known him forever. We went to middle school with him.
Pete: We used to pick on him, 'cause he was such a nerd. Chuck's my brother, man, he's basically just a guy that devoted his life to punk rock. He's such a record weirdo - he doesn't have a lot, but you know - if he ever got a girl into his bedroom, he'd put on the Battalion of Saints record and be like "Check this out." He just has a love for punk rock.
MRR: And he calls Doug a nerd!
Pete: Chuck really loves punk rock more than anyone I know.
MRR: What about Ron Allen? He recorded your first couple of 7" records, for free right?
Doug: Yes, he did. pro bono.
MRR: Does he own a studio, and record other bands for money, but likes punk rock personally and brought you guys in?
Doug. Well, he's sort of friends with us and started recording us. I met him in college and he happened to live by us, where we lived in Mansfield. His Dad works at a radio station, he kind of got a hook up to go into one of the buildings and record - they had a pretty decent 8-track machine and a reel-to-reel and he brought in some other gear and set up shop and started going.
MRR: Was there a big difference when you started recording at Mars Studio in Cleveland?
Doug: Mars was amazing. Ron knows what he's doing, but he just didn't have much to work with. Then going into Mars, everything is set up to run smoothly. It's not like you're doing it yourself anymore.
Pete: The cool thing about Mars is like the history it has. Like Cleveland bands, but there were a lot of crappy metal bands that recorded there, too
MRR: Can you name some of those crappy metal bands, for the interview?
Pete: Mushroomhead. Fuck Mushroomhead. They are like the biggest band in Cleveland, they are just a Gwar rip-off. I want to talk shit about them. They are just this big Gwar rip-off from Cleveland, and they pack houses. But if you tell people from Cleveland that you recorded at Mars, there is a history there. Like Face Value, bands like that recorded there.
MRR: Yeah, like Ghetto Recorders in Detroit. Bands like the New Bomb Turks and The Dirtys recorded there, so other bands want to record there.
Pete: There is a lot of good rock-n-roll in the Detroit/Cleveland area.
MRR: Yeah, I think the scene around here is the best it's been in years.
Pete: Yeah, Cleveland, too. The Sign Offs are a really great, young band from Cleveland. They just really blow you away. They play really great rock-n-roll. Teenage Knockouts... There has always been really great stuff going on in Cleveland.
MRR: Are you close enough to play weekend shows in other cites than Detroit?I know you just played a show with The Hudson Falcons from New Jersey. Are you close enough to drive there for weekend shows?
Pete: Well it's about an 8 hour drive, but Mark, the singer for the Falcons is a Cleveland nut. He loves Cleveland, everything about Cleveland. So he comes to Cleveland about 6 to 7 times a year. Those guys are really amazing. What did you think about them last night?
MRR: Excellent band, I'm gonna go and buy all of their stuff right away.
Pete: They have a CD coming out on GMM December 10.
Doug: We are just starting to get into that whole East Coast thing right now.
Pete: Yeah, we're trying to become a band that can do the East Coast, you know. We're going out with the Falcons again in February, for like a week.
MRR: This is getting boring. Maximumrocknroll readers wanna hear some dirt.
Pete: Yeah, exactly.
MRR: So have any of you guys got real drunk at a show, got your eyebrows shaved, anything like that?
Doug: We're generally not too crazy, as far as that goes.
Pete: We're young guys, you know. I don't know if my Mom would approve. Plus you know, if I go to play a show on



Saturday night, then on Sunday when I'm at church, in the choir, my performance suffers.
Aaron: He's in the gravel section of the choir.
Pete: (sings bar of "Silent Night" in gravelly voice).
Doug: Sometimes I notice, when we're playing, you don't give it your all on the mic.
Pete: I try to save some for Sunday morning. I have to worship the Lord.
Pete: Speaking of the Lord, I think it is so fucking funny that people still haven't caught on to the "Christian Corner" thing. People still send in pissed off letters about it. Whoever thought it up is brilliant!
MRR: So how come you guys don't play anything (live) off of the first single any more?
Doug: "Right to Live" was on the set list last night. But, the set list is more like a guide to us than a list of what we're actually going to play
MRR: I'm surprised, being such a young band, that you're so into vinyl. Your last couple of releases were on vinyl. So you all have record players? Is it because your parents all had record players and that's what you had in your house?
Pete: I had Michael Jackson "Thriller" on record. That was my first record.
MRR: Are you old enough that you actually grew up with records? I have a son, and his friends come over and see my collection and they don't even know what records are.
Pete: It's just a really cool medium, if you like a band and you have $3 in your pocket - you can get the 7". It's a real cool way to put out music.
MRR: So how do you guys practice now? You have a house together in Cleveland, right? Do you practice every day?
Pete: Not as much as we should. We have a practice space up in Cleveland. We should practice more often.
MRR: How do you guys feel about moving on to a major label? I think you're good enough. I mean, not a major major label, but something like Epitaph or Fat. You have a talent and intelligence on the level of those bands, I think you could do it. Is that what you want?
Pete: I wouldn't want to go to a label where I was a number, were I was like a product that they sold. I want to deal with people one on one. I want to talk to people on the phone. I want to be involved every step of the way. I mean, that's one thing, we like to have control of the stuff we put out. I don't want to send my DAT off to this guy in New Mexico or California, and have him send me back my product.
MRR: Kind of like how you do with Transparent Records.
Pete: Well, I mean, with Transparent, we are involved with decisions...every step of the way. I just don't want to be a product.
MRR: I guess the real question is, is this just a hobby for you guys or do you want live off the band someday, take time off of touring to write, make enough money to get by without another job. Or is this just something you do for fun, right now?
Doug: I would love to be able to make a living off of the band. However, signing to a label like Fat or Epitaph, or a major, if that distinction between the two is even there, gets you into all kinds of trouble as far as how your music is marketed, and how you are marketed. Take Blink 182 for example - absolutely no fucking talent whatsoever, selling millions of records. If they were a local band who wanted to open a show or something, I'd tell them they had a lot of work to do before playing out. But they've got a porn star on the album cover and they're all pretty faces. The bottom line with the majors is that they've got to make money, and they'll hire performers and faces that will do that for them. So, while I work hard enough at this band that I wouldn't feel bad making an honest living off of it, I don't think that having integrity while being sold to people via the Warped Tour and Rolling Stone are the realities of the music business, or modern capitalism.
MRR: Would you be willing to play mainstream indie rock to make a living from the band?
Doug. No. We'll keep doing what we're doing. We won't change what were doing. We should be able to figure out a way to keep doing what we're doing and have people dig it, and have them come to us rather than us changing.
MRR: When I talk to bands, some of the bands want to live off of the band - but most say that it's just a hobby.
Pete: The thing with me is like, if we made any kind of substantial money with the band, where we could tour a lot, I'd just like to get a job in a video store or something and be 20 years old for the rest of my life. That'd just be great. I'm not talking about, you know, a Beverly Hills house with the money from our records, but a little leeway would be nice.
Doug. I'll quit my union job and deliver pizzas for a while.
MRR: I'm surprised to hear that you're in a union.
Doug. Local 407. I work at UPS loading trucks.
Aaron: Do you guys have any trouble living together? Does that pose a problem?
Pete: These guys are the biggest smart asses in the world. But these guys are my friends. I've been best friends with Dave since we were like 5 or 6 years old. Doug is Dave's brother, you know. After he went through his "make fun of Pete" stage, when he was younger, we got to be really good friends. We went to see that Hulk Hogan movie, "No Holds Barred" together, and we were friends after that.
Doug: Yeah, we know each other well enough that we give each other shit all of the time, and it's not a big deal. Except for Chris. Chris flips out. Chris can't take anything.
Pete: It's cool, it's like your living with your best friends. But your also living with your best friends, you know. I live with the biggest know-it-alls, the biggest smart-asses, but I'm also one of them.
Doug: I wouldn't trade it.
MRR: So do you guys usually play for free when you play?
Pete: Very damn close. That's why we all work.
Doug: There are kind of growing pains with being more ambitious with the band too. Sometimes you feel a little removed from the music when you're spending your entire day and you haven't touched your instrument. You're writing people on the computer about shit, or your making phone calls or whatever. It just sort of goes with the territory. I never really want to become business-like about it, but at the same time if you want to do fun shit, like to come to Detroit and play a show, there's a certain amount of work that goes into it, too.
Aaron: Doug is a rock executive.
Pete: Doug is the CEO of rock.
MRR: What's the story behind the "Buy American" 7" and Walmart?
Pete: Walmart won't carry it.
Doug: It specifically takes on Walmart, but really all of those companies, the "after NAFTA" shifting of jobs all over the place. We're really losing our industrial base. And especially these countries, like in Haiti, where they have a democratically elected government and then our military goes in and overthrows them.

Aaron: At the bequest of...
Doug: Walmart. That's why I don't consider it my government. I don't know if I could morally live with myself if I thought that the government acted on my behalf.
Aaron: It's kind of nice when you have a well-armed militia backing you.
Pete: The Walmart army (laughs).
Doug: No, but you have things like that. And all over Latin America and all over the third world, you have people trying to climb out of misery into poverty, as I think the quote went. It's just ridiculous that people work harder than you and me could imagine, and they don't get by. That's why I think, like we were talking about earlier how our lives are so good - it kind of depends on things like that. And so it's important to think about those kind of things too - and fight for more equality and more justice and keep working for that.

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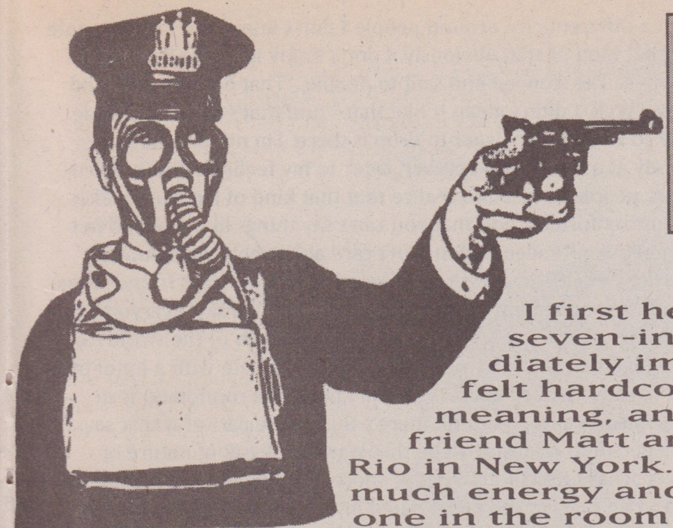
The official The GC5 website can be found at www.angelfire.com/oh/thegc5 and you can order their releases from Transparent Records at www.transparentrecords.com.
No computer? You can write The GC5 at 1346 Beach Avenue, Lakewood, OH 44107 or Transparent Records at 6759 Transparent Drive, Clarkston, MI 48346.



KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS

I first heard Kill the Man Who Questions five song seven-inch about five months ago and I was immediately impressed. It reminded me of everything I felt hardcore and punk should embody: sincerity, meaning, and aggression. At the end of September my friend Matt and myself went to see them play at ABC No Rio in New York. During their set I couldn't believe how much energy and enthusiasm they had, and I think everyone in the room felt the same way. After that I knew I wanted to interview them, so I sent some questions to one of their singers, Mike McKee, who was kind enough to answer them for me. The following interview includes our interview together as well as some questions between the rest of the band and DIY show-organizer, Tony Pointless. - Joe Hays

MRR: Just to start things off, who plays what?

Mike Springa-vocals (sometimes I fill in for him when he's in Boston)
Niki Sailor-Long: -vocals
Andrew "Have A" Martini- bass / annihilating heterosexism
Jeremy O'Mahoney- drums / corporate whore
Beau Brendely- prodigal guitar player.

MRR: I noticed that their hasn't been any mention of "ex members of..." in any reviews I've read. Is this the first band for all of you?

Mike: Actually all of us have been in previous bands, although most of them have been only locally known. Me and Andrew both served time in The Boils. Andrew was in a crust band called DisSucks. Andrew is also currently in a band called XLimpwristX, which is an all-queer, all-sxe band with members from Los Crudos, Hail Mary and HouseWrecker. Jeremy and me were in a queer-core band called F-80. Beau has been in various sxe-hc bands like xKnotworkx —the tense embryo of Kid Dynamite's original bass department—, and Niki used to be in a Riot Grrl spoken-word troop/band. I'm afraid there's not much of an interesting story as to how we started. A few years ago me and Andrew and Jeremy lived together and would listen to the Unit Pride 7" and stage dive off of couches and imitate Djini from Absolution and stuff. We liked a lot of the same kind of HC styles and we played together in our basement as a joke. Later on things got more serious. Sort of.

MRR: Was their a common goal between everyone that you want/wanted to achieve with the band when you originally got together?

Mike: There wasn't much of a goal when we first started. It was just something we were doing on the side for fun. Now I'd say yes, we all have goals. Some of them are just face-value things like: traveling, meeting new people who are into punk/hc around the country (countries?), seeing new places, getting to see shows in different parts of the country, etc. Other goals are more abstract like trying to create a more inclusive scene, creating an environment within the punk/hc scene that is welcoming to queer people, women, making people consider the world around them, etc. It's also been a purposeful goal of everyone in the band to see how long we could procrastinate on this MRR interview. Tom Hopkins probably hates us.

MRR: There isn't any shortage of "PC" bands these days. And whatever your opinion on the label "PC" is, I think it's safe to say that Kill the Man Who Questions pretty much falls into that category. One thing that seems to set you apart from other bands like this is a really strong sense of humor in your stage banter, your lyrics and even the artwork. Is this something intentional the band tries to do: bringing some humor into serious subjects?

Niki: I've never thought of it as our mission to: Make This Funny! I think it just adds to making things more fun.

Mike: A lot of people in this scene and even a lot of political hardcore bands feel like they need to package themselves as these uni-dimensional people who don't have fun and don't smirk. You have to be a person first, and a revolutionary second. It really can't be the other way around. People don't relate to ideologies, they relate to other human beings. Having a sense of humor is how kids have fun. It's how I was introduced to hardcore.

MRR: I thought it was kind of interesting that you have a woman in the band and an openly-gay man in the band. Even though there are plenty of political hardcore bands for you to play with, it seems that this sort of a line-up is still out of the ordinary. Do you think that this gives your songs or your lyrics more credibility than some other bands with a more homogeneous line-up?

Mike: I would never want to say that our songs or whatever have any more validity to them just because of who happens to be in the band. What I do like about our line-up, that I think might be somewhat unique, is the fact that there's a bunch of different perspectives going on. There's not just one voice, or one background or one kind of experience.

MRR: Do you think when people see you live there's a connection people can see between what kinds of people are in the band and what the band is trying to say or do?

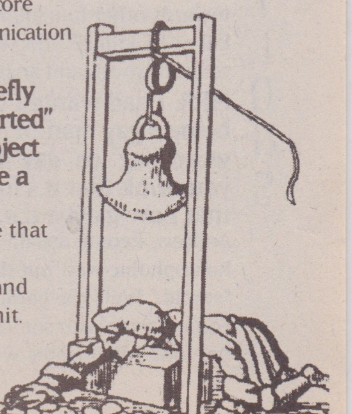
Niki: I think when girls are at shows, maybe my being up there singing sends a message that we're pro-woman or whatever. I think it makes other women who are at our shows feel more comfortable.

MRR: Would you consider signing to some kind of a larger type of label for distribution that would carry your music to a wider audience?

Mike: In terms of selling out, no one will ever be "buying." Trust me, we're not that good. Naturally there's a conscience decision to manage the band and our music in a certain way, a way that keeps it in the basements and the smaller shows. Some people might say that's a cop out, but fuck that. The world is not doomed to unavoidable disaster if it doesn't hear Kill the Man Who Questions' stupid, out of tune punk songs. We don't need UPC-assisted distribution to every shopping mall from Cumdumpster, Iowa to New Dehli, India. We're just trying to be a sincere, DIY hardcore band at your VFW. That's where the real communication happens.

MRR: When I saw you live you talked briefly about the whole "preaching to the converted" issue, and I thought your take on the subject was an interesting one. Can you elaborate a little bit more on this?

Niki: "Preaching to the Converted" is a phrase that a lot of people use and have always used to describe what political/outspoken hardcore and punk bands do.. Basically I think this is bullshit. It's based on the assumption that nothing needs to change in the scene and that everything's perfect. It just struck me as



KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS

very ironic that the same "converted" scene I'm told bands "preach at" unnecessarily is the same scene where basketball-jersey-clad thugs call people "fags" and women get called "coatracks" and shit like that It's like "What fucking converted?"
Mike: Besides, we're not trying to "convert" anyone. It's preaching to talk about WHY I bother being involved in punk rock? No way. Punk rock is about living a life of resistance. I don't come to shows just to rock out. (dude, it's like, your brain wants to thrash and slam just as much as your body, man!)

MRR: What's your opinion on people who may just like the musical aspect of the band, and don't really care about what you're talking and singing about? I guess what I am trying to say is, how do you feel about the whole "shut up and play" mentality? Does it bother you, or is it not an issue?

Mike: The whole "Shut up and play" mentality I like to think isn't an issue for us. If anyone comes to see us just shut up and play some bitchin' jams, they're going to be disappointed. First of all, we don't do anything musically spectacular, or even musically talented for that matter. We're not trying to impress the world with our wicked licks and bad-ass solos. This is just pissed off, dirty music screaming about things on our mind. Communication that doesn't have to do with bullshit advertising or censorship or stupid mind-games; something different than what's offered in high-school classrooms and keggers or profit-driven news agencies. To say "shut up and play" is to totally ignore all that.

MRR: I know this is a pretty generic question, but I still feel it's relevant. What are some of your influences, whether it is hardcore or non-hardcore? Certainly something or someone had to motivate you enough to form a band?

Mike: Personally, I've been going to shows and listening to punk/hc for about 9 or 10 years and I've been in bands (embarrassing or not as they may be now) since I was about 16 or so. It's just something I'm really into. I never really fit in anywhere else. I'm into having fun with people in a sincere, non-pretentious way. For me, that's being involved in punk/hardcore. I'm always inspired and influenced by people who make punk ideals a reality, who really try to take that punk attitude/philosophy and apply it in the real world... living a life of resistance. Not just full-time activists who direct action fur stores and grow their own everything. I mean, people who work in jobs they're not totally happy with but maintain a sense of integrity and universal compassion towards other human beings and reject the whole idea of "you have to kill or be killed"/ "dog eat dog" bullshit mentality, who maintain their sense of youth and ambition...that really inspires me.

MRR: I had wanted to ask Andrew something related to being a gay man in hardcore. We've all heard people use the word "fag" or "gay" in a negative way at shows before. Do you think that it's lost its meaning, in relation to queers, and that now maybe it's just something people say?

Andrew: People usually say the usual, that they don't mean it in a homophobic way, but that they're just saying "gay" to mean "lame" or "stupid." Well, the parallels are right there and laid out for you. Equating gay with something negative is what's going on. I'm gay and I'm not 100% comfortable with that around just anybody. When I'm at a show in a different city, around people I don't know and I hear people yelling that kind of shit, obviously, I don't enjoy it. There have been times where I've stopped and said to people, "That bothers me." And they say, "Well, I didn't mean it like that." And that's as far as people want to go with it, they want to drop it there. I'm not into having everybody at a show, or wherever, cater to my feelings...that's ridiculous. But, people do need to realize that that kind of language makes people uncomfortable and that you can't say things like that and not have someone offended. If you don't care about how you sound or what other people's impressions of you are, or how your friends come off to other people, than it doesn't matter what you say. Everyone can say whatever they want and then all the Anal Cunts of the world can go and live together, but they won't be able to associate with a lot of other people. I really want to address at some point the connotations to calling someone a "fag." I think there's this subtle part of it that says that the person is choosing to be that way, this freak of nature or whatever. That's ridiculous. I never chose at some point in my life that I wanted to be gay. For 10 years I hated myself for having any kind of thoughts like that.. It got to the point where I was loosing my shit and I finally just accepted it. I'm totally more comfortable with it now.
Niki: (joking) Is there anything you'd like to say to any boys who might be reading this who are feeling confused and think they might be gay?
Mike: Work hard and stay in school! (Thumbs up) (laughter)

MRR: Did your involvement in the scene help you in coming out?

Andrew: No. When I was growing up there were definitely some people at shows who I was really scared of, in terms of being gay. There were guys who I had feelings for, but I didn't want to say anything. There was a certain environment at the shows downtown, with skin heads and fights and what have you that was a lot different from the DIY scene that we have now. I didn't come out until I was about 21. When I was younger, it was impossible. Being into punk and the scene really didn't help. I still hadn't met anyone else who was gay and I didn't feel there were many bands out there who were thinking about these types of things. The fact that it was something different than what I was seeing at school and at home and stuff was helpful. And I think there is a much more comfortable attitude at DIY shows. That's kind of why I like to call people on their shit when they say something like that. I try to stop people when they say something obnoxious like that and just say, "Hey, I'm gay and I have a problem with that," or, "That bothers me, I'm gay." I've never had anyone come off like "Fuck you," after confronting them. So, I think it's worth it to say something right then and there and talk about it.

MRR: On your web page I noticed the quote "fuck creation-ism." How do you feel about this influx of so-called "Christian hardcore" in the scene? I think the song "in his service" from the seven-inch deals with that, right?

Mike: "In His Service" actually has more to do specifically with actually losing a friend or watching religion ruins peoples' lives. A lot of people in my family are in the clergy (priests, nuns, etc.) and I know a lot of "religious" people. And I'm not saying that religion is all bad and that anyone who derives something positive out of nurturing some spiritual side of their life is an asshole or a brainwashed fuck. But, I think when

taken the wrong way, or when it's relied on too heavily, religion becomes an addiction, a debilitating addiction that addles the brain and sucks the life out of people. My friend Kevin's life has been ruined by the shit worse than any drug or crime ever could have. —Fuck, did I just paraphrase Choke from Slapshot there? Anyway, It ruins and cripples family relationships and people's sense of reality and their sense of control over their own lives. Basically, I don't have all the answers and I would never suggest that I or any other hardcore/punk kid did. But, giving up on your own search for meaning, giving up your dreams, thoughts, plans, etc. just to blindly follow some religious doctrine isn't an answer either, it's a crutch, it's burying yourself in a box under a ton of bricks. I think using punk rock/hardcore scenes as a soapbox for this stuff is totally amoral and wrong. I think it's inappropriate and it's deplorable. It's based on the assumption that kids are only into hc/punk cuz they're confused and they need saving. Bullshit. The whole point to this precious little subculture is that we don't want anyone else's "salvation", we don't need anymore empty promises/botched solutions from the people in power who have continued to fuck up the world we now have to live in. Sorry, kids. Nationalism and Religious fervor...they're for your young Republican meeting, not the hardcore show.

KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS

MRR: Do straight edge ideals ever play apart in the band?

Mike: Every time we're too soused to stand-up and make it to a gig, dude. Like when Andrew and Frosty from Chain of Strength had a body-shots competition. Wait, I'll answer this not like an asshole now: A lot of people consider us a sXe band. Truthfully, we've gone through so many member changes we've never been a completely all, sxe band. Andrew and Jeremy have been pretty much sxe for the past couple of years. I was sxe for many years but 'lost the edge' for a while. About a year ago I was "born-again" (to the edge) if that's possible, haha. Niki just has too much leopard print punk rock in her and drinks and parties...tsk tsk. We all see things the same way when it comes to the way we want to live. We are really turned off by, and are not into being irresponsible with any vices. It's lame to become dependent on something to have a good time or to relate to other people. It's lame to let a drink or a chemical take precedence over being a productive, aware person or just simply a good, fun friend. For what it's worth, Andrew drank Frosty under the table and as a prize we won the reels to the "What Holds Us Apart" 7" which we'll be bootlegging this spring!

MRR: Ok, now where does the contempt for larger indie labels like Initial Records, and bands like 25 Ta Life come from? You seem kind of put off by that type of thing.

Mike: The contempt is towards elements within the scene that we consider to be things that "water down" punk rock ethics. My problem isn't specifically with those examples you listed above. Becoming very popular and/or making money from a band/label isn't wrong or less valid as "punk." But, compromising what you believe in just to reach some "success goal" is wrong and stupid. Punk, for us, is about rejecting lame crap like slick marketing and advertising, creating an artificial demand to move product, merchandising, sloganeering, posturing, establishing and reinforcing macho, gang-mentality thinking/imagery, etc. Punk is about creating an alternative! Not just following mainstream society/business/entertainment industry standards wearing a different costume. Fuck, "you've got a mohawk but a jock still lives inside your head" —Dead Kennedy's. You're selling CDs rather than wholesale automotive parts and a profit-driven coward still lives inside your head.

KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS

MRR: What do you mean by "fuck neo-liberalism"? I read that and was curious.

Mike: "Neo-liberalism" is a word intellectual types use to sound smart. basically it's the premise of the New World Order. The whole idea of "1st world countries" running the show, where unrestrained capitalism controls everything and a dollar for someone in a rich and powerful country is more important than the life or quality of life for a person / community/ nation/ hemisphere of people somewhere else. Fuck the New World Order. When the Zapatistas took over San Cristobal and some towns in S.Mexico, thousands and thousands of people demonstrated on the streets of Mexico City (which is like a big business/media/urban center in S. America) in support of the uprising. People chanted "First World, Ha Ha Ha" exposing the whole lie of this NWO. People are treated like expendable, lower-than-capital shit in this neo-liberal system basically. Communities and entire countries are losing their identities and their voices as power, organization and authority is shifted from the people/the sovereign governments of the world over to the rules of economy and profit.

Kill The Man Who Questions have a nearly out of print split 7" available through the band, a five song seven inch out on Bloodlink Records, as well as a new full length LP/CD on Coalition Records. Upcoming bouts of skull-crushing power-violence include a split 12" with the midwest's United Super Villains and stupid fucking comps that we say we'll be on out of pity.

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Gore Gore Girls

There are girls bands and then there are girl gangs. And if there's one thing the b-movies of the '60s and '70s taught us, is that often, gangs of black-hearted rock-n-roll punkettes operate on the surface as sweet girl bands. Under the cover of your particular scene's musical majority, these girls operate in stealth (or not so stealth) mode to infiltrate the macho, guy-centric circles of rock and roll. The Gore Gore Girls, Detroit's most lusted after—both musically and otherwise—punk trio, are a musical girl gang of just that sort. It's no accident that the leader of the pack and G3 mastermind, Amy Surdu (guitars, snarls and vocals) named the band after the '60s b-movie maestro Herschell Gordon Lewis' 1972 swansong. Neither she nor the other two Gore Gore Girls (bassist Deanne Iovan and drummer Deb Agolli) are taking any shit from the boys (or the girls, for that matter). Since their first shindig (on Devil's Night in Detroit 1998, no less) they've taken no quarter in the war for the ears and hearts of Detroit and the world's punks. They've had the least mercy for those listeners who haven't the good sense to know a great chorus when they hear one or a great verse to which they can sing along. The Gore Gore Girls spring from the fertile Detroit soil of Motown as much as the twisted gene pool of the Stooges. But they owe as much to the Runaways and DMZ as Aretha Franklin's "Natural Woman" and the Shangri-Las. (But don't front, punk. You know R-E-S-P-E-C-T is as tough as any grrrrrl you can name!) You see, in the world of Gore, there's no reason to merely hit you over the head with the metal power of Lita Ford chords if you ain't singing along about the girl that, well, broke your heart and ripped it out of your chest too. Surdu and company will warn you with a genius remodeling of the Real Kids' "Hit You Hard" before seducing you with a just-pop-infectious-enough cut to keep you well within wallop distance. These girls are pure Detroit and the Motor City couldn't be prouder to call them citizens. I caught up with them as they were finishing the mixing of four new songs. Interview by Chris Handyside.

Amy

MRR: You are the Gore Gore Girls, and why?
Surdu: It was an accident.
MRR: Why did you start together?
Surdu: It was meant to be. Deanne called me one day and said (in a fake British accent) "I saw you and I love you and I've got to play with you." (laughter all around)
MRR: So the formative years...
Iovan: Last year?
Surdu: I heard about this babe drummer and I heard she was good.
Iovan: I remember Amy telling me that she was at a show (Deb's former band, The Witches) and Deb was so drunk. She had just come from a wedding, and she couldn't play. So Amy asked Deb to play drums and Deb said, "Yeah, I'll do it!" And then she completely forgot afterwards.
Agolli: Yeah, I don't remember being asked.
Iovan: You don't remember any of that night.
Agolli: I held off throwing up until the very end of the night when we hit the Taco Bell drive-thru. After I ordered my food I had to let go and blow it out the door.
Iovan: Then she thought, "I think Amy asked me to play drums in her band."
Surdu: And that's how it started.
MRR: And how did Deanne enter the fold?
Surdu: I met her when she was living in Pittsburgh. We went to see Rocket 455 and Dead Moon, and I remember I was in front and I had this little dress on.
Iovan: Very little.
Surdu: My straps fell down and I felt these two arms come up from behind me and slip them up. I said, She's the bass player for me." She keeps me dressed.
MRR: She'll always have your back onstage. Did you know as you were putting the straps back up?
Iovan: Actually, I wished I would have seen you play in Cleveland with Rocket.
MRR: So, you played with Rocket 455?
Surdu: One guitar player couldn't make it. He had some family crap. So I got to play with Rocket and Dead Moon.
Iovan: I was pretty excited when you asked me to play.
Surdu: You were?
Iovan: Yeah, because you know, I had been playing with Patrick (Pantano of the Come-Ons) for years and I thought it'd be cool to play with, you know, girls.
Surdu: I think we played once with you and I remember Deb saying, "book a show!"
MRR: What was the first show?
Surdu: It was last year, Devil's Night. There was no one there.
Iovan: We dressed in Viking Costumes.
Surdu: Viking warrior women! Fur on our hot pants, breast plates, swords, gladiator shields. A friend of mine who does drag shows came out to do this number, her name is Sasha Carlisle. She came out and lip-synced this Courtney Love song while we were in the back getting ready.
Iovan: She was beautiful.
Surdu: She was gorgeous. All the men in the bar wanted to go home with Sasha. Little did they know. So we're putting on these cheapo Halloween get-ups and we think it's gonna be some great thing. Then we hear Sasha say, "And now, The Gore Gore Girls!" And we walk out on stage and there's literally five people there. We were imagining this fantastic thing... and

it didn't happen.
MRR: It had a fantastic build up
Iovan: Wendy Case (columnist f
and she wrote about it like it w
how sexy the drummer was, s
mouth.
Surdu: Foxy, cute, pout, all thos
Iovan: So that was our first sho
Surdu: But this last Devil's Night,

Deanne

Dollrods and Bantam Rooster ar
MRR: Who would win a fight be

Photo by Pat Pantano

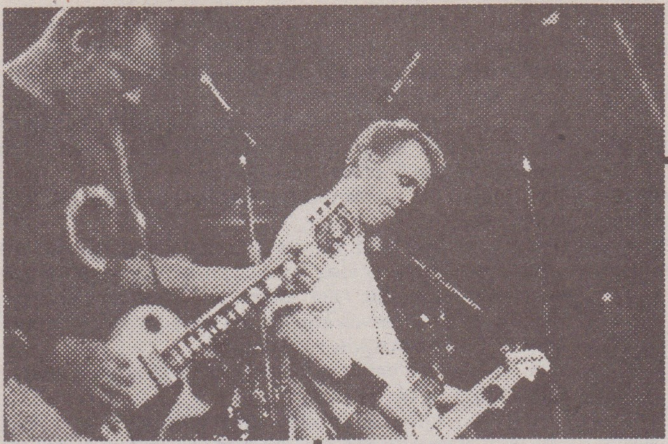
up anyway.
t for the *Detroit News*) was there
was a big deal. She wrote about
sticking her tongue out of her

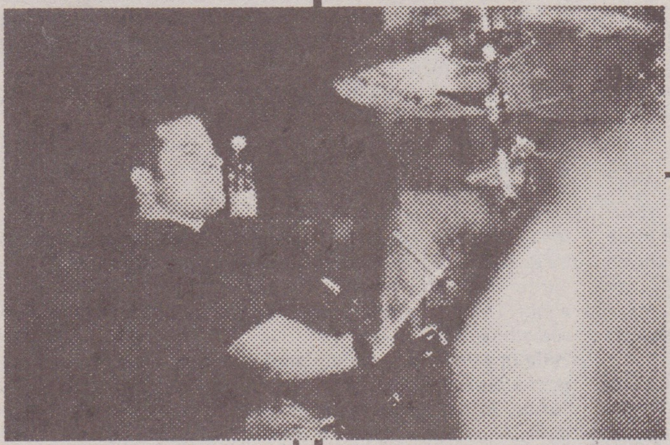
ose adjectives were in there.
now.
ht, we played with the Demolition

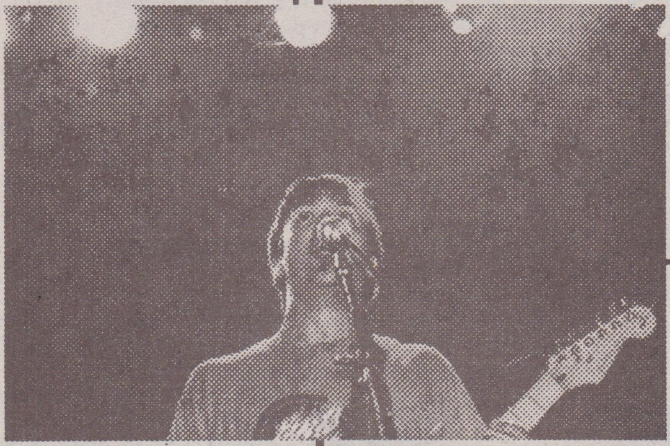
and it was great.
between you and the Dollrods?

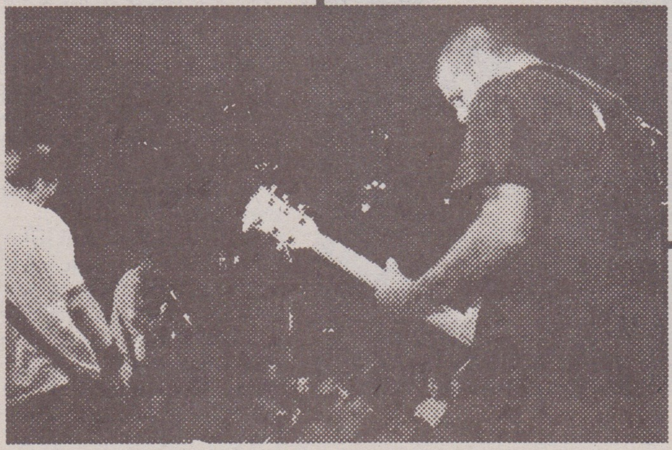
Surdu: Us! Fuck yeah!
Iovan: I'd like to wrassle Danny.
Agolli: Danny would be fun.
Surdu: I'd look out for the drummer though.
MRR: (In this recording session) you recorded four songs total?
Surdu: Yeah, we recorded one that's gonna be out on an I-94 compilation, and the other three are gonna be on a full-length for Charles Records.
MRR: Who is Charles?
All: You don't know Charles?
Iovan: Charles is our biggest fan.
MRR: Hence, Charlie's Angels?
Surdu: Exactly.
Iovan: We are Charles' Angels
Surdu: He always calls us and tells us to do sit-ups and shit. He's like, "You're slackin', you gotta tighten up that ass." (laughter)
Iovan: He was at a show last week, and he comes up to me and says, "You were lookin' pretty out of shape at the studio the other day."
MRR: What's up with that?
Diamond (Ghetto recording guru): That's the cat calling the kettle black.
Iovan: Charles tapes all of our shows. He thinks we're going straight to the top.
Surdu: He knows we're going straight to the top.
Agolli: He's out there. He's at every show with a bag of records.
Iovan: We've got records out in Japan, France, even Phoenix! Get Hip sold a bunch.
Surdu: He says they're selling. I don't know who's buying them, but...
MRR: So how did Charles find you? Would you put him closer to Kim Fowley or Phil Spector.
All: Yes.
Iovan: He wanted to put out a single. Jeff Meier recorded three songs for us at Tri-County Glass. I put a towel on my head and the rest is history.
MRR: Aah, the bathroom aesthetic. All the male readers of *MRGR* will wanna know.
Iovan: Yes, all girls do have to go to the bathroom together.
MRR: So do you play with your bras on or off?
Surdu: Usually off.
Agolli: What about underwear?
Surdu: Never, never panties.
Iovan: No. Cuz at the record release party you were wearing a yellow slip and a black thong and your ass was hanging out of that slip.
Surdu: I was starting a new trend. (the Ass-Hang).
Iovan: I think it motivates her, playing with a string up her ass.
MRR: Do the punk rock boys throw themselves at you punk rock girls?
Surdu: Tim from the Clone Defects threw himself at Deb. He was slobbering all over her.
Agolli: He came up behind me and was dragging his finger up my back and I thought that it was my boyfriend. And I was kissin' him before I knew who it was. But I didn't kiss him back.
MRR: So what are your political beliefs?
Surdu: We don't have any.
Iovan: I have the same philosophy as my dad. I usually vote Democrat, but if I don't know who's running for what I just vote for every woman on the ballot. I figure it's got to be better.
MRR The Detroit scene is pretty macho in general.
Surdu: That's why we're here.
Agolli: The difference between playing in a band with girls is that there's less guitar wanking than with guys. Guys will just diddle all night till it bores you to tears.
MRR: (to Surdu) You consciously restrain yourself from wanking guitar solos?
Surdu: There's no need. The power is in the drummer and the bass player. The guitar loses it's effect when you wank. No one wants to hear that shit. Take "Johnny Guitar" by the Runaways. The solo goes on forever. Why do you think it's called "Johnny Guitar"? Jesus! Learn when to stop!
MRR: So, how is it easier to be in a band with all girls, then?
Surdu: Cuz men are bitches!
Iovan: That hasn't been my experience, because the guys that I play with are pretty low key. But guys usually wanna run the show where I think with girls, it's more democratic. There's not somebody in the band telling us what we're gonna do, how we're gonna play.
MRR: They make a lot of noise about running the show.
Surdu: They're BITCHES!
Iovan: One thing I like about playing with guys is that they'll practice for hours and hours. They don't mind playing or practicing any time.
Surdu: They're ready to wank.
Iovan: Like they got nothin' else to do. They just want to play.
MRR: Your practices tend to be a little more abbreviated?
Surdu: Very abbreviated.
Agolli: I enjoy getting straight to the point, not going over something till it's dead.
MRR: In a world of a million punk rock bands, why would you start a punk rock band?
Surdu: To get to the point. Punk is straight forward—I hate bullshit.
Iovan: Well, that's Amy's angle. I think I've tempered that a bit in this band because I don't really play like that.
Surdu: We're talking about a bass player that has a James Jamerson songbook and listens to Etta James.
Iovan: The music I like to play is a little more rhythmic or groovin' than punk rock. So there's a balance. It's more just rock and roll.
MRR: Pop?
Iovan: Sometimes.
Surdu: Eeeewww.
MRR: Why would you be embarrassed about that?
Surdu: Cuz I'm not pop.
Agolli: She's more metal.
Surdu: It's a curse. These two temper that, thank God.
MRR: You covered "Hit you Hard" on your single. What was it about that song?
Surdu: It's a great song! The Real Kids are a great band. They inspired a lot of other great rock and roll bands.
Iovan: It's fun too, for a girl band to cover a guy-band song. We cover a Dixie-Cups song too, but with that you're always comparing yourself to the Dixie-Cups.
MRR: What has been you best show yet?
Surdu: The greatest show so far was our record release party with the Clone Defects and Rocket 455. Totally rockin' and totally packed.
MRR: What's next?
Surdu: New Years Eve at the Old Miami in Detroit and The Empty Bottle in Chicago on New Years Day opening for Jack Oblivian.
Full-length is due out Spring/Summer 2000.

Deb









Seco

ond Best?

WITH A NEW RECORD AND NEW FACES, HORACE PINKER OVERCOMES A THREE-YEAR ABSENCE.

story by kyle ryan • photos by sally washburn

Few punk bands have experienced the fickleness of the punk-rock scene more than Horace Pinker. Since their debut in 1991, the band has seemed to be continually on the edge of something greater, yet often they have been forced to watch as their peers experienced the success that has seemingly eluded them.

Power Tools, released in 1994 by Houston's Justice Records, set the stage for Horace Pinker, originally from Tempe, Ariz. While the album received good reviews and sales fueled by the band's relentless touring, Justice dropped the band just before they were to record their second album. After recording a successful seven inch for Fat Wreck Chords, Horace Pinker seemed poised to make a jump to one of the biggest labels in punk rock. It didn't happen. Onefoot Records released 1996's *Burn Tempe to the Ground*, and Horace Pinker toured again.

And then for three years, very little happened.

Sporatic compilation tracks hardly filled the noticeable void of releases. The band moved to Chicago, where guitarist and vocalist Scott Eastman finished his degree at DePaul University and bass player Miguel Barron worked for an advertising firm. In the winter of 1998, drummer Bryan Jones moved to the Windy City. A short tour followed in the spring of 1998, with the noticeable addition of Matt Arluck as the band's second guitarist.

Barron left the band the following summer to work with Armchair Martian. During the search for his replacement, Karl Eifrig of Lynyrd's Innards filled in and cowrote Horace Pinker's new record, *Pop Culture Failure*. The record, completed in April of 1999, sat on DAT tapes for several months as the band settled the details with Onefoot.

The band also released a b-sides compilation called *Seven Mile Road* on Jones' Offtime Records.

In the summer of 1999, Chris Bauermeister, formerly of Jawbreaker, joined the band. It was his first musical project since Jawbreaker's demise, and he played his first show in three years in July of 1999 in Rockford, Ill. Since then, Eastman has moved to Boston for graduate school.

Matt Arluck: guitar, backup vocals
Chris Bauermeister: bass
Scott Eastman: vocals, guitar
Bryan Jones: drums

MRR: So where the hell have you guys been? Let's pick up with Burn Tempe. Horace Pinker is a three piece, Miguel Barron's in the band, and then...

bj: Then Matt came in around February of last year.

se: We recruited him [Arluck] from Type A snowboards and skateboards. We had a big, nationwide talent contest for the youngest, cutest boy.

ma: I won the cutest part of the talent process.

se: We had hundreds of applicants.

ma: They waived the talent part.

The line-up isn't the only thing that's changed. Whereas *Burn Tempe* was a very Fat-Wreck-sounding album, *Pop Culture Failure* is...

se: Not.

So how else does PCF differ from its two predecessors?

ma: It's the extra guitar I think.

se: It's the dueling solos.

bj: I like it better than all of them.

cb: It made me want to join the band.

bj: Chris hated us at first.

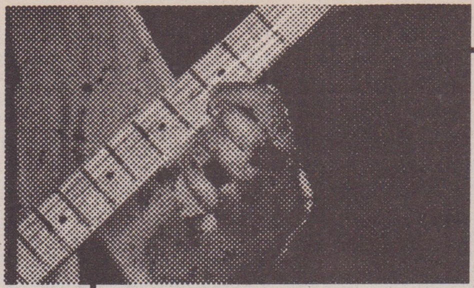
se: [imitating Bauermeister] "They're better than the last band I was in!"

Musically, has it evolved?

ma: I think it's definitely evolved. It sounds more mature.

bj: When we were in Texas recording...we were doing this stuff back in like '94. We had all these songs, and then one way or another we ended up doing Burn Tempe. After that, we sort of re-evaluated what we were doing. I think it's in the same spirit, but it's just more honest.

se: I think it's more like our old stuff,



because we used to have two guitar players when we formed the band in 1991.

How much of a creative force was Miguel on PCF?

se: He cowrote two of the songs.

So Karl [Lynyrd's Innards] filled in. How much of a help was Karl when the record was being written?

ma: Karl wrote all of the bass lines, and they're all really good.

cb: I like them.

se: Actually, the bass lines are incredibly intricate. I was surprised when Chris learned the bass lines how intricate they are, and how they deviate from the guitar lines.

How long was Karl working with you?

se: He was with us for about six months.

And then you picked up Chris.

se: Yeah, we were at the Fireside [Bowl, Chicago punk-rock club] one night, and we were at a show, and we saw this guy puking in toilet, and then I heard a little 16-year-old kid say, "Hey, I think that's Chris from Jawbreaker!" And we're like, "Hey, we know Chris from Jawbreaker." And so we saw him puking, and we were like, "Chris, would you like to join Horace Pinker? We've been known to puke in a few bathrooms." And he said, "Yeah, that'd be great [puking noise]."

So Chris, how did you get on the hell-bound path of Pinkerdom?

cb: I'm in grad school, and this is my second year. But when we moved here, we didn't know anyone, and we went to a show of a friend's band, and we saw these guys, and I kept running into them at different shows and bars and stuff. I was thinking about doing something musically again after being away from music for a long time. It worked out, especially since Scott's going away to grad school in the fall, so it works out that it's not like a band that's going to need me when I can't be around—because I've got buttloads of work to do.

Now this being your first gig since the break up of Jawbreaker, how much of a culture shock was it to come down to their level?

cb: It was weird. What was weird was being on stage again, and it was different because it'd been a long time since I

Pop Culture Failure

played really small shows, and I think it was nice. "I'd like to thank all five of you for coming out to the show..."

I'm surprised you weren't getting song requests at that show. So no Horace Pinker/Jets to Brazil splits anytime soon?

cb: No.

You all think this is Horace Pinker's best stuff ever. But having a three-year gap with only sporatic touring and occasional comp tracks in between, how much of a task is it going to be to rekindle interest in the kids who are notorious for their short-term memory?

bj: I think it's definitely.....hard..what was the question again? [laughs] You know, hopefully people will hear the record, and you know, it's a good record, and hopefully people will like it. Maybe it will even turn people on to our older stuff. I think we're just making music that we like, and people will either like it or not like it.

So with you [Eastman] moving, what are we to expect from Horace Pinker with everyone being across the nation?

bj: We've never really lived in the same city. It's not going to be any different. We won't be doing any eight-month tours, but we're going to do breaks.

se: Look for us on all school breaks and after-school specials.

That's good for the kids!

cb: Exactly.

se: It's going to be kid-friendly—kid-friendly Horace Pinker.

What do you think is keeping you from taking it further now?

bj: I think it's something called lives.

ma: It's something that none of us have had in a long time, and it's kind of neat.

bj: It's kind of neat not living in a van.

cb: There's a reason I haven't been in a band in three years.

So these are the lifestyle changes that come when you're around 30?

cb: Hey, I'm going to be as old as Jesus was in a little over two weeks.

Wow, "CHRIS BAUERMEISTER COMPARES HIMSELF TO JESUS." There's the headline. Subhead: "BLAKE SCHWARZENBACH ANGRY."

Horace Pinker's latest, Pop Culture Failure, *is available on Onefoot Records, and the vinyl is on Offtime Records. For information: www.onefootrec.com, www.horacepinker.com or www.offtime.com.* Seven Mile Road *is available on Offtime Records.*

www.horacepinker.com

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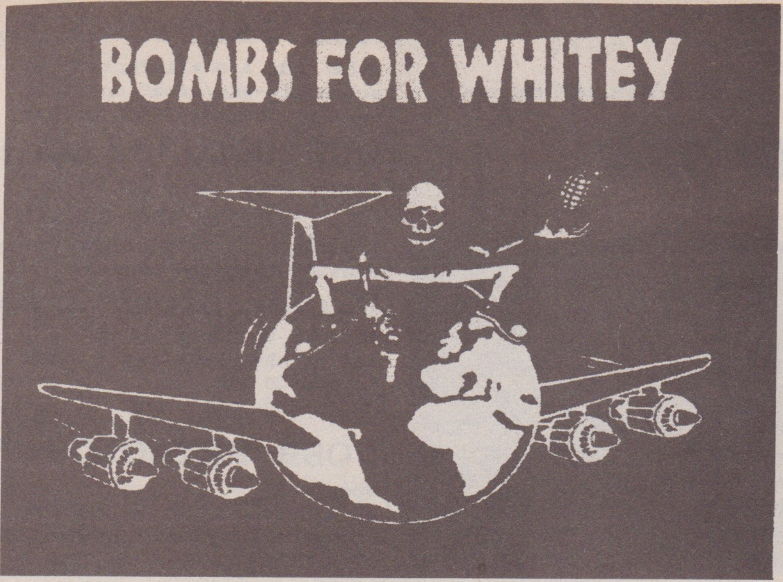

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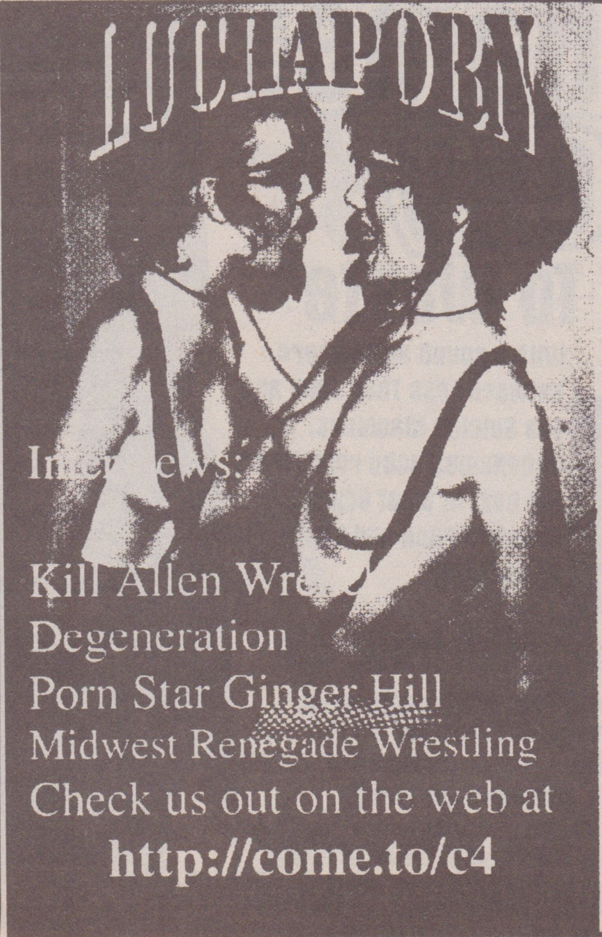

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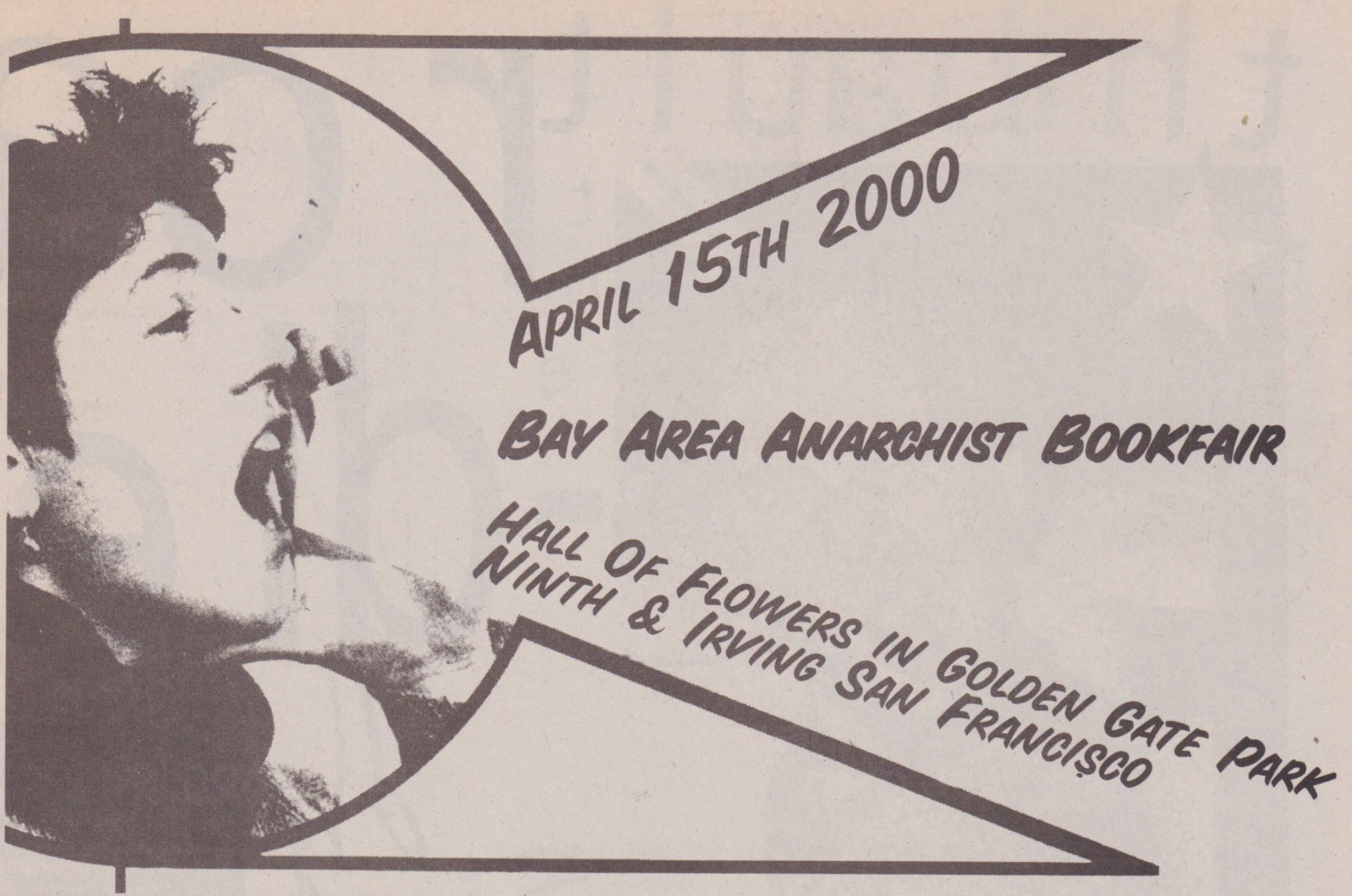
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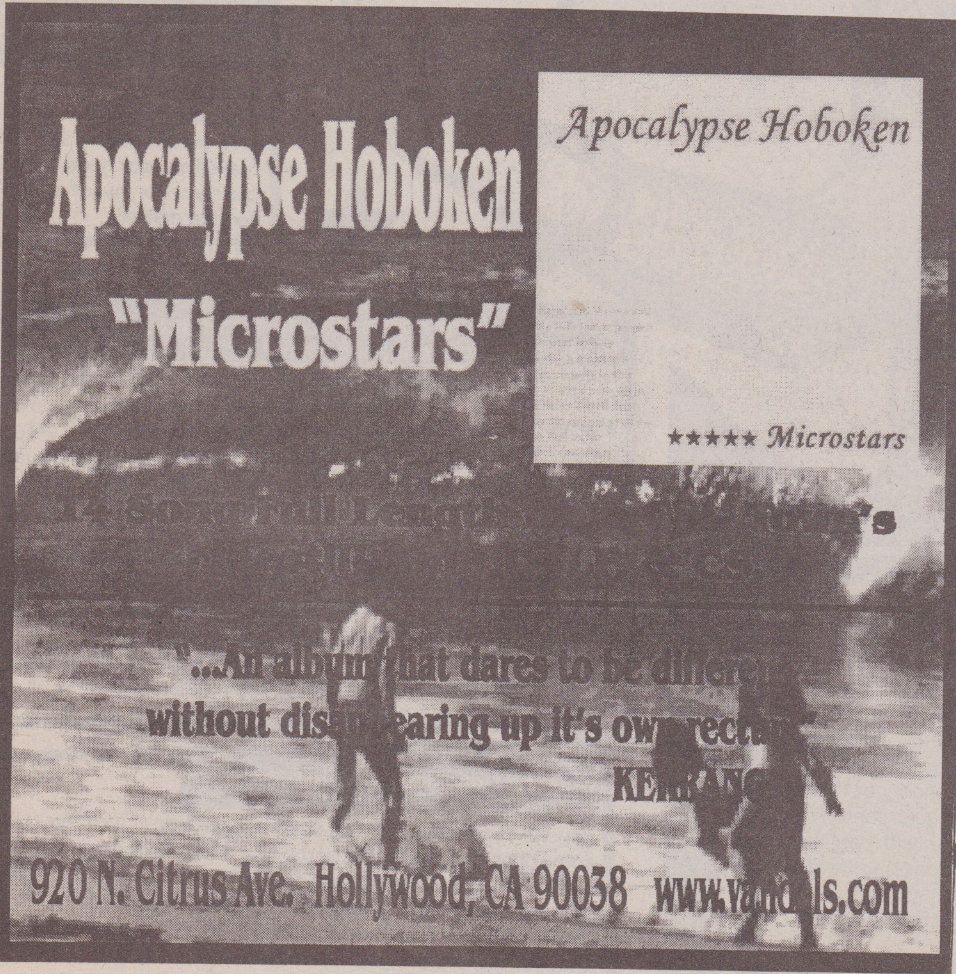
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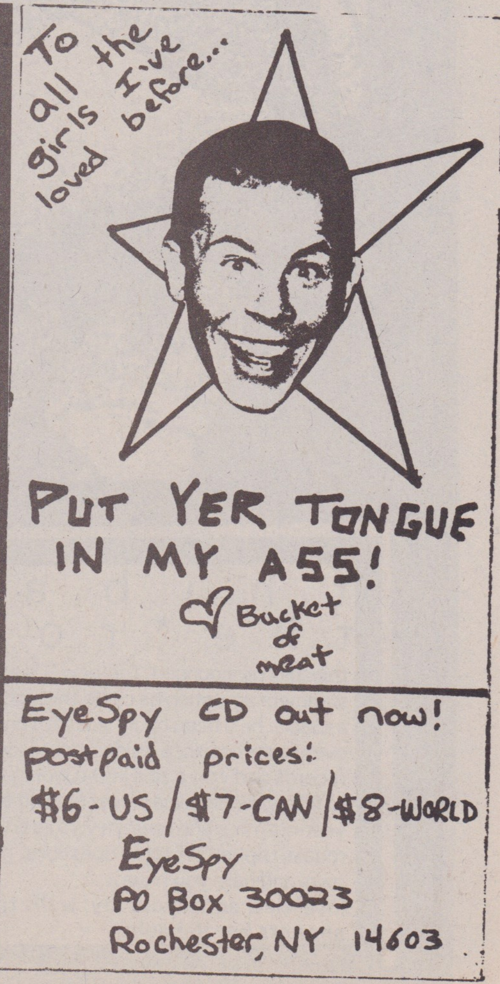
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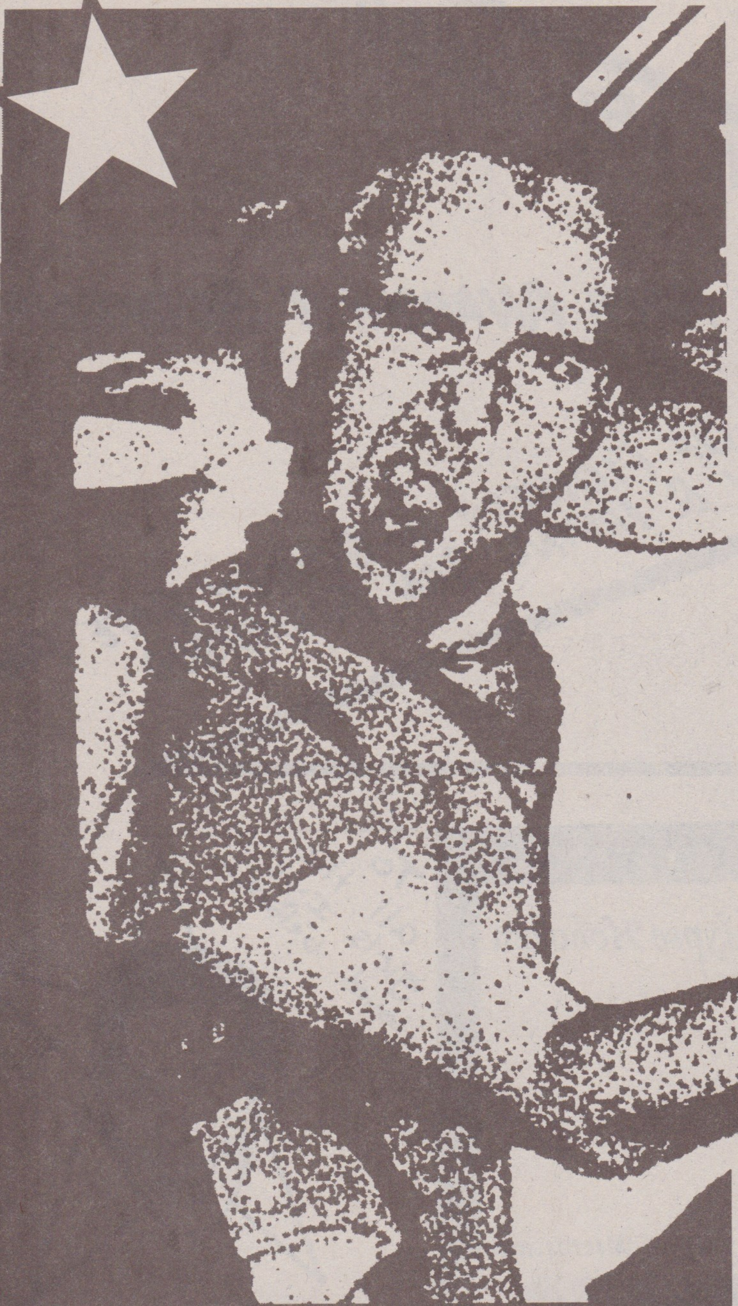

okay the first time i met you, you were sober and kinda funny looking. the second time, you were better looking but kinda drunk. by the third time you came through here on tour you were bombed and a great looking dude. please explain.

alcohol will make for one hell of a mistress. but she loves me and i love her. what can i say, she makes me look good. i can't say the same for myself or for her for that matter...

thibault the*roadie

thibault (pronounced "tee-bow") is a guy i met three summers ago when he came through my town on tour as a roadie. he's been back here with one band or another every summer since. aside from roadying, he's put out records and has a zine in the works. i finally got the idea to interview him when i was flipping through some 10-year-old mrr's and saw tim yo's interview with pete the roadie. i ripped off some questions, made up some of my own, and here you have it...

interview and layout by: wells traffic violation.
answers by: thibault.

you sound drunk now. seriously, for what bands have you roadied, for how long, and when?

i have roadied for the last 5 years. i started roadying for the band d.b.s from vancouver, canada. i was living in montreal and they came down to do a week tour for the "sno jam festival." it was a big tour that did eastern canada with bands like bouncing souls, youth brigade, and no use for a name. a friend of mine knew the girl that was running the label that they (d.b.s.) were on at the time. and i ended up catching a ride with them and selling their stuff.

after that i went on tour with them that summer for two month through the us and canada with the band anti-flag. as time went on, i ended up moving to vancouver. i started booking d.b.s.'s tours and going on the road with them, tour managing and doing all that other crap that goes with it. d.b.s was my project. i also went on tour with a band called all the answers. i was their liquor(ed up) roadie and therapist. we're all good friends so they endured my antics.

what's a typical day on the road like?

depending on when the next show is... wake up at whatever time. do some phone calls to see how the tour is looking for the next couple weeks. shows fall through left and right and if you don't keep on top of it you end up having your tour fall apart. every diy band knows the drill when it comes to booking shows. pure hell.... but its fun right? that's why we're doing it. because its ours and nobody else can get their grubby hands on the pie.

crazy off-the-wall story. go:

shit. i became a reverend on tour and got married at the 24th church of elvis in portland, oregon. walked into a hold up in a gas station in idaho. rode a mechanical bull in a country bar in chico, california. got kicked out of a whore house in nevada at six in the morning because we were looking for t-shirts with the name of the pussycat house.. tour is fun. you have to keep it interesting if not your gonna kill the four other guys that are with you.

but i think the all time best story is this. i was on tour with d.b.s and we just finished a tour with digger from pennsylvania. we had a day off and we were in colorado and ALL was playing in their home town. well, we went to see them play. d.b.s. had played with ALL a long way back in vancouver and i guess karl remembered jesse.. anyhow, to make a long story short: we ended up staying at karl's house. now, the descendents were the band that got me through it all. right. everybody got piles of shit in their lives. i was no exception but the descendents were there every day for me. so it was pretty cool hanging out with karl who was just a dude. no attitude, no nothing. it means a lot to hang out with one of the guys that got you into punk rock and it being that cool, in that sense. its the only type of music that you hang out and meet the dudes that you admire their work. it was cool. i got tattooed the next day in denver so i would never forget.

Thibault, d.b.s, I-Farm, Funbox, Striped Basstards, and others at the beach on Long Island, New York.

what makes a good roadie?

a sense of humor. that's the joke right? i am your average guy with deep love for this punk rock. but i don't think i am better than any other person out there. when it comes to technical stuff i am an idiot. i just like what i do. the people that end up working with me, i think, notice that i truly enjoy what i am doing. i mean there is something special in this little thing we have here. i know that some try to milk it for all it is worth, but you know and i know that it gets people together. and at the end of the night after many bottle of beers and lots of laughter, the ideas start rolling on what we can actually do with this thing. and the possibilities are endless. but i want to make something real clear. i am no special case. any kid can do what i have done and ought to. don't ask, just go.

how'd you land the job tour managing for wesley willis?

well at this point, it all tentative. but i met the booking agent for welsey willis on tour last summer. he is in this band called muchacha. and i know canada quite well and most of people who book shows there, so it makes it easy for me to tour manage welsey. and it would be good time. i don't quite know the details as of right now but it may look like a ten day tour in febuary.

rock over london. what's going on with your label, skooby snack records?

skooby snack is pretty much dead. since i started skooby snack i have moved over 6 times. i just can't keep it up. i move around way too much. and i figured out that i like putting out records but i don't like selling them or pestering the people who are distributing the record for money. i have much respect for record labels. i can't do them. i am working on a zine right now. i am gonna tell the story of 4 different people that i've met on my travels. they have nothing to do with punk rock but they are people like you and me. and they have stories and their stories are worth being written about because human life is worth that much. and again, these guys aren't "cool".. you know what i mean? you see them every day walking to work, begging for change, getting drunk at the bar. but they all got stories. we all got them, and they're worth honoring.

what's the worst part of touring all summer?

going home at the end of the summer. come december 2000 i want to tour full time. bands get a hold of me if you want my services.

a lot of people say that there are too many bands out there trying to tour (especially in the summer months). does this glut of touring bands make it harder to book tours?

yeah. it can be problematic. it depends on your luck. if you are a small diy band then you are better off touring in the summer. kids are out of school and more kids are willing to put on shows. because there are more bands touring, you got a better chance of booking good shows with other touring bands. and its fun seeing other touring bands. the down side is that sometimes you end up trailing a big touring band. i think it was digger and slacker, before we hooked up with them they were trailing avail by a couple days and that hurt their tour a lot. but that's the rock n roll game.

have you ever subbed for someone too sick (or whatever) to play a show?

no... have mercy on the band that i would have to do that to. when they felt couragous, all the answers had me sing a song that had no lyrics on one of their tours. i would make a fool out of myself and we all would have a lot fun. it was good times.

have you ever thought about being in a band?

well.. i started playing the guitar. it'd be cool to start a band. i got a lot on my mind, so to be in control of the message would be interesting. we'll see what happens. definitely being in a band would be interesting. roadying is fun because you get to see it all from an outsiders point of view.

i know you've lived all over the world. where have you lived? and why do you move around so much? Any plans for the

i was born in france and lived most of my childhood in atlanta, georgia where i learned to speak english. when i was 15 or so i moved to montreal. i lived in vancouver for awhile but now i am back in montreal and i am finishing up a degree in philosophy at the university. i don't really know what i am going to do after this. i'll be definitely moving out of canada. i just want to travel if it is by myself or with a band. that's what i'll be doing. so i'll be out there. i like moving a lot... i like it that way. no bullshit. you get what you need from the people that are around you, give back what you think they may need and then you get the fuck

<--- thibault relaxing in a hottub: smokin' cigars and drinkin' budweiser. is this guy classy or what?

bands who need a roadie / tour manager or anyone else who cares can get in touch:
Thibault
2147 Marlowe Apt. 6.
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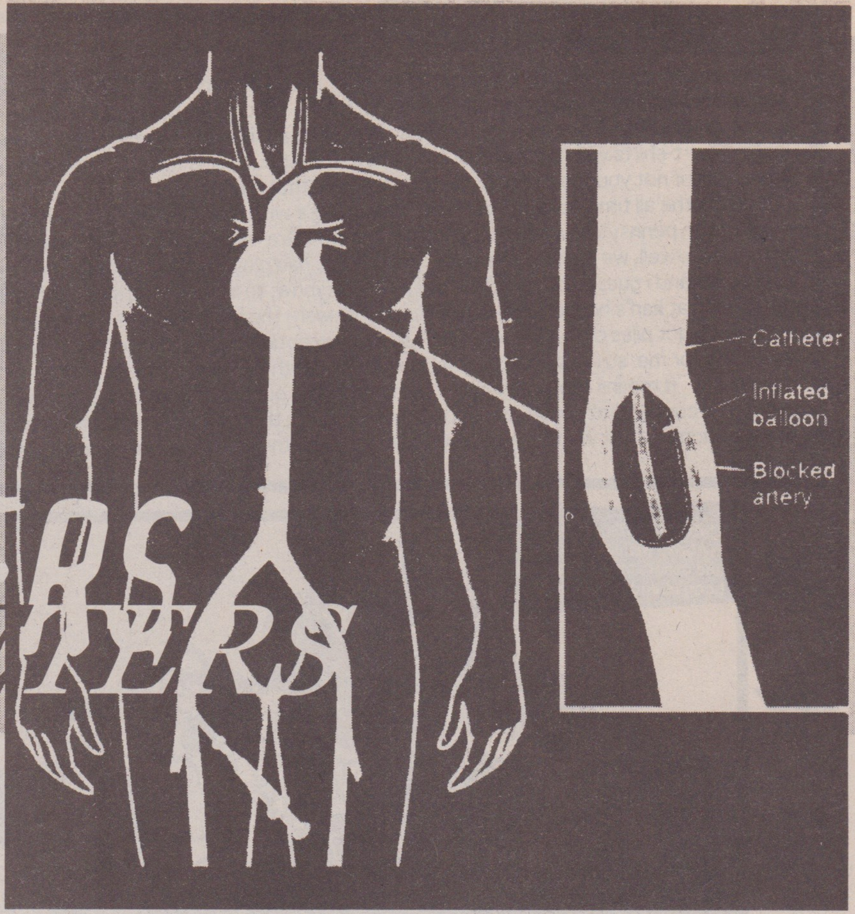
Sassy. Brassy. The chicks dig their chassis. And if you like yer rock & roll a la Dead Boys, the Catheters have it in spades. Coming from the land of Mudhoney, Tight Bros., and the Murder City Devils, the Catheters fit right into all this Motor City madness, turning wherever they play into a CBGB's of its own! Give 'em a smooch when they swing through your town....
by Tim Hayes (Fallout Records in Seattle)



CATHETERS

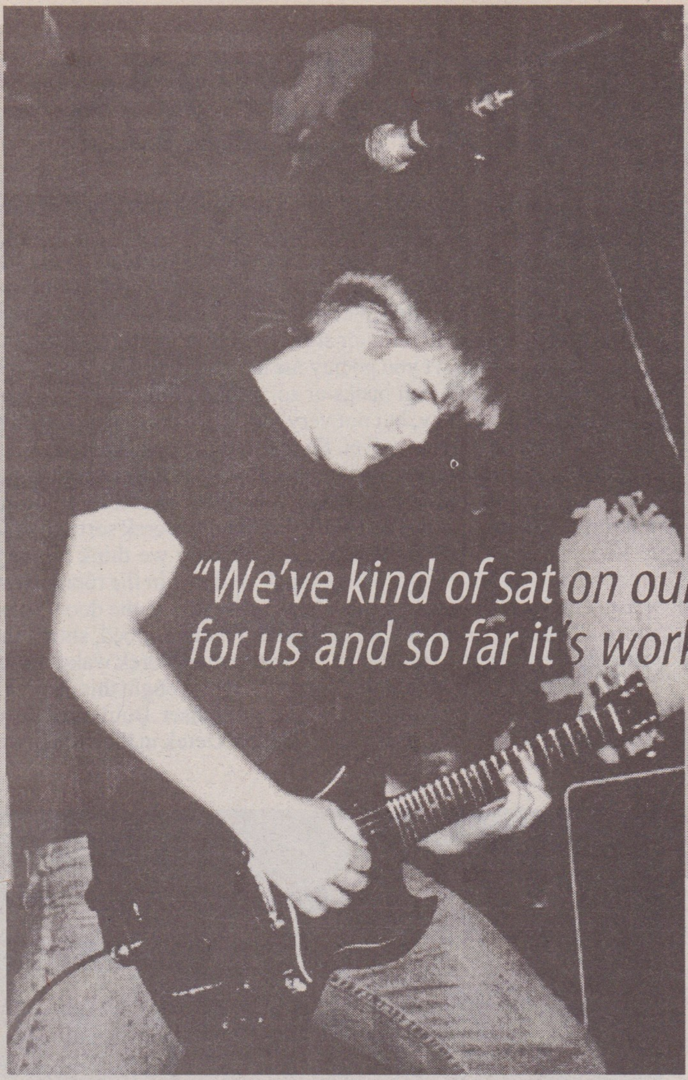
CATHETERS

MRR: All right guys. Names.
Dave: Dave, I play drums.
Brian: I play the vocals.
Lars: I play guitar.
Derek: I play guitar.
Brian: Paul plays bass, but he's not here.
MRR: We're not going to mention ages unless you guys want to. Actually, that's a question. Do you have troubles touring because of school and stuff like that? Did that become a problem with you guys?
Dave: It does become a problem, because some of us have different school schedules.
Derek: David doesn't go anyway, so it hasn't become that big a problem, we just go during the breaks.
Brian: So far we've been on one tour, and that was during the summer, so we haven't really run into that yet.
MRR: How was that tour?
All: Really good.
MRR: Who did you guys tour with?
Derek: The Black Halos.
MRR: Rockin', I bet.
All: Yeah.
Brian: Almost as good as us! (laughter) We had those geezers, and we gave them a run for their money!
MRR: Didn't you guys start out as kind of a hardcore band originally?
Lars: I couldn't answer that.
Derek: Kind of a punk band to start off with. We just kind of wanted to try to play things as fast and hard as we could. And then we basically got bored of that and evolved from there.
MRR: And that was as the Catheters, right?
Derek: Yeah. We've all been friends for a really long time, so we just stayed the same band.
MRR: Were you guys in bands before the Catheters at all?
Derek: No. I used to play with our old drummer, and we actually used to play Gas Huffer tunes.
MRR: Oooh! Out of the closet!
Brian: Just "Crooked Bird" and another.
MRR: Hey, you gotta start somewhere, man. How about influences?
Dave: D-Generation.
Derek: We started off on a strict diet of Ramones and Black Flag.
MRR: There's gotta be more than that. You guys remind me a lot of the Dead Boys in some ways.
Brian: That's what a lot of people say.
Lars: When I listen to the music that we play I don't really think of any band in particular. For me it's sort of a wide range of things.
Brian: Obviously you can pinpoint certain things in it, I mean, it's not totally original or anything . But as far as sitting down and writing songs, I don't think of a particular band.
MRR: You guys just do what comes natural, basically.
Brian: What we listen to is anywhere from punk rock to straight ahead 70s rock stuff, like Aerosmith, Alice Cooper, and that type of thing. Rolling Stones.
Lars: For me, it was the music that I've listened to and the way I discovered that music was always just whether I liked it or not. If you have a record collection, the music you make is sort of a combination of all the things you listen to.
MRR: And then you add a piece of your own in there too.
Lars: Exactly.
Brian: We just like rock music.
Lars: I listen to Woody Guthrie.
MRR: Was it just a mutual agreement that you guys had to change your style?
Derek: We were kind of on the change when Lars joined. And it took off from there, 'cause Lars was in support of the change.
Brian: We still had some of the older songs in the set.
Lars: Those sets sort of disappeared.
Brian: "The Kids Know How to Rock," we had written before Lars joined the band, and that was one of the first songs he learned. That was the direction we were heading in anyway, and that was the same type of stuff that Lars was into, so it worked out all right.
MRR: Do you think the change pissed off a lot of the punk rockers, the old fans?
Derek: We didn't have that many old fans!
Brian: From the few that we had, I think we got a little shit for it. A lot of people at the beginning started comparing us to the Murder City Devils, because that was sort of an influence.
Lars: When I became friends with them, they were right about to be in that band. It hadn't really started yet.
MRR: And they were Area 51 before that?
Brian: I never saw that band. They were also the Death Wish Kids.
Lars: The reason I was friends with them was because they were into the same music as me. And I had never met anyone who was into the same music. I thought I was some kind of weirdo.
Brian: I used to be really into Black Flag and the Bad Brains.
Lars: The first punk bands I liked were the Misfits and the Ramones, which were sort of like pop bands. I mean, obviously they were punk bands, but really catchy. And like, Joan Jett. I was never into the Dead Kennedys

CATHETERS

Derek: In Hollywood, we're sitting on the swing porch in our hotel in Hollywood, we were making rum and cokes.
Lars: It was whiskey. You're not giving any background on the story. Check this out. So, when we were driving down to California we stopped in this town called Weed. And they had this old time liquor store. And this is the first liquor store we'd seen on the road. So I was like, "Dylan, why don't you go buy me a pint of whiskey?" So me and Paul give him like fifteen bucks or something, thinking we're gonna get some good whiskey, but not very much. He comes back with this two liter bottle of Black Velvet. So the first night we came to LA we had this bottle and we drank a bunch and went in the swimming pool. Later, we were sitting there, getting really drunk and really emotional, talking about our families and stuff, and finally Derek sorta slinks off to bed. Me and Brian are freaking out because we think he ran off somewhere in Hollywood. We get back, and he's in the room. Brian's wasted and falls on his face as soon as he walked in the door. So now we're all taking our clothes off and getting ready for bed, sitting there in our underwear and about to go to sleep, when Derek wakes up. and he's like, "Let's go do something crazy!" I'd just bought this camera for tour. So we ran out into the middle of Sunset Boulevard in our underwear, and I took pictures of Brian and Derek in their underwear,

really. I was a huge Clash fan, and still am.
Brian: We started off with the whole Mudhoney, Melvins, that type of thing. But the first song we ever learned how to play was "Blitzkrieg Bop". It's amazing how the Ramones can fucking transcend for so many generations.
Lars: I had a friend who played the drums when I was in 6th grade, and he had a friend who played guitar. And the first song we ever played together was "Louie Louie." That was the first song I learned to play on the guitar.
MRR: You know, I quit a band because I was forced to play "Louie Louie."
Lars: Well, at that time it was like, "Wow, I'm making a song! I'm playing and it sounds right!" And I remember it being really funny because I was trying to play "Forming," which is probably the most retarded sounding song there is. And I couldn't do it! I remember my friend yelling at me, "It's so easy, come on!" He was pissed, "No, look, it goes like that!"
MRR: So, the Murder City Devils played an important part in getting you guys your first Catheters shows, right?
Derek: Yeah, they helped us out quite a bit. They helped us get a few big shows, and then other people started helping us out, sort of as a result of that.
Brian: Essentially we've never done really anything for ourselves. We've kind of sat on our asses waiting for people to do shit for us and so far it's worked out pretty well.
Dave: Now I do all the shit.
Brian: Derek (MCD) sort of took an interest even before Lars joined.
Lars: I was with him the first time he saw your band, and I think that was the first time I saw it!
MRR: He was telling me about when you guys were changing into the rock and roll thing, going, "Tim, you gotta check out these Catheters guys. They got their heads in the right place, you gotta go see them!" Now, how about tour stories?



played Stinky's Peepshow .
Lars: At the Covered Wagon.
Brian: I think getting to play with Mudhoney was the highlight
MRR: Where was that?
Brian: That was at Rckcndy. Let me just preface this by saying that Mudhoney has been for a long time one of my absolute favorite bands.
Lars: Anyway, so we play with Mudhoney. I don't know any of the rest of them, but I'd met Mark a couple of times just through weird circumstances.
Lars: So I don't remember how we got beer or whatever, but we got really wasted before we played.
Brian: I had to. It was the first time I'd ever done it.
Lars: He was nervous, or whatever. So he was shit-faced drunk. And on stage, staggering around and I'm just watching him. Everyone knows he's drunk. One of the recent shows that I've played that I really enjoyed was the Donnas.

"We've kind of sat on our asses waiting for people to do shit for us and so far it's worked out pretty well."

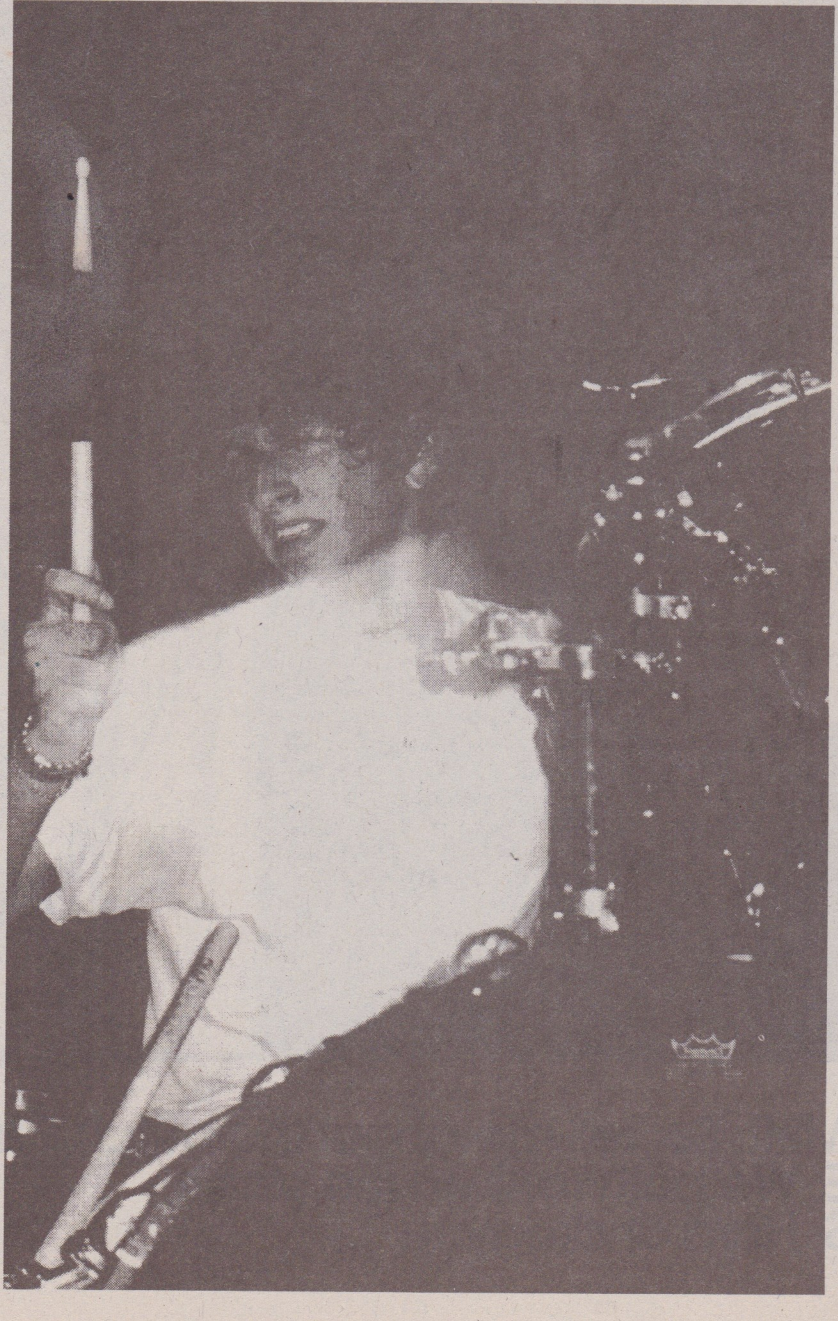
Brian: The Donnas was enjoyable because of just getting to see the Donnas!
MRR: Yeah, what about this infatuation with the Donnas, anyway?
Brian: Essentially, and I think I speak for Lars too, we are both in love with Donna R.
Lars: She's really cute.
Brian: She's beautiful.
Lars: Recently we played in Canada opening up for the Smugglers and Pansy Division. And everybody hated us.
Brian: Well, I wouldn't say they hated us.
Lars: And the car got broken into. but I got a hate note. The whole place was packed, but everybody was standing still. There was this ten foot hole where nobody was standing in front of the stage. I was really drunk and kept berating the audience. Just yelling at them and being really obnoxious. And they just were not responding at all. I was trying to be really confrontational and trying to get some kind of reaction out of them, but it just wasn't working. They'd given us these pitchers of ice water and I was trying to throw it over the whole audience, but it ended up hitting these two girls. So one of them wrote me this really mean note about how I don't have the status to throw water on them.
Brian: And that you wore tight pants.
Lars: She hated my "Joey Ramone jeans."
Derek: I got to do a sound check with the Damned. That was pretty cool.
MRR: That is pretty cool!
Derek: I played "Neat Neat Neat" with them! Their bass player was somewhere else .
Lars: The Catheters played with them.
Dave: This was before Lars ruined the band.
MRR: So, you just recorded an album for Empty Records. How did the recording go?
Dave: I thought it went pretty good. We had some disagreement with the mixing.
Derek: It went excellent. Buy our record.
Brian: There were a couple of times when me and Lars were gonna kill each other. We got frustrated quite a few times. But overall I think it was a good experience, it was really fun to do.
MRR: When did it come out?
Derek: Late October.
MRR: Did you ever have music in the house when you guys were growing up?
Derek: My house was straight jazz and '60s music.
MRR: Straight jazz in the sense of...?
Derek: Old jazz, old blues, and my mom was really into folk music, so I kind of rebelled against that in second grade and bought my first tape, Guns N Roses.
Brian: *Appetite for Destruction.* My first tape too, got it dubbed off of him! Friends since kindergarten . it was all about *Appetite*. From then on, it was just rock city.
Derek: I think my second tape was Def Leppard, *Hysteria*.

on Sunset Boulevard, drunk as hell.
Brian: So then we booked into the room and just got into bed. "Pretend to be asleep!"
Lars: We thought we were gonna be kicked out of the hotel.
Brian: Dave's got a tour story .
Dave: Night Train and Black Velvet were the only things we drank on tour, besides beer.
Brian: Night Train's delicious! It tastes like grape juice. It's amazing, seriously!
Dave: And we had a party in our hotel room. We met all these kids in LA, and went bowling with them. we snuck probably ten kids into our room.
Lars: It was a gross hotel.
Brian: There was a used condom under the bed. Just trash.
MRR: What are some of the favorite shows that you've played? On tour, or otherwise?
Lars: Al's Bar on tour in LA was great.
Derek: My favorite shows were probably the ones where all the old friends show up and people I haven't seen in a while. Those are always fun to play.
Dave: I thought Chain Reaction was really fun.
Brian: San Francisco was really fun, we

CATHETERS catheters CATHETERS

Contact the Catheters c/o Empty Records, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102
email: empty@eskimo.com

Lars: See, I grew up with good music. My dad was really straight, but he saw the Stones in '71. And he saw the Who in '69. Those were his favorite bands. He was really into the Beatles, and all that '60s stuff.
Brian: My folks played country. Lots and lots of country music. Contemporary country music. The Judds, things like that. That's all that my dad really listens to. Paul's dad has an amazing record collection. Yardbirds, really rare old blues stuff. And he would collect all the British pressings of those records, too.
Lars: He traced it back to getting into the blues that those bands were influenced by, like Howlin' Wolf.
MRR: So what's the future of the Catheters? How far do you think the Catheters are gonna go? Do you think you're gonna be a band five years, ten years, six months from now?
Lars: To quote Nikki Sixx: "Take me to the top."
MRR: Say, worst case scenario, you guys decided to split. I'm sure you'd still want to play music. Would you guys play rock & roll, pop?
Derek: I'd be playing techno.
Brian: I'd be playing a similar type of music. I mean, I wouldn't want to do the same thing we did here, but the songs that I would write would be along the same lines.
Lars: This sounds so lame and cheesy, but I'm always trying to expand the stuff that you'd normally do. Doing something different like that, I think it really adds to a band's record. But you get four or five guys together, and practice, sometimes it just clicks, and it sounds so good, and it feels so good. That's the purest form of pleasure I know.
MRR: So, what new bands are out there that you guys like right now?
All: Zen Guerrilla.
Derek: Turbonegro. I really like Scared of Chaka's new album.
Lars: I like the Hellacopters.
Dave: The Tight Bros.
Brian: Especially the Tight Bros live.
Lars: I guess they broke up, but D-Generation. They never gave a shit in terms of being punk rock. They would do pop. It's total glam pop, but it's rock and roll.
MRR: What about you, Dave?
Dave: I like D-Generation's drummer a lot. I think my two favorite drummers are Tre Cool and Tommy Lee.
Lars: If I had to pick my favorite drummers, it would be Keith Moon and John Bonham.
Brian: Ginger Baker.
MRR: OK. When's the next tour?
Derek: Hopefully soon!
Brian: Sometime during the spring or the summer.
MRR: Before we go, anything you want to say, anything these cats should know about the Catheters?
Brian: I'm single .
MRR: You guys are all single, right?
Brian: Lars has got the ball and chain.
Lars: The most important thing to know though is that a magazine called *Maximum Rock & Roll* should be about Rock & Roll. In the words of Neil Young, "Rock and roll is here to stay."



MRR: So, tell me about the butch/femme test you just took.
E: We both ranked the same -
S: Hard androgyne.

The Haggard are a two-piece hardcore band from Portland, OR. They are also girls. They are also dykes. Emily (guitar, vocals) and sts (drums, vocals) were interviewed on the last day of their US tour, before they played at Kimo's Bar in San Francisco. Mikel asked the questions.

THE HAGGARD

Sometimes the guys look surprised that we're playing hardcore.

S: I didn't concentrate very hard. I was just trying to get it done so I could watch Pop-up video. But it had good questions. I didn't agree that it said that I liked computer gadgets and to have money in a savings account and retirement plan.

E: Those are both true of me.

MRR: When did the two of you decide to start playing music together?

E: Summer of 1996. sts came over to the house I was living at with five boys, and she played drums and I played guitar.

S: It was like a rock band. We did a Nirvana cover and a Cure cover - we didn't ever finish anything.

E: After that we moved in together and we played in the basement.

S: We had random bands - we had a goth band one night, we had quiet band.

E: We had two different bands with different singers, but it never worked out.

S: Because I can't get along with anybody besides Emily. And that's only because Emily has an extreme amount of patience.

MRR: When did you start the Haggard?

E: September 1998.

S: Our singer left Durham for Portland and then it was just the two of us.

E: We all moved to Durham as One Threw Seven, we toured across the US to Durham and relocated for five months. We didn't get along with the singer and she flew back, and then we started playing as the Haggard. We were forced to do it because we had a tour booked already. We had two weeks to write all our songs.

S: Our first show was at a sushi bar in Charlottesville, Virginia with the Third Sex and Harum Scarum.

E: Then we had an east coast tour with the Need.

MRR: What inspired you to start a hardcore band?

E: It's fun to play.

S: Yes, I like playing fast. I like singing. I like screaming.

MRR: What sort of reaction have you received to your music, both on tour and back in Portland?

S: Supportive.

E: Sometimes the guys look surprised that we're playing hardcore.

S: Why do guys look surprised?

MRR: I was wondering if the reaction differed between guys and girls.

S: You got an e-mail from a girl that said we were inspiring. That was nice.

E: The reaction from girls is sometimes, "I wouldn't normally listen to that kind of music, but, I'm glad I saw them, and I probably wouldn't have unless they were dykes." And the guys...

S: (mocking some guy) "Are they boys or girls?"

E: The guys don't really care that we're girls, they like the music.

MRR: Is there a lot of support in the dyke scene in Portland?

S: We have random support. Some people come to every show. There are a lot of musicians in our circle of friends and we like to support each other.

E: Because there are so many dyke bands out of Portland, some people take it for granted.

S: Going to Durham, anytime there was a girl band, you would drive a half hour to see them play. And in Portland, there's dyke shows in my basement and I won't even go. You totally take it for granted.

E: There's more subdivisions in the dyke scene. You get support from your friends, but you get discouraged by other people who you might not have the same politics, or you have different friends.

MRR: You have both been in bands before. How is being in a two piece band different for you?

E: It's easier for us to get along and make decisions.

S: This is the first band where I've taken a 50% initiative in the focus in the band. In Cadallaca, I let other people do it and I would follow along. This is the first band where I have to pay attention. So it's harder for me. In the Lookers, I'd show up to practice and Sarah would have a song. I'd put drums to it and there it would be. She would book the shows and the tours. In this we equally split so much stuff.

MRR: Is it hard for you to perform on stage with just the two of you - do you feel pressure on stage?

E: I'm pretty comfortable on stage with sts.

S: If things are uncomfortable on tour, playing music with Emily is what makes it good. It makes me realize how much I love what we're doing. It solves all our problems in the moment. If we had more people in our band it would be really bad.

MRR: What's the best show you've

had on this tour and why?
E: I liked the Austin show because there was that wall I could jump off of, at Gabby and Mo's.
S: I liked the Minneapolis show because it was at an all ages queer youth center that was run entirely by the queer youth in town. There was just a wide variety of kids there and we got to play with some friends.
E: Chicago was good because there were a lot of dykes there and the lesbian avengers and they were moshing.
MRR: What made you want to learn to play an instrument?
S: I wanted to play drums because that was the only instrument that someone did not play of all my guy friends in high school. They were in a band - there were two guitarists, a keyboardist, a bass player and a singer. They would get together and jam and I would go there and record them. This guy Sam had to sell his drums to pay his internet bill - there wasn't even the web then. It was just bulletin boards. So I bought his drums and it took me two weeks to learn my first drumbeat. I was a very poor musician. I couldn't keep a rhythm at all.
E: It's sort of the same thing - I had two friends, one of them played guitar, one of them played bass. I played around on the drums in high school. I liked how loud they sounded. I started off playing drums, not guitar.
S: And I started playing guitar and not drums!
E: There were always guitars around my dorm room my freshman year of college. My boyfriend at the time would always noodle on the guitar so I'd play with him and I got better over the years and started playing with sts. Also, I think it had a lot to do with seeing female bands that were really powerful. When I first moved to Portland I went to see Team Dresch by accident because a bunch of people at my college were going. I was blown away by them. Also seeing bands like the Third Sex, who were sort of just beginning musicians, but still in a band, made me realize I could be in a band too.
S: Portland shaped a lot of who I am. I was really homophobic when I first moved there, even though I was gay. I was anti-girls, even though I thought I was feminist. I was from the little college town of Chico. I was the only woman drummer around - the only other one was Heather from Tiger Trap. I was amazed by her but also petrified because she was an out lesbian. I was afraid people thought if I liked her or Tiger Trap then I was gay. Weird things like that. I moved to Portland and she was in Bangarang and I saw them play by accident, and I was like, "Oh my god, there's that girl again." We ended up being friends and eventually I lost my fear of lesbians and girls. I was such a flamer but I couldn't deal. I was even scared of the Vegas Beat. Seeing powerful women was really intense for me.
MRR: You hand out lyrics at your shows, so obviously it's important to you that people know what you're singing about. What kind of message do you want to give to people who see you play? Do you consider the Haggard a political band?
E: We're totally a political band. We want to give the message that we're gay and glad about it. We're feminists and punk. We're pro-queer.
S: Anti-consumerism. Anti-capitalism.
E: Awareness to fucked up things that happen in this world.
S: And bicycle awareness.
E: We're pro-biker.
MRR: What else do you do in Portland besides playing music?
E: I take photographs, make movies and animation on my computer. I work as a bike messenger and I like to fix up old bikes. I make web pages.
S: That's so many things. I hang out with my cat. I lie down a lot. I ride my dirt bike and hang out with the neighborhood kids and organize shows for bands who can't find all ages spaces to play.
E: We play soccer.
S: We're undefeated this season. I write a zine called Way Down Low.
MRR: What are the future plans for the Haggard?
E: Record an LP when we get back and go to Europe in the spring. Maybe tour the US in the fall.
MRR: Do you have any advice for girls who want to start bands?
S: Do it! It's so fun. It will change your life.
E: Don't be afraid to sing or play loud.

The Haggard can be reached at: PO Box 40821 / Portland, OR 97240 email: ekingan@brainlink.com

The Haggard's first 7" record, "I've been sick" is available from Heartcore Records at Columbia University Station / PO Box 250636 / New York, NY 10025

UP CLOSE and PERSONAL with MIKE MILLETT of

MRR: The Mordam catalog describes Broken Rekids as "a melodic power noise-pop reissue garage punk label,with a political indie-pop edge." Can you explain what that means?
Mike: Well, it's a varied record label. That helps describe most all the different recordings and releases. So I came up with that description.
MRR: So you described it after the fact.
Mike: Yeah. The description morphed over time. I like all those different influences and kinds of music. I never liked just one set kind of thing. To me most of that stuff is all—for lack of a better word—the a-word, alternative stuff. I see value in all different kinds of music, and I like to help and support people by releasing their records.
MRR: You have quite a varied discography, and most of these are single releases by one band, though you've released more than one record with some bands. Did you find yourself pursuing bands, or vice versa? Were they people that you knew? How did the records come about?
Mike: In general, it's almost never happened that someone's given me a demo tape to put out a record. Usually, I go see a band live, or hear about them somehow. In general, there is a theme of some kind through the releases. There seems to be usually just one of every band. Like with the Japanese records, there's one of every band, but I think of that as a whole. I think of the reissues of the '80s English political punk records as a whole too.
MRR: And those are?
Mike: Zounds, the Mob, Thatcher on Acid, Political Asylum. We weren't English, but you could stick the APPLE thing in there too, as part of all that. There's also the local bands, and those are just one of each because those bands usually break up. They usually don't have any staying power.
MRR: I remember being excited when that Zounds CD came out. How did that come about?
Mike: Sean from Wat Tyler works at Rough Trade records, and he has for years. Going back, I'm not sure if he managed Zounds... I know he managed the UK Mob, so he has this connection to Rough Trade and with Zounds, so he put it out first in England. I liked the album a lot and you couldn't find it for years and years. I worked at Epicenter for about seven years, and it came in two times the whole time I worked there. It was a pretty rare record and really wanted by a lot of people, so it made me happy to put it out on CD, with all the singles.
MRR: It seems like you began issuing singles, and slowly moved to more of a CD format. What is your opinion on the CD versus vinyl controversy?
Mike: I don't think of it as much of a controversy anymore. I think of them as two different things, depending on the style of band and the style of music they're playing. Sometimes it will need a vinyl release if it's a full-length, and sometimes it doesn't. I'm not too happy with how CDs came about at all. It was a total corporate monopoly thing, but they're here to stay, and you have to deal with it and try to take the best things out of it, one of which is that they have a longer playing time. The Zounds thing is 70 minutes long, and if it was an LP, it wouldn't have sold—it would have been two big long records and very expensive to manufacture. There are some good things about CDs. It's interesting that because of CDs, on an economic level, bands that are independent are now able to come close to making a living from their music, because of the mark-up of CDs as opposed to the mark-up of vinyl.
MRR: You talked to me a while back about doing a kind of discography, a multi-format project.
Mike: That's coming out in September. It's gonna be a compilation with different formats, sort of summing up the record label. At that time the label will have been around ten years, and this is sort of an anniversary thing. The idea is that every format has its own positive and negative things. Each format will have a different track listing, which will,be based on the format. The vinyl is going to be a 12", a 10", -a 7", and perhaps a 5", in a box, and each side will be of the vinyl will represent some aspect of the record label. There will be one double CD of tracks I like the best, and the other will hopefully be unreleased stuff. Then the tape will be a different track listing form all that altogether—it will be faster, more driving songs, for driving! Most people just listen to cassettes in their car, or maybe on public transportation on the way to work.
MRR: Obviously this is going to cost a lot to make, especially with the 5" and so on. Are you going to make just a few of them?

Relaxing at home after eight long hours of "wine tasting"...

Mike: I think the vinyl box will be limited to a thousand. And the cassette we won't make too many of, because people don't really buy cassettes anymore. It'll be a fun project to work on. There might even be a video. They'll be separate releases, so people can choose to buy CD, LP, or cassette. I couldn't put that all in a box. It would be heavy!

MRR: And cumbersome. And it would end up getting taken apart anyway.

Mike: Right now the working title is something someone said to me a long time ago: "Most people who play music shouldn't." I like that title, though I'm afraid snotty reviewers will reflect it on the contents of the music. Winston Smith has done the cover art for it already.

MRR: Tell me about your own involvement with playing music. Did that start before the label?

Mike: I play guitar. First I played in a few neighborhood bands. I lived in New York, and in couple years I taught myself how to play guitar by listening to records, and I didn't have a very good ear for music back then. I used to buy punk rock sheet music, because I was so bad at it I couldn't even figure out simple songs.

MRR: What punk rock bands could you find sheet music for?

Mike: You'd be surprised. Every Patti Smith record has a sheet music book. I suppose the more "literary" ones. Elvis Costello. I actually have Dead Boys sheets music. The Clash were famous for that too. So I'd buy these things and take them home and play the records, and they were always wrong. Or they'd be in the wrong key and I couldn't figure out what was wrong. From there, I was in Manhattan one day—there was this record store called Rat Cage. They used to put out a lot of records. They might be known now for Beastie Boys records, but they also did all the local New York hardcore records like Heartattack, which is a band I really liked a lot, and Agnostic Front, and Virus. Anyway, I noticed a flyer up, actually two fliers, for bands needing guitar players. One was for Heartattack, and then there was this other band with no name. I read them both, and I was trying to decide which one to call. I decided that I wasn't good enough to play in Heartattack yet, so I called the other one. It was these people in Brooklyn that were starting a political lefty punk rock band, and I was pretty lefty. I didn't quite have a word for my politics, but I knew I was leftist, and it wasn't politics I'd gotten out of Crass records, which is what happened a lot back then. It was just from reading, from public radio and media. So I thought, "Well, this sounds good, people don't really do this here." So I went over there and met the people and played a little bit, and they were nice, and so I ended up playing for this band called APPLE. We played around for a few years. The funny thing was that it turned out they were best friends with Jessie from Heartattack, so I'd see 'em all the time, and we were friends too.

MRR: And your conclusion in the end was that you made the right decision.

Mike: Oh, yeah. Heartattack broke up right after that and Jesse started different kinds of bands. APPLE was fun, it was different, especially for New York. We would always end up playing with False Prophets, or Reagan Youth. There was this great band Virus around at the time, and we played with them a lot. They were pretty overlooked. I have this one 12" on Rat Cage, and you gotta look hard to find it.

MRR: When did you end up moving out here?

Mike: I left APPLE in '87, so I moved out to San Francisco in May of '89.

MRR: And the label started in 1990?

Mike: I lived at this place Studio 4, which did warehouse shows, and there were a bunch of bands around that scene that didn't have vinyl out at the time. Also, I'd always wanted to put out vinyl for the APPLE stuff, but we broke up too soon. I was pretty clueless, so I looked into it and decided I'd try to start with this Compilation 7" and the Assassins Of God single at the same time. I had the feeling that to get anyone interested in the label, a good thing would be to put out the APPLE demos, which I always liked better than the records which came out. I didn't really know what I was doing. The Collective Conscience comp single was so expensive to make at the price I chose to sell it that every time I sold a copy, I lost ten cents. But strangely enough, it actually sold pretty well.

MRR: And now you're playing in Songs For Emma.

Mike: I stopped playing in bands for a while. There was the Buttafuoco thing, which I played guitar for, and from time to time if a friend had a band and we got along well and they needed a guitar player, I'd help out. In Songs For Emma, I liked Tommy (Strange)'s lyrics, and I like that they're politically aware. Not too many people do that anymore, es-

...and [illegible] up onstage as a member of Rainbow house band the Collective

Diverse Broken Rekids mersh, circa 1990-1998

pecially in San Francisco. It sort of takes me back to the times in New York where nobody was doing it either. I like supporting something like that.
MRR: Real sincere politics are sort of an anomaly right now.
Mike: Yeah, things change, or things go in cycles, I suppose. It might come around again. So I do that again. It's pretty fun.
MRR: What has the response to Songs For Emma been like?
Mike: Well, it's been pretty good. We don't sell a ton of records, but that never mattered to me. It's more like we make friends with like-minded people. That's what's important, making contact with people. We get a lot of really nice letters, a lot of good feedback. We were able to go over and play in Europe, which was pretty eye-opening for me because I'd never been over there. We met a lot of great people all over.
MRR: Do you find the kids over there to be more open to overt political ideas than here?
Mike: We're singing in a different language. I don't know if they know. English over there seems to be a second language. Keep in mind in what I say about Europe, that I was only there for three weeks, so many places I went to, I was only there for a day. Our driver was Czech and when we'd get to an Italian checkpoint he'd could speak to the guards in English. Like here, the bigger the city, the more jaded the people are, strangely enough. In small towns the responses were great, and in the larger cities, people have all seen it all before, the way people have seen it all before in San Francisco and New York. It's such a cliched thing to say that people are all the same everywhere, but they are, deep dawn. Same hopes and fears and anxieties. With the people that came to our shows, America was not well-liked at all. I assume, though, if you were to go see more popular American pop punk bands, people probably love America, think it's great, want to move here.
MRR: Tell me about the Broken Rekids logo.
Mike: It was done by the same guy that did the Mordam Records logo, and the logo for this little band called Crass. His name is Dave. He's from England, and knew Crass back then. I asked him to make one for me, and he made the perfect logo. The little record player, and the hammer.
MRR: Tell us about your day job.
Mike: I work at a collective health food grocery store called Rainbow. It's a pretty cool job. There's no bosses, and over the years we've been able to organize it so that we all get paid based on how long we're there, and how often we work. I'm now the wine buyer for Rainbow. My job is to go into the store and taste wines. But I also stock them and keep track of the department. I run it and three or four other people help me.
MRR: Would you call yourself a wine connoisseur?
Mike: I'm not a snob yet. It is a strange thing, because wine has this rich thing attached to it, but yeah, I'm a connoisseur. I can tell bad wine from good wine. It's my job.
MRR: Back to the label. How long would you say it takes from the moment you envision putting out a record with somebody to when it's done?
Mike: Shorter than it was. It's gotten a lot more streamlined. I'm pretty quick at getting records out once they're announced. I can get a 7" out in a couple months if need be. Mordam needs time to announce them. Things are more competitive now in the industry, for lack of a better term. Mordam is an amazing, great distributor. I wouldn't have a record label now if it wasn't for them. I was really lucky, cause I didn't know what I was doing when I put out the first three singles, at all. I was just lucky that they picked me up. I'm just one person. I couldn't do it all alone, sending out a hundred different boxes of releases to the far-flung places and trying to get paid for them all.
MRR: What do you see for the future?
Mike: I've been planning to put out this live APPLE record for a really long time. People are going to think I'm milking this APPLE thing, but that's really not true at all. There's not much to milk there. It's this version of the band with me, Jeanette on vocal,s, Vinnie, of course, on bass, and this guy Javier playing drums. He's from Mexico, and it's punk rock with strong drumming, with Latin rhythms on the songs. He was Heartattack's drummer. He played in Reagan Youth too. I don't know what he's doing today. If anyone knows where he is, I'd like to give him a copy or some cash for it, and just catch up on old times. You know, peace punk records are always very serious, and that's fine, but because it's a live record and all, I decided to give it this title: "All Punks Please Leave Earth." APPLE. When the people at Subterranean Records would pull APPLE records, they'd have to come up with something APPLE stood for, immediately. That was a little game they played there. That's what John Winston came up with immediately. There's another Japanese band called Urchin which I'm putting out here. They're pretty great, smart lyrics, kinda emo Jawbreaker style, J-Church melody in there too. I looked into re-releasing some of John from Allied's releases. I'm going to re-release the Fuel record on CD. The vinyl will still be on Ebullition.
MRR: You used to write for *MRR*, and worked for Epicenter for seven years, as you said.
Mike: I miss Epicenter. I liked Epicenter. It gets talked about in *Maximum* a lot, and I liked the politics of it and what it stood for, but I also liked that we sold records. I liked the records we sold, and it was a good place for people who just moved to the City to immediately meet like-minded people. Anyone could volunteer. If you turned out to be a jerk, though, you'd get kicked out. I mostly worked there cause I enjoyed records. I liked writing for *Maximum*. As you can tell, I had too much going on, and I had to stop doing it. I found a lot of bands working for *Maximum*. I think that's why a lot of people who run labels work here still! Tim told me about the Naked Aggression record.
MRR: I'll keep an eye on those people from now on.
Mike: Everyone sends their record to *Maximum* first. There's a secret nobody knows.

Contact Broken Rekids at PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402.

STRIKE OUT

Strike Out is from Okazaki, Aichi, Japan. They released their long awaited first single in April, 1999. Their early '80s DC-influenced sound became talk of the scene after its release. The band came all the way from Okazaki, which is an hour away from Nagoya, with their friends from Tomorrow (another awesome hardcore band from Okazaki) for this MRR interview. It was conducted in a party atmosphere with few other friends (including Naito of Out Of Touch and Kouketsu of Devour).
Strike Out is Shige (vocal), Charlie (guitar), Yoshihiro (bass) and Yoshi (drums). Interview by Kenji Nakamura, of Record Shop Answer.

MRR: Please introduce yourselves.
SO: We got together in September of 1997. We have had the same members since, and we are all 23 years old.

MRR: Was it intentional, playing this style of music?
SO: We have a song called "Life," and we wanted to keep its style. Plus, our musical taste was similar, therefore there was no doubt about it. We want to emphasize mid-tempo speed.

MRR: You had a demo which came with a patch. When did you release that?
SO: It was about six months after we formed. We thought no one would buy it if we just had it released, so we put in a patch with it. We think that made people more interested in it.

MRR: People around here talked about that demo a lot. I liked it too. Then you released the first 7"?
SO: No. We had a demo which didn't circulate too much. We made very few of them, and we don't even have them anymore. We gave them away at shows, then we released the 7".

MRR: OK. I'd like to ask you about the 7". You emphasize "being positive" in your lyrics. Could you comment on that?
Shige: I don't think about what kind of lyrics I am going to sing. And I don't think lyrics for a hardcore band have to be a certain way. I just want to be true to my feeling.

MRR: What about people saying you have DC/Minor Threat influenced sound?
Shige: It was obvious in the beginning.
Yoshihiro: It was very obvious (laughter).
Shige: But lately I am confident that we have been able to make that into our thing. I just do it without trying.
Yoshi: In our hometown it seemed that people wanted "sing-along" type bands. It was difficult for the scene to receive us.
Charlie: I found that out after moving here. I am originally from Gifu (prefecture next to Nagoya).

MRR: There are many bands starting out in your hometown, in the Mikawa area, and it seems that every band has something to say.
SO: Yes. And we can say that we get along really well with other bands.
Charlie: Genkai Hametsu Gig and Entenka Gig (both series of shows took place in their hometown) were new to Shige and I because we came from another town. But there are too many problems at those gigs nowadays.
Yoshi: Cops come all the time. It's hard to do shows in a populated area.

MRR: You have been playing for a while now. Do you think about helping youngerbands to activate the scene?

SO: We'd say we want to have fun with each other.
Charlie: I wouldn't say that we are too busy just dealing with ourselves, but we don't think about guiding (new bands). Personally, I think we worked hard to get to where we are now. We approached bands that were around to get gigs, etc. There are many bands now, and relationships in the scene are kind of too friendly sometimes. We can give them a chance, but they have to do it themselves.
Shige: If the band is good they will be noticed anyway.

MRR: In Japan, you see hardcore bands in fashion magazines. What do you think of the exposure in that kind of media?
Yoshi: We are being interviewed now so, if it's natural, we would do it.
Charlie: But some of them are obviously doing it for the trend. We wouldn't kiss ass, but are not thinking about it too strictly. But just being in a fashion magazine is cool (laughter).
Shige: Something that sucks wouldn't be approached by the media.

MRR: OK, any last words? What's your plan?

ontact: Strike Out, c/o Hiroshi "Charlie" Kobayashi
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Strike Out's first 7", "This is Modern Pioneer" is available for $6 ppd from Record Shop Answer.
Record Shop Answer
5-49 Osu 3 Hase BLD No.2
Naka-ku Nagoya 460-0011 Japan
Tel/Fax: 81-52-241-0667

STRIKE OUT.

Charlie: We would like to release a CD ourselves, but we don't know when. And play as many places as we can. We would like to play in the States too.
Yoshihiro: I love What Happens Next! (laughter)
Shige/Yoshi: We would love to go to America. We want them to see us.

MRR: We have to save for the plane tickets!
There are more interesting stories to be told. But the guys next to us (members of Tomorrow, Out of Touch, etc.) were too noisy, and we couldn't transcribe everything. If you want to ask the band something, I suggest you to ask them directly. Write to them at the address above.

With a band name like Real Estate Fraud, you might expect to be conned into buying a record or a fantastic live show. You might think this to be a fly-by-night type deal, and to hear no word from this band in about a week while they run off with the hard-earned money you ordered their record with, and go spend it on something fancy thing like a case of beer (which could happen). The truth of the matter is that Real Estate Fraud has been playing since 1995 with several different changes but one consistent thing: an odd and fun take on punk rock. I remember the first time I met the guitar player Hideo Takahashi. He was drunk off his ass at a show I set up. The first time I saw them, Hideo fell through the drum kit in the middle of rocking out. Since then many things have changed with the band. First off, they have a new singer, Kat, relegating the backup vocals to Hideo and goofing out. They also have been busy touring with a special trip this past fall to Japan, a place Hideo is all too familiar with. Their third 7" just came out this fall on Hideo's label, Nice and Neat Records. It is quite a bit different than the previous 7"s that Hideo sung on. Ben of Real Estate Fraud also plays in a local hardcore band called Encroach. Interview by Tom Loftus. Phots by Kazumi Sakamoto.

MRR: Tell us your names, occupations, places of birth, and functions in the band.

Hideo: I drive the van, make phone calls, send mail, and sometimes translate. I'm from Tokyo, Japan, and I play guitar.

Ryan: I weight 115 lbs. Height 5...6'2". Occupation: struggling artist. I was born in Minneapolis. I play the drums.

Kat: I'm Kat...Vapid. I sing and scream. What were the questions? Oh, I am a poser. Place of birth, I guess Minnesota. I guess that's it.

Ben: I'm Ben Durband. I was born and still live in St. Paul, Minnesota. I play bass and am the newest member of the band. My occupation is, uhhh, not drinking. I'm the sober cab. Oh yeah, I'm a nerd.

MRR: You guys recently went to Japan to play some shows and record for Tin Star Records (Japan), so how was it? Stories, crazy things.

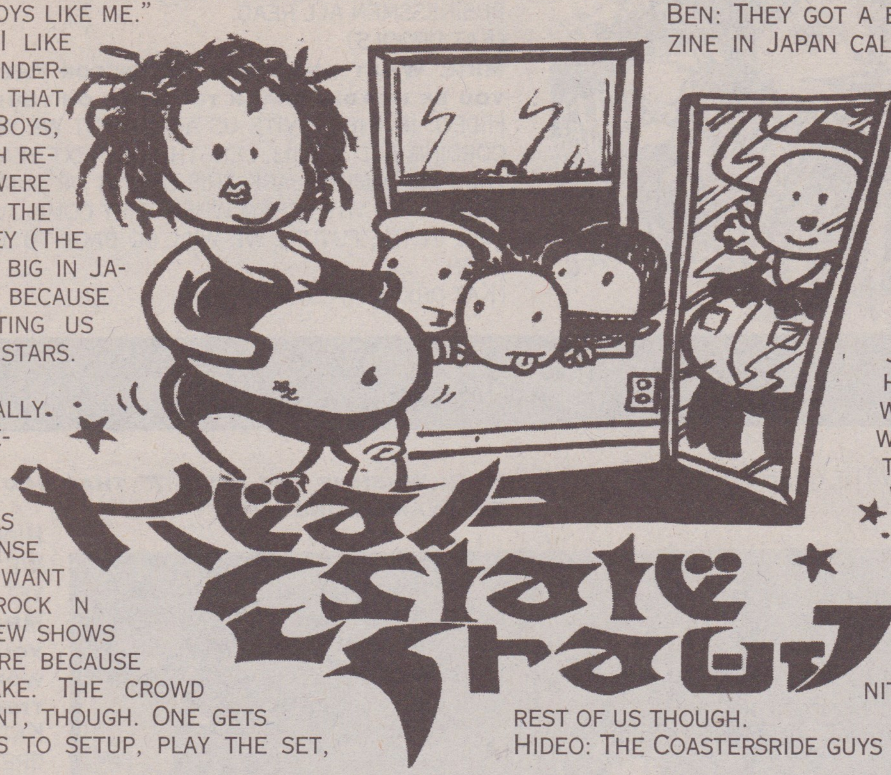
Hideo: Can we talk about Matt...oh he'll get mad. (laughter)

Ryan: (quietly) We had a sexually frustrated person on the trip.

Ben: One night after our show at the Shinjuku Jam in Tokyo, Ryan, Kat and I went to this restaurant/bar type place and it cost about $25 each. We didn't want to pay that much so we hung out on the streets. We met some kids that were really drunk. One looked like Sid Vicious (if he were from Japan) and they came up to us and said, "Are you guys punk rock?" Then they said, "We

ARE PUNK ROCK." RYAN MADE SOME SMART COMMENTS ABOUT THEM DRINKING. THEN HE ASKED KAT IF BOYS LIKED HER. KAT SAID, "YEAH, ALL BOYS LIKE ME." THEN ONE SAID, "I LIKE BOYS." WE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND TILL LATER THAT THE BAND, THE BOYS, HAD BEEN THROUGH RECENTLY AND THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT THE BAND. I GUESS THEY (THE BOYS) ARE PRETTY BIG IN JAPAN. IT WAS NEAT BECAUSE THEY WERE TREATING US LIKE ROCK STARS. (LAUGHTER)

RYAN: IT WAS TOTALLY NICE AND THE RECEPTION IN GENERAL WAS REALLY WARM. THERE WAS REALLY NO PRETENSE AT ALL. THEY WANT THEIR STRAIGHT ROCK N ROLL. WE HAD A FEW SHOWS THAT WENT HAYWIRE BECAUSE OF ALCOHOL INTAKE. THE CROWD WAS PRETTY PATIENT, THOUGH. ONE GETS ABOUT 30 MINUTES TO SETUP, PLAY THE SET, AND GET OFF THE STAGE FOR THE NEXT BAND.



(KAT EMITS NOT SO MUCH A COMMENT AS A SNARL)

MRR: WHAT WERE THE RECORD STORES LIKE?

HIDEO: RECORDS ARE REALLY EXPENSIVE OVER THERE. THERE IS A LOT OF STUFF THAT YOU CAN'T FIND OVER HERE IN RECORD STORES IN JAPAN.

RYAN: THERE WERE A TON OF VINTAGE RECORDS I WOULD HAVE BOUGHT IF I HAD MORE MONEY (BOW WOW WOW, ADAM AND THE ANTS). I FOUND SOME CRAZY TOYS ALSO, LIKE THE JAPANESE G.I. JOE SNOWCAT.

BEN: I FOUND THE JUDGE *REVELATION CAN SUCK IT* 12", BUT IT WAS $50. I WENT TO THAT STORE THREE TIMES AND THAT RECORD STARTED OUT AT $40 AND IT PROGRESSIVELY WENT HIGHER AND HIGHER. THE RECORD STORES HAD DIFFERENT SECTIONS WITH DIFFERENT STYLES LIKE NEW YORK STYLE OR EAST COAST STYLE.

RYAN: THEY HAD A SECTION CALLED "BLACK" THAT HAD RAP, R&B, AND SOUL.

(KAT ROLLS HER EYES)

MRR: DO YOU THINK THE RESPONSE IS BETTER OR WORSE? I HAVE HEARD OF BANDS FROM THE STATES THAT DO OK HERE BUT DO RIDICULOUSLY WELL OVER IN JAPAN.

HIDEO: WE DID WELL EVEN THOUGH PEOPLE HAVE NEVER HEARD OF US OVER THERE. IN GREEN BAY, PEOPLE STARTED LEAVING DURING OUR SET. WE CLEANED THE HOUSE. I GUESS THEY DIDN'T LIKE US THAT NIGHT. NAGANO IS A SMALLER CITY IN JAPAN, MUCH LIKE GREEN BAY, AND PEOPLE WERE REALLY EXCITED THERE BECAUSE THEY USUALLY DON'T GET MANY TOURING BANDS. TOKYO IS TOUGHER BECAUSE A LOT OF BANDS FROM THE UNITED STATES PLAY THERE OFTEN.

BEN: THAT SAID, WE STILL DID WELL IN TOKYO AND WE WERE TREATED VERY WELL BY THE CROWDS THERE.

HIDEO: OVERALL, WE WERE PRETTY HAPPY WITH THE SHOWS. WE PLAYED MANY SHOWS WITH COASTERSRIDE AND THAT HELPED SINCE THEY DO PRETTY WELL THERE.

BEN: THEY GOT A BIG WRITE-UP IN A BIG PUNK ZINE IN JAPAN CALLED *DOLL* THAT WE GOT TO SEE WHEN WE WERE IN JAPAN.

(KAT MERELY SNEERS)

MRR: HIDEO, WAS IT WEIRD TO BE RETURNING TO JAPAN, WHERE YOU WERE BORN, WITH YOUR BAND THIS TIME?

HIDEO: BEFORE I LEFT HERE, I TOLD MY FRIENDS IN JAPAN THAT I WAS LEAVING HERE TO GO OVER THERE WITH MY BAND FOR TWO WEEKS. WHEN WE WERE THERE WE HAD SHOWS AND WE WERE VERY BUSY RECORDING SO I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SEE MY FRIENDS.

RYAN: YEAH, HIDEO WAS BUSY BEING OUR TOUR GUIDE/INTERPRETER. IT DEFINITELY MADE IT EASIER ON THE REST OF US THOUGH.

HIDEO: THE COASTERSRIDE GUYS TOOK US ON A TOUR AROUND TOKYO AND I GOT TO SEE SOME PLACES THAT I NEVER WOULD HAVE SEEN ON MY OWN OVER THERE. THEY WERE TOURIST TYPE PLACES.

FILLS EITHER. IT IS DIFFICULT TO ESCAPE THE INFLUENCE OF AMERICAN FAST FOOD, AND CULTURE.

HIDEO: MOST CONVENIENCE STORES SELL BEER SO WE COULD DRINK ON THE STREETS.

RYAN: YEAH, THERE WERE ALSO VENDING MACHINES EVERY FIVE STEPS. THEY'VE GOT THEIR PRIORITIES STRAIGHT.

(KAT MUTTERS SOMETHING UNINTELLIGIBLE UNDER HER BREATH.)

MRR: ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT JAPAN THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO TALK ABOUT OR DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVICE TO BANDS CONSIDERING TOURING JAPAN?

HIDEO: IT'S EASIER IF YOU HAVE FRIENDS THERE SO YOU CAN HAVE SOMEONE TO DRIVE YOU AROUND. PREPARE: JAPANESE PEOPLE DRINK A LOT. THERE IS A RITUAL AFTER EVERY SHOW TO GO AND DRINK UNTIL TWO OR THREE IN THE MORNING. AT SOME PLACES YOU SPEND $20-$30 AND DRINK AND EAT ALL NIGHT. YOU PRETTY MUCH BLOW ALL OF THE MONEY YOU MADE AT THE SHOW THERE. ANOTHER THING, SOME YOUNG JAPANESE BANDS HAVE TO PAY TO PLAY SHOWS. I SAW SOME PEOPLE IN SOME OF THE BANDS IN NIIGATA PAYING AFTER THE SHOW.

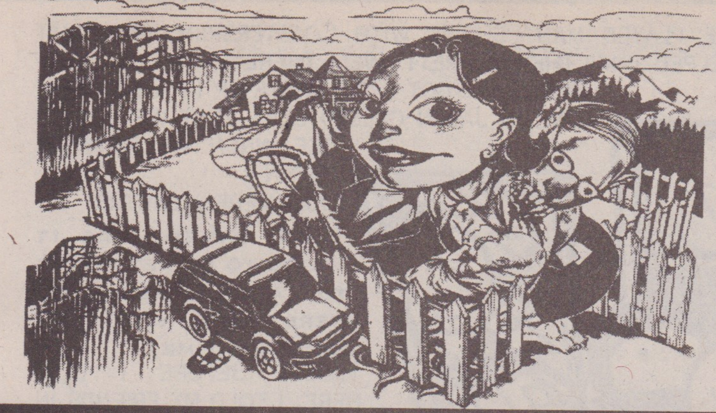
BEN: REALLY?

HIDEO: WE WERE FORTUNATE TO ACTUALLY MAKE MONEY ON THE SHOW. WE MADE MORE MONEY ON AVERAGE THERE THAN WE MADE HERE BY FAR.

BEN: I'D LIKE TO GIVE A BIG THANKS TO COASTERSRIDE FOR HELPING US OUT OVER THERE.

REST OF BAND (EXCEPT KAT): YEAH.

MRR: HOW WERE SOME OF THE OTHER BANDS YOU PLAYED WITH?



WALK OF LIFE READS COMICS OVER IN JAPAN. THE COMICS ARE LIKE SOAP OPERAS THAT LITTLE SCHOOL GIRLS, CHILDREN, AND BUSINESSMEN ALL READ.
(KAT DROOLS)

MRR: WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE FUTURE? WILL YOU BE HEADING BACK TO JAPAN ON TOUR AGAIN?

HIDEO: IF THEY INVITE US AGAIN, BUT WE WANT TO DO A RECORDING AND A FULL LENGTH FOR NEXT YEAR. COASTERSRIDE WILL BE COMING BACK THIS SPRING OR SUMMER SO WE WILL BE TOURING WITH THEM WHEN THEY COME OVER AGAIN. SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE WE WILL GO BACK TO JAPAN. I HOPE IT'S SOON.
(KAT DRY HEAVES)

HIDEO: THE BANDS WE PLAYED WITH WERE STRAIGHT UP ROCK/GARAGE PUNK

RYAN: YEAH, IT SEEMS LIKE A DEDICATED BUNCH OF BANDS. THEY WERE VERY EFFICIENT AND HAD THEIR SHIT DOWN.

HIDEO: THIS BAND WE PLAYED WITH, GOGGLE-A, WERE EVEN DOING MAGIC.

RYAN: THE SHOWS WERE LIKE HARDCORE SHOWS, BUT EVERYONE WAS SITTING DOWN POLITELY AND SHAKING THEIR HEADS SAYING YES.

BEN: THE '70S ROCK MOTIF WAS PRETTY BIG. THERE WERE BANDS WITH BLACK LEATHER JACKETS, WHITE T-SHIRTS AND BLUE JEANS. THEY EVEN HAD THE GREASER HAIRCUTS.

RYAN: THEY HAVE REALLY TAKEN THE VERY FOUNDATION OF WHAT WAS GOING ON IN EARLY PUNK ROCK AND TAKEN THE WHOLE ALIENATION THING AND TURNED IT AROUND INTO SOMETHING MORE MUSICAL.
(KAT GROWLS)

MRR: WHEN IS THE SPLIT 7" THAT YOU RECORDED FOR TIN STAR COMING OUT?

HIDEO: SOMETIME. WE DON'T KNOW YET.

MRR: WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR WORLD DOMINATION?

KAT: THAT'S A SECRET.

DISCOGRAPHY:

TOUGH GUY 7"—C-CITY RECORDS

IT'S FUNNY CAUSE IT'S TRUE 7"—NICE AND NEAT RECORDS

F WORD 7"—NICE AND NEAT RECORDS

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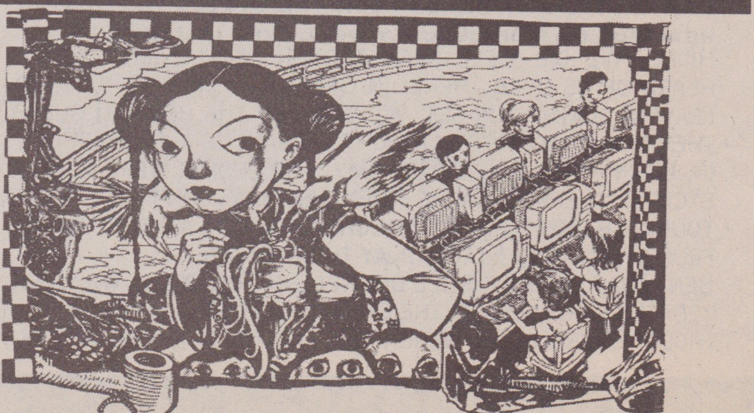
FREE *ZEROXED* AND *FREAKSHOW* COMICS BY RYAN KELLY / LILLIAN MINX. SEND SASE TO 134 E. 18TH ST. #304, MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55403

MRR: RYAN JUST RELEASED THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE COMIC BOOK HE DOES. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN INTO COMICS? I PERSONALLY KNOW A TON OF PEOPLE AROUND THIS CITY AND OTHERS THAT I HAVE MET THAT ARE INTO COMICS AND PUNK MUSIC. IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME, BUT DO YOU HAVE ANY COMMENT ON IT?

RYAN: WELL, WE ALL HAVE OUR PERSONAL OUTLETS. WE EACH HAVE OUR WAY OF BEING CREATIVE BESIDES THE BAND. I HAVE BEEN DOING STUFF FOR A "BIG" PUBLISHER, BUT I HAVE BEEN MORE INTO THE "SNIFFIN' GLUE", CUT AND PASTE, BLACK-AND-WHITE PUNK ROCK ZINES AS OF LATE. I HAVE BEEN SELLING THE COMICS AT SHOWS FOR NOW. IN JAPAN, THE COMICS DID PRETTY WELL. PRETTY MUCH EVERYBODY FROM EVERY



You Don't Have to Fuck People Over to Survive
Seth Tobocman
212 pages • $15.00
Soft Skull Press • 98 Suffolk St. # 3-A • New York, NY • 10002-3366

Glancing through this re-press of *You Don't Have to Fuck People Over to Survive* sent me back to my own punk rock roots in the mid-80s, when I first heard bands like Ruin, DOA, and McRad. After a couple of years with a crappy skater haircut in high school, I started hanging out in a tiny bookstore called "The Wooden Shoe" that was literally and politically underground: an anarchist/situationist/socialist/nihilist/anything-but-the-reactionary-'80s-ist book/zine/record store in a rented basement in Center City, Philadelphia. The Shoe was anti-social, dingy, and bursting with vitality, hope, and frustration. Anti-social for the dread-locked weirdos who hung around griping about Philly's infamous police, dingy for the flourescent bulbs and decade-deep graffiti on the counter tops, vital for the young and the young at heart who gathered there overjoyed to find others who were just as dismayed at the state of affairs on Earth circa 1987, hopeful for the future (whether for the next week, the next year, or the next millennium), and frustrated over the mule-headedness of The Man and His Minions.

This latter frustration is what drove a lot of us to start or join political squats in Philly and NYC, and this frustration is also what's driven Seth Tobocman's images for two decades and counting. Tobocman's stencil and spray paint images are synonymous with the thickest Tompkins Square Park riots and the most durable Lower East Side squats; the question is, how relevant is his pissed-off brick-throwing art today?

Much like the ubiquitous Missing Foundation graffiti in the 80's, Tobocman's stencil-based art was spray-painted all over the underground environs of the east coast, especially panels from "The World is Being Ripped" (featuring the title panel of this book) and "Spatial Deconcentration." The latter briefly yet convincingly covers the simultaneous explosion of gentrification and homelessness in deceptively simple panels that have graced a hundred band shirts and a thousand fanzine pages since its conception in 1985. This sequence is as riveting and relevant as it was fifteen years ago. We all thought that The Man would've come to his senses by now, but "Spatial Deconcentration" is still way too relevant in 1999.

Less well-known, except to observant readers of *World War Three* magazine (co-founded by Tobocman and Peter Kuper), are gems like the newspaper and watercolor (?) "I Saw a Man Bleed to Death," which chillingly documents the violence and the desensitization/resensitization that many urban residents endure. It's rare that someone working with such basic tools as newspaper clippings, black and white paint, and a pretty thick brush can achieve such an exquisitely delicate tale of horror, awareness, and resolve.

While some highlights like "I Saw..." and "Spatial Deconstruction" appear in *You Don't Have to Fuck People Over to Survive*, overall the book is useless as a barometer for current or future rebellion if one lives outside of the greater New York City Area. Too much of it is too connected to the vital yet parochial specifics of New York City's fight against its anti-urban mayor, Rudi "Hey, forget your Constitutional Rights, now the trains run on time" Giuliani. I thank my lucky stars I don't have to deal with this anti-democratic ("democratic" as in system of government, not political party) creep here in the People's Republic of Berkeley, otherwise I'd be frothing at the mouth twice as much and I'd probably have at least two of Tobocman's panels tattooed on me!

As it is, the majority of this book is a graphically hard-hitting vision of a world where the squatters are never junkies and the cops are always sadistic ex-Marines. Like any political propaganda, from the anarchist newspaper *Slingshot* to the reactionary Eagle Forum's *Phyllis Schlafly Report*, Tobocman's book is useful to illuminate the basic underlying beliefs of his ideology. In his case, his anti-gentrification, anti-capital opinions mirror my own and those of many *MRR* readers also, so it's even more important to note the one-sidedness of the information that fills these pages.

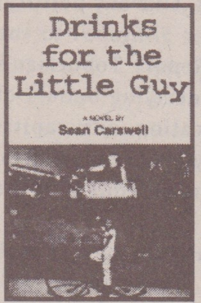
While presenting an unabashedly partisan view in such a politically charged book makes sense, failing to provide background on any of the original content is an inexcusable lapse. Such stunning pieces as "We Are the City," subtitled "Graphic for the December 12th Movement," lose the additional power of their context. The year "We Are the City" was produced is 1988, so is the December 12th in question in '88? '87? Is it in reference to events in New York City? Philadelphia? Amsterdam? There may be obvious answers to a certain cross-section of Tobocman's readers, but that leaves the rest of us scratching our heads. While there's obviously no room on the side of a building to add a paragraph or two about the history and context of a piece, it's a tragically missed opportunity to not add those extra words to a 212 page, 9"x 12" book.

Thankfully, Tobocman does give us a dozen paragraphs of explanation for the short section of works that he made in the decade after the book's original publication in 1989. It's brief yet adds so much more to the art that follows. I can only assume that he chose not to add such words and pictures to the original book in some misguided urge to present it in its original, unadulterated form. Unfortunately a lot of action has passed under the bridge of radical direct action since 1989 and newer and/or younger readers do not have the background of staying in Life Squat or of seeing shows at the Tompkins Square bandshell. A minimum of text combined with

a couple of choice photos/text collage, like he successfully does for the last ten years of pieces, would have filled in the blanks and amplified these already powerful images ten-fold.

For a comprehensive view of the gentrification situation in New York and other metropolitan areas I'd suggest going to multiple sources like *The Nation* magazine, back issues of *Love and Rage* newspaper, and more mainstream sources like *The Village Voice* and *The New York Times*. On the other hand, if you just want to soak up some radical, iconoclastic, and didactic art (with no pesky context to inform the visually stunning panels,); *You Don't Have to Fuck People Over to Survive* is destined for your bookshelf. —Jesse Luscious

Drinks for the Little Guy • Sean Carswell
279 pages • $10.00
Gorsky Press • P.O. Box 320504 • Cocoa Beach, FL • 32932



People have different ways of showing their friends they care—taking them out to dinner, perhaps buying them flowers, offering a kind word or a sympathetic ear. The group of buddies at the center of *Drinks for the Little Guy* are the kind who show their love for one another by making toasts such as, "Here's to you...sucking my dick." Their small town Florida world revolves around fending off boredom, sobriety, celibacy, corporate rock, irate retirees and corrupt county officials. Chris, Lester, Fat, and Swoboda have all been friends forever—they've grown up working and playing hard together. When one of their clan, young carpenter Chris, mysteriously disappears, the rest are left to put together a few meager clues to try and deduce his whereabouts. Each of the friends have a different conspiracy theory about Chris's disappearance, involving a topless dancer named Karma, a giant bag of shrimp, drug runs, and a clash of good and evil at the Mall. Not until the final pages do we find out what really happens as Chris comes out kicking ass for the working class.

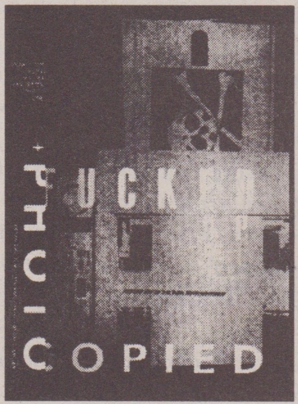
Carswell's characters possess an endless stock of weed, beer and 'member when?-style anecdotes with which to amuse themselves and the reader. The problem is that the novel contains more pot than plot. The scenic route down memory lane detracts from the driving narrative necessary to a mystery. Carswell moves over this small section of Florida a bit like a hurricane—there's a lot of energy there, but things are picked up, tossed around and put down again in no particularly sensible order.

It doesn't help that the characters fail to distinguish themselves from each other. Chris is the most compelling, but also the most absent character. There are several interwoven chapters, written from the first-person point-of-view of our Houdini hero, which are the best in the book, but in the end our mystery man remains a mystery—Karen wasn't the only Carpenter who needed fleshing out.

What Carswell does do a great job at is establishing a sense of place and how it creates the people in it. There's a lovely attention to detail about working and living in a small town that clearly comes from personal experience. I've never before heard anyone wax poetic about the beauty of watching trusses being set, as "the huge triangular structures float through the air, up against the blue Florida sky, then come down slowly..." There's a real sense of truth to the friendships formed in a small town. For example, when Chris gets teased for eating too slow: "One thing about living in a small town and being ridiculed is that a person can only have so many faults and after hearing about them a certain number of times from people who aren't really bothered by the faults, the ridicule gets a worn soft feel to it like an old flannel. If it were suddenly gone, he'd miss it."

Drinks for the Little Guy is an impressive work of DIY publishing and all in all the novel is kind of like a home improvement job—it might not come out a hundred percent perfect but the obvious love and personal commitment to the project shine through. —Melissa Klein

Fucked Up and Photocopied: *Instant Art of the Punk Rock Movement* • Bryan Ray Turcotte/Christopher T. Miller • 237 pages
Gingko Press • 5768 Paradise Dr., Suite J • Corte Madera, CA • 94925



Okay, here's a quick lesson. Listen up, you might learn something about one of the conveniences of modern living: the photocopy machine. The photocopier has always existed as far as most readers of *MRR* are concerned. Chester Carlson is the man that attained the patent for the electrophotography process in 1937. Twenty years later, the Haloid Company, whom later changed their name to Xerox, brought his process to the market by manufacturing the very first photocopy machine. The world of art would never be the same.

It wasn't really until the late 1970s that the photocopy machine was accessible for the everyday individual to utilize. As well as I know, this was also a time of development of an urgent youth movement in North America: punk and hardcore. The two have grown up with each other. Photocopying takes the power and exclusivity

of the costly and time consuming offset printer and puts it In the hands of the proletariat. It allows for anyone to instantly reproduce a document. Punk rockers throughout punk's short history have used this medium to convey ideas, to communicate frustration, to advertise a new gospel.

I've been working in copy shops for years now, a career launched by my fascination by two facets of punk culture: independent publishing and punk flyers. As long as I've been going to punk shows, I've collected, punk flyers, and various pieces of memorabilia. The punk flyer is an institution within an institution. They sell at record swaps and on eBay for big cash. Kids all across the world trade them through the mail.

A great flyer will not only attract your eye from across the street, but it is, like the title of the book states, an instantly produced piece of art that can be reproduced by anyone with access to a photocopy machine. To the mainstream, even at punk rock's sometimes watered-down lulls of today, it is very much an underground-inspired movement, a cult of from-the-gut ideals, statements and visuals. The punk flyer is an economic and accessible medium for its voice.

I've read several books in the last five or six years about the complexity and texture of punk albums' cover art, a couple of volumes of rambling about the social achievements or failures of the past "punk rock movement". Trivializing and often distant and patronizing, most of them only succeed in turning something emotional and instinctive into a cerebral intellectual conversation about "culture studies", rarely touching on the roots of the existence of a youth faction like this book does.

From beginning to the end, two hundred thirty-seven pages later, *Fucked Up and Photocopied* is put together like the movement that spawned it. Like the *Fuck You Heroes* and *Fuck You Too* books by photographer Glen Friedman, this captures early punk rock's urgency and passionate behavior. Spanning North American punk/hardcore history from (approximately 1977-1985) *Fucked Up* is visually stuffed with never-before-seen photos, flyers, newsletters, set lists, all intertwined with writing from veterans of American punk history from the aforementioned time-span. People that lived through it, participated in it, bled, sweat, and breathed it. People that were present via playing in bands, promoting shows, creating artwork for handbills and album covers, or an eyewitness.

There is writing included by punk rock personalities like Penelope Houston (the Avengers), Mike Watt (the Minutemen), and East Bay Ray (the Dead Kennedys), and some of punk's behind-the-scenes unsung contributors like Joe Sib (the Drab), Al Quint (*Suburban Voice* fanzine, which incidentally is still published today), and Charles Arjavac (Sado Nation). Much of the writing comes off as jaded and disjointed, not really having too much of a point, just mere reminiscing about the golden era of American punk in comparison to nowadays. However, it is contrasted nicely with optimistic and confident anecdotes, and some of the most honest and beautiful testaments of North American punk's organic growth: its flyer art.

Fucked Up gives space to some of punk's most well known artists, such as Winston Smith, Pushead and Raymond Pettibon, shoved next to some known (yet less acknowledged...) punk artists like Shawn Kerri, Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez, and Marc Rude. This is one of the most comprehensive collections of flyer art I've seen assembled in one place. Most of the fliers have been scanned in and not reduced very much (the pages themselves are 9" x 11 1/2") so as to show their imperfections; the scribbles and phone numbers on them, the pin holes, the tears, etc. etc. They are beautifully placed and arranged on the pages, over a backdrop of astounding photos and impressively cluttered graphics.

Divided into nine American regions (Northern California, Southern California, Pacific Northwest, the rest of the West, Texas, the Midwest, Boston, New York City and DC), and a brief Canadian section, *Fucked Up* is an amazing resource for researching and tracking punk's effects across North America. My only criticism is that I hoped for more contributions from punk's presence in the South Eastern United States and more complete Canadian and United Kingdom representation (but perhaps that is saved for another volume). This book is so well executed that it not only inspires me to track the history of the bands on the fliers, but also inspires me to take full advantage of my knowledge and access to such a spectacular medium such as reprographics.

Reading through this book is like looking at a time capsule. Looking at the photos and addresses, the incredible line-ups, the graffiti, the random memorabilia of historical import... it's hard not to feel the energy and excitement involved at the times most of these were created.

It's weird to look at a book like this and realize that something like photocopying and printing of this art has been almost equally as instrumental as the bands or the songs that get the credit for this scene. It's been sad to think about the effects of the age of the accessible computer, which has also become a crucial form of communication, and realize that the printed flyer is quickly becoming a relic of punk rock's past.

Overall I am overwhelming satisfied with this book's non-analytical approach to acknowledging the fundamental importance of printing and reprographics and its role in orchestrating one of the biggest youth movements in this

culture. This is book is so dead-on honest with no bullshit attached, refreshing and real, like the musical and cultural revolution that made up its subject. —Paul Barger

Anal Pleasure and Health: A Guide for Men and Women • Revised Third Edition
Jack Morin, Ph.D. • 288 pages • $18.00
Down There Press • 938 Howard Street, #101 • San Francisco, CA • 94103

"Lick his ass." Scott Thompson's advice to heterosexual women on how to keep their man happy.

Anal Pleasure and Health is the most comprehensive research-based book ever written to address the highly taboo subject of anal health and sexuality. Today, reference guides and manuals ranging from self-fellatio to g-spot ejaculation to the fine art of fist fucking can be found in even the most mainstream of bookstores, but back in 1981, the publication of this book was quite a breakthrough. Public response was overwhelmingly positive. With over 75,000 copies of the first two editions already in circulation, *Anal Pleasure and Health* was largely responsible for destigmatizing the topic of anal eroticism by promoting anal awareness. Updated to include new developments such as the Reality "female condom," and expanded discussions on topics such as sexual dominance and sm as they relate to anal play, this revised third edition should be mandatory reading for anyone with an asshole.

People of all sexual orientations, both male and female, are intrigued by the idea of anal play but will often encounter discomfort, both physical and psychological, that stops them from pursuing it with much success. From his extensive experience as a board-certified sex therapist, educator and researcher, author Jack Morin, Ph.D. provides much needed information about progressive relaxation, outlines techniques for avoiding pain or injury and most important, advises partners on how to effectively communicate their desires and needs to facilitate safe and pleasurable anal exploration. He explains in *Anal Pleasure and Health* how to replace negative emotions and beliefs about the anus with positive attitudes; to simultaneously enjoy anal stimulation and promote anal wellness; ways to reduce or eliminate even chronic anal tension, how to receive anal intercourse safely and pleasurably, to know and communicate your requirements for satisfying anal experiences; and how to promote self healing when dealing with anal medical problems. A diplomate of the American Board of Sexology, author of *The Erotic Mind* (HarperPerennail, 1995) and a licensed psychotherapist practicing in the San Francisco Bay Area, since the release of this book, regardless of all his many accomplishments, Dr. Jack Morin will forever be known to me as the Butt Doctor.

There are two separate parts to the book: the first deals with the more private aspects of anal self exploration while the second covers ways to include the anal area comfortably and safely in sensual and sexual play with others. Since it's designed to be used in conjunction with active anal exploration, every chapter includes relevant information from the fields of anatomy and/or psychology, exercises to complete and suggestions of how to integrate the new information and experiences into your life. The exercises are relatively easy but do require reading the book in sequence, as each chapter builds on the previous ones. Beginning slowly with just deliberately looking and touching yourself, these exercises help increase familiarity and comfort with the anal area. As you progress towards actual anal intercourse, Dr. Morin discusses common feelings that may come up as a result of these explorations, blocks that can get in the way, and possibilities for positive change.

Smart, safe and pleasurable enjoyment of anal sexuality requires being aware of the variety of health problems that can affect the anal area. Appendix A includes information about HIV and AIDS with guidelines for safer anal sex; other STDs (gonorrhea, anal warts, hepatitis, and intestinal infections) as well as common diseases of the anus and rectum (hemorrhoids, fissures, constipation, diarrhea and Irritable Bowel Syndrome); guidelines for self-healing and finally, finding a competent non judgmental physician or alternative practitioner. Access to accurate information, sensible guidelines for preventing problems and ways to effectively deal with those that do arise is beneficial for everyone, even those with absolutely no interest in anal play.

My old roommate told me that the only thing her mother ever gave her was a copy of *Anal Pleasure and Health*... on the day she walked out and left her father. Well, that's more useful information than some will ever get in a lifetime from their mothers. When first published in 1981, I'm sure this book had quite an impact. But nowadays, everyone I know has at least read excerpts from one of the first two editions and acted on what they read. Anal sexuality seems to be in its heyday, although it's said to carry the implications of homosexuality. But more heterosexual couples admit to practicing anal intercourse, performing both roles of inserter and receiver. How's that for progress!

Dr. Morin quotes one of his clients, *"I probably should have known before, but I now see that anal sex is about a whole lot more than sticking stuff up your butt."* Now there's a mantra for us all.
—Catherine Cook

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

STRANGE ANIMATION FROM STRANGE LANDS

The word "anime" has an inviting, almost exclusive sound to it, as if one were invited into an underground elite whose knowledge of cultural marginalia commands interest. For the relatively unschooled (like me), anime is just another way of saying "cartoon". This not a putdown; I like cartoons. In this case, we're talking about Japanese cartoons, which in their best examples have been said to approach cinematic art. Obviously, we're not talking *Sailor Moon* or *Pokemon* here.

For skeptics, the in-crowd mystique of anime is tainted by the fact that many of its fans are also known to go to science fiction conventions, buy (or still worse, read) comic books, traffic with a thriving international network of video tapes, and possibly even collect plastic action figures of their favorite animated heroes. (For the record: this can never be as healthy as spending your budget on recorded vinyl.) But there is a modest coolness to the phenomenon. Since Japanese filmmakers rarely, if ever, provide subtitles to their cartoons, it's up to legions of freelance translators and "fansubbers" to do the job for them. With the help of Amiga subtitling machines, the tapes are duped and distributed — often for a nominal fee (the price of a video tape, or a trade); fans then pass these tapes or dubs to other fans in a massive and not-quite-organized system that owes a lot to the spirit of the "C30-C60-C90-Go!" generation.

Thanks to The Harrison Act (which apparently says that copyright laws on foreign items only apply when they've been specifically procured), it's all legal — though I'd like the counsel of a lawyer on this one. But for all practical purposes, the issue is moot, since nobody overseas could possibly have the resources to follow up on legions of anime-happy fans with copyguard-busters on their VCRs.

Recently, fan-subbers let out a collective moan when the revered work of Studio Ghibli was grabbed by Buena Vista (aka Disney), a pre-emptive move to make sure this influential Japanese studio's work didn't fall into the hands of the competition. This turned out to be a smart move. The amiable *Kiki's Delivery Service* became a hit on U.S. video, and critical rage *Princess Mononoke* is finishing off its theatrical run to become a cult hit. Interestingly, the above films — easily the most well-known of the bunch — are by no means the best.

One of the trademarks of Studio Ghibli is their use of flying things; blimps, gliders and witches can be found everywhere — but none so much as airplanes. And the great *Porco Rosso* is Ghibli's ultimate airplane movie, a giddy cross between *Animal Farm* and *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines.*

The action is set in the Adriatic during the rise of fascism in the 1920s. When air pirates kidnap a load of school-children, the authorities prevail upon bounty hunter Porco Rosso, a gruff but amiable flying ace, to rout out the baddies. The pirates have more than their share of worries with the kids, a happy lot who almost end up taking over the planes. Porco Rosso (who, as his name suggests, is half-man, half-pig) routs the bad guys, which makes him the focus of ire for the pirates, and particularly handsome American ace Donald Curtis.

When Porco Rosso's engine gives out during a dogfight with the American, the pig heads to Italy where he contracts for the creation of a new plane. It's to be designed by a cute teenage girl, Fio, and tooled by a cadre of old Italian peasant women who look like they were cast from some rustic epic by the Taviani brothers. When they're done, feisty Fio demands to be taken on the debut flight, and soon becomes Porco Rosso's mechanic and main defender...as well as the object of desire for every air pirate within a thousand miles.

Porco Rosso develops into a series of ingenious setups and in-jokes, alternately hilarious and exciting, and almost impossibly entertaining. Unlike some Studio Ghibli releases, the film's politics is integrated into the drama, so there's never a didactic feel. It's well-drawn animation with a heart and a brain — maybe the most impressive I've seen since the American films *Watership Down* and *The Plague Dogs.*

Porco Rosso was directed by the revered Hayao Miyazaki, whereas his colleague Isao Takahata usually opts a less robust style. That's why Takahata's wild and vivid *Pom Poko* is such a surprise. Bought in the same package deal as *Mononoke*, it may never enjoy an American release as a result of its Buddhist and Shinto themes — not to mention its in-your-face bawdiness.

Pom Poko addresses another of the trademark themes of Studio Ghibli — man's encroachment on the environment — and stars a class of mysterious creatures called "tanukis", animal-spirits who have the power of changing form at will. These creatures, who live deep in the forest, are troubled by the development of "New Town" just outside Tokyo. Already, bulldozers have rolled in to raze their living space, and for some, this means war.

Their initial battles meet with small success (the raccoons shifting into samurai gear and using their testicles as offensive weapons), but the humans won't relent. While some think the decimation of mankind is their only choice, others find life without human foods (like rat tempura) intolerable. Their ultimate strategy is both dangerous and ingenious: why not form-shift into spooks and simply scare the humans away?

Pom Poko, like *Porco Rosso*, achieves its excellence through the kind of humor and creative electricity that's palpable from start to finish. Certainly its unwillingness to talk down to the audience has helped open it up to all age groups.

Perfect Blue has no connection with Studio Ghibli, and while hardly perfect, it's an anime worth investigating for its own reasons. When idol singer Mima Kirigoe breaks off from an all-girl trio, she redirects her career toward acting. Predictably, not all of her fans are happy about it. First, she receives faxes at home threatening violence (they take their pop music seriously in Japan); then, an email site sprouts out of nowhere that documents her daily life with chilling detail — including private things only she should know about. When a letter bomb injures her scriptwriter, it becomes increasingly clear that someone very near to her is behind the violence, though whether it's one person or a well-orchestrated conspiracy is impossible to tell.

Given these conditions, Mima's career choices are sometimes less than sensible. She no sooner decides to pose for a nude portfolio when her role on screen demands a brutal gang-rape scene (I'd never realized knew Japanese TV was so liberal)...and her internet chronicler doesn't miss a beat in documenting every detail of the action. But just as it begins to make less and less sense, the plot scatters and re-

groups as a doppelganger psychological thriller — with Mima the central actor in her own mad drama.

Occasionally, I think some movies would have been better if they'd been documentaries, or simply been left as books or short stories; *Perfect Blue* is so hyper-realistic in its story and animation that it's easy to imagine it as a live-action film with name actors — a choice that (with minor tweaks) might have made it more credible. But maybe that's just an American predilection. In Japan, animation is hugely popular with both young and old; note that *Pom Poko* and *Princess Mononoke* rank among the top five top-grossing Japanese films *of all time*. In America, cartoons (or anime) have almost always been seen as the domain of the very young; it's a prejudice which (at least in the case of the above films) will make your movie-going life a little poorer.
– Steve Spinali

JOE AND MICK ALMOST KISS AND MAKE UP

I saw Joe Strummer play last August. It was an incredibly painful experience. I really felt bad for him. He was pissed off and surly, but without the "je ne c'est quoi" of the Clash. He's older, and punk is mainstream, so it doesn't have the same effect, but I would hope he would at least try to have a little fun. I tried to enjoy myself, but it just wasn't right. Of course, I know, you know, even Joe knows, that everyone was there to hear him do Clash songs. He did play them, every other song. My friends and I had a good laugh (and we still laugh about it) about the whole thing after the show. Zine reviewer Casey Ress does a great impression of Joe from the show. I just can't even believe he was sincere. He had to be making fun of us. The worst thing about the whole experience is to hear people rave about how great it was. Then zines do interviews with him and all they do is kiss his ass.

Naturally, the show was the set up for Joe Strummer's solo album. All those between Clash songs were from the new album so I guess he was sincere. I am not completely unsympathetic. I would like to see Joe Strummer be a bigger star than Michael Jackson. He should be. If I had my way, Jack Oblivian would be the biggest star in the world. Back to reality.

Westway To The World is the documentary of the Clash. It was directed by Don Letts and mostly consists of the footage he shot of the Clash, from the beginning to the end. The thing I like best about it is that he includes all the old footage, even the out-of-focus, over-exposed or poor sound quality stuff. That's the stuff you want to see. You probably don't know anyone who was at the 100 Club, but now you get to see a little of it. It also gives the film a progressive quality; the dark shots of the early rehearsals up to the multi-camera shots at Shea Stadium.

In between all the cool footage you get the interviews with the band today, a la *Behind The Music*. However, it is done better than any of those. Paul Simmonon talks about their fashion sense. Joe Strummer talks about their Leninist politics. Mick Jones tells how "I'm So Bored With The USA" was originally a song about his girlfriend called "I'm So Bored With You". Topper Headon reveals that he was only going to stay with the Clash for a year to get his name out so he could get into something good. The band is allowed to tell their story through these interviews. The segments being neatly introduced by a title screen.

The interviews are edited very nicely to include a good range of material. It doesn't just focus on how influential they are, then go on to their self-destruction. The personalities come through. By the end of *Westway To The World*, it seems to me that everyone was apologizing for what happened at the end of the band. Joe finally realizes that Mick's talent was worth waiting for and Mick realizes he should have had more self-control. That only sounds like one thing to me, reunion tour.

I think the best test of a band documentary is whether you want listen to the music after you watch it. I did. I'll probably even go to a reunion show. After writing this, VH1 played a re-edited version of *Westway To The World* on their "Legends" program. They even added a voice over history which is not in the version I'm reviewing. It was very interesting to see what was left in and what wasn't. They edited a 80 minute documentary into 45 minutes. They left out a bunch of the fun stuff, especially the great part with the ice cream.

It's always good to counteract a band documentary with a fictional film centered around a band. I only wish I had a better one. *Slaves To The Underground* is one of those movies that looks interesting on the video box. I had never heard of it so I thought I'd give it a try.

Slaves To The Underground is the story of Shelly. She's in a band, the 'No Exits,' with her girlfriend Suzy. The band is on the verge of stardom. The girls terrorize the guy at the local porn shop and punch a rapist. But, then, Shelly's ex-boyfriend comes back. When I write it like that it sounds completely silly and it is. The film is set in Seattle. If I had known that, I wouldn't have rented it. The No Exits are labeled as "one of those Olympia bands" by a spectator. The music is post-riot grrrl, soft lyrics that say "fuck" a lot and are very meaningful. There are a bunch of ridiculous homosexual and heterosexual sex scenes. Suzy spouts rhetoric about doing it for the cause. A riot starts at a show when two men won't leave the club. The clichés never end. Filmmaking's uninteresting, acting's tolerable, yet I watched the whole thing. Hmmmm. I'm personally happy with the invention of the DVD. I don't have one, nor do I have any intention of buying one, but thanks to that device, the movie companies are restoring some great films. One of my favorites, *Grand Illusion*, recently played in San Francisco. It's been released on video too.

Grand Illusion is a war film that is amazingly superior to all the war films made recently. Made by Jean Godard in 1937, the film is set during World War I in German prison camps. The main characters are French officers. They are placed in the "Officer's Camp" where they are treated according to their rank. The prisoners are allowed care packages from their families and they even put on plays. That is something you don't see in American war films. There is no sense of respect shown toward prisoners of war, if they are shown at all.

The interaction of the prisoners and their captors is amusing. War is shown as something that happens. You do it because you are obligated, but no one holds any grudges against the other. In the beginning a German fighter pilot shoots down a French plane. The German then asks the French officers to have dinner with him and his soldiers. He even apologizes for shooting down their plane. *Grand Illusion* was banned in Germany by the Nazis for this attitude toward war. I also see it as inspiration for *Hogan's Heroes*.
– Carolyn Keddy

THE REZILLOS

by Steve Gardner

ANOTHER SUBCULTURE GOiNG BAD

This article originally appeared in Noise For Heroes #15 *in the winter of 1989*

What? You never heard of them? That's hardly a suitable excuse. It might be getting hard to find their stuff now, but if you don't have a Rezillos record in your collection, well, you don't have a collection. These guys were one of the classic cartoon punk bands of the late 1970's, and although the press didn't seem to be able to decide whether they were supposed to like them or not, the records they left behind leave no question what the choice should have been.

The Rezillos blasted off from Edinburgh, Scotland in late 1976 playing gigs in the Town Hall in front of people who hadn't yet had a taste of any of the punk bands from down London way. The lineup at the time consisted of Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds (who also played drums for a while) as lead vocalists, Hi-fi Harris and Jo Callis on guitar (Jo used to be tagged as "Luke Warm"), D.K. Smythe on bass, Angel Patterson on drums, William Mysterious on sax, and Gale Warning as backup singer/go-go dancer. The songs zoomed along at a pace that hadn't been felt in Scotland in years, with great slabs of guitar, racy bass lines, and pounding drumwork, covered with the tag-team singing duo of Reynolds and Fife, whose vocal approach was inspired by some of the best pop bands of the 60s. The lyrics were lunatic stuff about flying saucers attacking, or spaceship rides to Venus, or girls with good taste in sculpture. In an age of bands trying to change the world, the Rezillos were totally undiluted fun.

The independent record scene was just beginning back then, and in Edinburgh a fellow named Lennie Love had been thinking about starting his own label, and with the Rezillos right in his backyard as the obvious first signee, he was all set to launch his "Sensible Records" label, which occurred with the August 1977 release of the single "I Can't Stand My Baby/I Wanna Be Your Man", the latter track being a Beatles cover. The single shows the band trying to figure out what it takes in the studio to get the sound they want, and doesn't really have the kick of their subsequent releases, which explains why the Sire reissue of this single is pretty easy to come by even now. As a strange aside, some 400 copies of the Sensible release were pressed with a demo version of "My Baby Does Good Sculptures" on the flip, even though the sleeve still claims the flip is "Your Man".

Lineup shuffling quickly set in, with Gale, Harris and Smythe leaving. Mysterious moved to bass for a while, but soon he left and the band added Simon Templar on bass. But label interest in the Rezillos was building (everybody was falling over each other to sign up "new wave" bands at that point), and the band made their big move to Sire in late 1977, a seemingly logical pairing given the spiritual relationship the Rezillos shared with the Ramones, but one that they were to complain bitterly about later. By December 1977, the band had a new single "Flying Saucer Attack/(My Baby Does) Good Sculptures". This one also suffers from polite production that squashes out most of its energy, but both songs are great, as would be revealed shortly.

In early 1978, Sire brought the band to New York to record their first lp Can't Stand The Rezillos, with Tony Bongiovi (who also co-produced the Ramones Leave Home and Rocket To Russia) handling production. These sessions finally brought out the right sound; good fat guitars and lots of craziness, as you'd have to expect from the titles. The "Flying Saucer" 45 was re-recorded (both sides) with lots of punch, and there's other great loony songs like "Cold Wars", "Top Of The Pops" and "Bad Guy Reaction". "Cold Wars" was allegedly released in the UK as a single with "William Mysterious Overture" as the flip, but I've never seen this in years of looking (anybody know anything about it?).

The band, which was always into tacky looking 60s-type clothing, apparently were in heaven during their New York stay. "Great plastic here", Mysterious was quoted as saying in an interview. "Canal Street is right oot o' my fantasy world". They played at a show at CBGB's (natch) and though the fans applauded wildly and cheered, the band weren't happy with the reception, expecting the sort of pogoing they'd get back home. The band got rave reviews for both their music and for being incredibly visual, with Eugene (dressed as a comic book super-hero) and Jo Callis flying around the stage and Fay dancing wildly in her mini-skirts and go-go boots. Sadly, it was to be their only American performance ever.

The lp consisted mostly of songs written by Callis,

but also had a good share of covers; Dave Clark Five's "Glad All Over", Jeremy Spencer's "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In" (THE authoritative version of it to my way of thinking), and another one called "I Like It" all fit seamlessly into the lp track listing, redone in suitably rampaging style.

In August 1978 Can't Stand The Rezillos was followed up with the 45 "Top Of The Pops" including the non-lp flip "20,000 Rezillos Under The Sea", which is actually a rave-up of the theme from "The Lone Ranger", performed with saxophone and kazoo. In November the band hit again with the super "Destination Venus/ Mystery Action", but they were already starting down the path to what would be a very acrimonious breakup in a few months. The band situation was made awkward by the fact that Jo Callis wrote virtually all of the material, yet Fife and Reynolds, as the visual focus of the band, were perceived to be the leaders.

Commencing a 40 gig blitzkrieg tour in December 1978 was probably not a great idea given all this, and as it proved it was catastrophic. Fay's voice gave out with the result that half the shows were canceled. This in turn resulted in the bankruptcy of the group as there were promoters, rental companies and roadies to be paid whether the shows went on or not. The band essentially ripped in two at this point, with Reynolds and Fife forming the Revillos and Callis, Patterson and Templar creating Shake.

In a bitter interview in New York Rocker in 1979, Reynolds and Fife summarized what they thought were the causes of the band's split: "They wanted to be competent musicians first and foremost, and we wanted to be adventurous...they're not - they're still playing old Rezillos numbers, for Chrissakes. Secondly...there was a great deal of disrespect from the other three towards us because we were singers - not really musicians. Third was attitudes towards the music business. They were satisfied with Sire, prepared to take any shit given them, whereas we have always wanted total control of everything...who wants to get into the top 20 with a record that's not your own work? "Top Of The Pops" was recorded by some guy in a 24 track studio who we didn't want in the first place, and the artwork was awful."

Their opinions are colored in my mind by comparing Rezillos records to the Revillos. The Revillos totally lost the guitar edge and the great songs that Callis gave them, and the result is pretty uninspiring. Besides, who can blame Callis for continuing to do Rezillos songs in Shake; hell, they were his songs! And I always felt that the "TOTP" single (along with the subsequent live single of "Cold Wars") have some of the more classic pic sleeve artwork I've seen. Callis and Patterson gave their side in the same article: "The name Rezillos described what the five of us did together...and they're cashing in on it now. Because we wouldn't let them keep the name Rezillos, they changed it to the Revillos, which we couldn't do anything about. They knew people would associate the Revillos with their old favorites the Rezillos."

But in general Callis seemed a lot less bitter about the situation than Fife and Reynolds, and he did express a good deal of dissatisfaction with Sire, with whom his new band, Shake was now signed. They cut an ep in March 1979, and it didn't get released until July. Released as a 10", it's actually much better than any Revillos records, though it misses the crazed vocals of Fife and Reynolds. They released one more single (the great "Invasion Of The Gamma Men"), and then called it quits.

To pay off debts, Sire released a second Rezillos album called Mission Accomplished...But The Beat Goes On in the spring of 1979. A live lp recorded in Glasgow just before Christmas in 1978, this record got panned universally for having muddy sound, but personally, I can't see it. If anything, I think the live lp is even better than Can't Stand The Rezillos. The performances smolder and the guitar is mixed real loud and hot. Half the songs appear on earlier recordings, but almost all are improved by the feeling of spontaneity they get from being played live. Best are "Cold Wars", the new "Culture Shock" (later on the Shake ep), and a totally out of control take of the Sweet's "Ballroom Blitz" that blows away every version of this often covered song I've ever heard.

I've pretty well lost track of the wreckage of the band in the intervening years. The Revillos carried on for quite awhile and had several 45s and a couple lps, none of which approached the punch of the weakest Rezillos record. Shake had their one ep and a seven inch single, and Callis subsequently turned up in the Human League for a while; a depressing end for one of the better slash guitar players that punk ever produced. But the title of the live lp serves as a fitting epitaph; I'm not sure that the band wouldn't have become stale on their own if they hadn't broken up, but the pile of vinyl they left behind is certainly magical stuff.

Closing note: In 1993 Sire/Warner Bros released a re-issue CD with all of the first Rezillos lp and all but one track ("Destination Venus"–unfortunately one of the best) from the live album, along with great liner notes from former Trouser Press writer Ira Robbins. Almost everything the band ever did on one CD - essential!

MUSIC REVIEWS

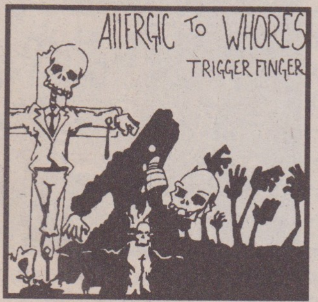
Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, metal, MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include ppd price when mailing. If possible, send two copies of vinyl records (one for MRR, one for the reviewer). We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases. If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. No reviews of test pressings or CD-Rs. Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money that goes into it. Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, ((NF) Neale Fishback, (BG) Brian Gathy, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JR) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (RM) Raimundo Murguia, (JN) Jah Nell, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (SS) Steve Spinali, (ST) Sean Sullivan, (JV) Jason Valdez, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young.

ACCEL 4 - "From The Motor City" LP

I hear that Akira is the brother of Seiji from GUITAR WOLF. I don't know if this true, but when I saw them live, and by the look of the cover, it probably is. By the sound of the record too—although the music is more audible, but still very trashy. Play your MC5 records at 78 and you may get close to this. Better yet, just pick up this record. It's fantastic. (CK)
(Repent, 535 Stevenson St, San Francisco, CA 94103)

ALIEN BLOOD TRANSFUSION/13 GHOST- split EP

I never really got into "ghoul rock", I mean yeah I dig the MISFITS, but isn't the rest kind of played out and unoriginal?...I don't get it and what I really don't understand is why a band like ALIEN BLOOD TRANSFUSION would bother to write (let alone record) two tunes that sound like the NEW EARTH CREEPS (a fourth generation ghoul rock outfit with very little new to bring to the table) minus vocals. They sound like a really band instrumental cover of the MISFITS. Mediocre at best. 13 GHOST offer at least a little bit of a twist by adding a little bit of surf to their spook instrumental. Not bad, kinda catchy. I really dig the cover art though, it's kinda like "Tales From The Crypt" meets an old GROOVIE GHOULIES sleeve. (BM)
(Acme, PO Box 441 Dracut, MA 01826)



ALLERGIC TO WHORES "Trigger Finger" EP

Do NOT quickly flip past the crude sketch of this EP when shopping through the distro box! Not as manic as the Clevo bastards 9 SHOCKS TERROR, but lyrically they have the same outlook: complete contempt for humanity. This has the punchy hardcore delivery of very early NECROS trying to rope in dual vocals that could almost move into East Coast pogo assault territory. The chorus "You're pissing, you're pissing down my back" is crazy catchy. (TH)
(Firebrand, PO Box 126, Uniontown, OH 44685)

ALL ILL - "Symbols Of Involution" EP

Holy shit...this EP tops their debut CD from '98 (which is something I didn't think was possible!) This is no holds barred fast-as-fuck thrash that leaves nothing standing. Mix INFEST, STACK and some '88 youth crew influences (they do the best cover of "Dance Floor Justice" I've heard yet) and you got the now-defunct ALL ILL. Normally it would take a year or two for a band to acquire the stamp of "legendary," but I think ALL ILL have earned it with this last release. Watch for a CD version of this coming out of Spain with extra tracks as well! (MW)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

ANGUISH UNSAID - "Wanting...Waiting" CD

I'm sure ANGUISH UNSAID pictures this CD as being the perfect soundtrack for bashing queers, subverting the wife, bombing clinics, and being a good little Christian. Unfortunately, the music on this CD is as laughable as the politics, just a two-bit DEFTONES rip off. The perfect gift for the Pat Buchannan fan. (JF)
(Bettie Rocket, 3912 Portola Dr. #207, Santa Cruz, CA 95062)

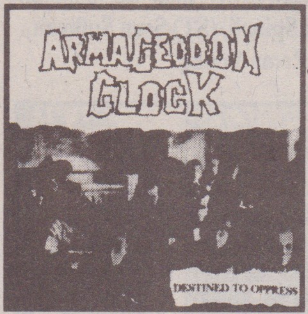
A-PHOBIA - "Nuqneh" LP

I think they're also called ANARCHOPHOBIA. But I'm not sure. Fast and loose punk with female vocals that sort of remind me of BAMBIX a little. Needless to say, there's a real anarcho leaning here. I can't read German, but...let's just say it's heavily implied. They go through little metal, chugga chugga stuff here and there. A bunch of ska here and there as well. But they really excel when they're playing upbeat melodic punk. That's when they almost pull off the LIFE, BUT HOW TO LIVE IT? thing. An odd mixture mostly held together by strong vocals. (LH)
(Sacro K-Baalismo, Herbststr. 40/17, A-1160 Wien, AUSTRIA)

MUSIC REVIEWS

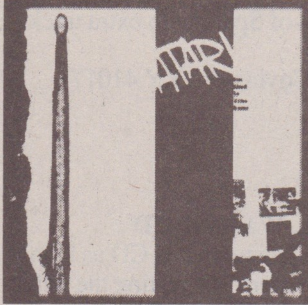
THE ANNOYED - "Propaganda Und Alte Werte" LP

Fast and angry hardcore punk from Germany with strong vocals. This isn't bad, but how many times can you play the same song over and over? Decent. (NF)
(Freibeuter, Hermann-Sauter-Str. 9, 76829 Landau, GERMANY)



ARMAGEDDON CLOCK - "Destined To Oppress" EP

Well, this starts out OK I guess. Mid-paced hardcore, but then they go and ruin it with the second song, as it suddenly breaks down into really cheesy ska. Then the vocalist tries to do some type of whispering (I guess to be dramatic) on another song. Mediocre lyrics about social control, fighting in Jerusalem, and freedom. Not really so good. (SR)
(Morbid, c/o Leo van Aerschot, Kanslerintie 9, as. 93, 20200, Turku, FINLAND)



ATARI - "Too Tired To Drive Home" EP

Shit, I hit the review lottery this month—every record has been great. This is no exception. Rad, fast, powerful new-school youth crew with a skate tough or go home attitude. Enough buzzwords there for you? Lyrics that hit home, and some loud-as-fuck production, not to mention the band member trading cards, help this seven inch stand out. Rockin'. Keep an eye on this label too. (AM)
(Broken Man, PO Box 42513, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

ATROCIOUS MADNESS - "Visions Of Hell" EP

All the money made from this record goes to benefit the Direct Action Defense Fund and the Coalition To End Primate Experimentation. ATROCIOUS MADNESS plays crusty hardcore with extremely political lyrics, but you probably assumed that much. Subjects covered on this EP are animal experimentation, nuclear energy, and those fucking bastards in power. It's been done numerous times before, but ATROCIOUS MADNESS are, judging by this record, doing it better than most. (JV)
(Tribal War, W. Burnside #1936, Portland, OR 97209)

BASSHOLES - "When My Blue Moon Turns Red Again" 2xLP

Well, this set definitely evokes sweat, fuzz, and beer. It's a very live-sounding recording. I know the BASSHOLES have been around a while, but this is the first I've experienced of their HC blues damage. The varied instrumentation (guitar and drums, with occasional harmonica, organ, and sax) helps keep things from getting stale. Reminds me of lo-fi STOOGES style blues, or early MUDHONEY. They have a sense of desperation, and there is a healthy sense of humor, too (i.e. "Cockroach Blues"). I do enjoy this, but two LPs are a little too saturating to me. (BG)
(In The Red, 2627 E Strong Pl, Anaheim, CA 92806)

BIZEX-B - "Vi Lever" LP

This is an authorized reissue of a classic 1981 punk record from Sweden. This debut by BIZEX-B only surfaced on 300 copies so this re-release is a welcome addition to the Swedish punk archives. The punk sound is guitar and bass-driven with good vocals. Some similarities to PF COMMANDO or BUGS could be used to describe this melodic punk rock. The recording quality is reasonable, considering the era. BISEX-B only lasted for one year and played about fifteen shows. This is a piece of essential Swedish punk history. (BR)
(Sound of the Eighties, c/o Fredrik Ljung, Sodra Parkgatan 31, 21422 Malmo, SWEDEN)

BLITZKRIEG/INSANE - "The Punk Collection" CD

Just like all of the rest of Captain Oi's recent stuff, they are compiling some older European punk/oi bands' somewhat hard-to-find releases for us to enjoy. Strong material from both bands and worth checking out. (NF)
(Captain Oi Records, P.O. Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks HP108QA, ENGLAND)

BLUES MAGOOS - "A Blues Magoos X-Mas" EP

OK, so seasonally this is a little late, but better late than never I suppose. A weird little thing here which from all indications seems to be a boot. Songs here include "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town", "Jingle Bells" and finally "Dante's Inferno". Naturally the most interesting is "Dante's Inferno" which appears to be a very loose psych "jam" with somebody screaming and guitar noises. Pretty avant, eh? A pretty commerch soul-like version of "Jingle Bells" rounds off the bunch. Can't really see any reason to have this. Can't really see BLUES MAGOOS worship in the year 2000 as a real possibility either, but what do I know? (JY)
(no address)

MUSIC REVIEWS

BOMBECKS - "Oi! Rock 'N' Roll" LP

Fucking drop the hammer on the kids, you fucks! This hard punk 'n' Oi! rock and roll excursion amounts to a full-force bludgeoning. You get gruff vocals, slashing rock guitars and bombastic drum and bass foundation. Truly a crushing blow to the cerebellum for you punks and skins. BOMBECKS breaks out all the heavy artillery and delivers tough German rock 'n' Oi! for you beer-drinkers. Recommended for all boot boys, punks and pub crawlers. (BR)

(Scumfuck Mucke, PSF 100709, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

THE BOONARAAAS - "U.G.L.Y. Girl" LP

Primitive all-girl power poppy punk with a touch of HEADCOAT(EES) flavoring. Actually I quite like this LP; it has bounce and groove in all the right places, unlike a lot of stuff from this genre. Plus this record boasts a cover with She Hulk on it, just too cool. (JF)

(Thunderwoman, Hasselstr.120-40599, Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

BOVVER WONDERLAND - "The Best Of Bovver Wonderland" EP

Fuck Yes! Southern California's favorite sons raise the skinhead flag high for all to see! BOVVER WONDERLAND are back and they are as fucking great as ever! This EP compiles four songs off early releases such as Vulture Rock "Super Yobs Vol. 2". We are quickly reminded that this band kicks a whole truckload of skinhead ass! You get "Weekend Kids", one of the best BOVVER WONDERLAND songs, plus "Super Yob", "Richboy Scum", and "Justice for All?". Get this EP as soon as possible! Go see BOVVER WONDERLAND live when they come to your town! Great fucking skinhead music! (BR)

(Destroy All Records, 3818 Sunset Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90026)

BUCK - "Buck In Black" CD

I saw this band live about a year ago and was pretty bored, but this CD makes me want to see them again. I thought they were a crappy country rock band, but here they prove themselves as a bluesy, guitar filled rock band. It still has some country influence, but all is over-powered by AC/DC style guitars and Lita Ford-type screaming, not twangy, vocals. (BC)

(Lance Rock, 1223 College Drive, Nanaimo, BC V9R 5Z5 CANADA)

BUMP-N' UGLIES - "Diary Of A Madman" EP

Detroit's BUMP-N' UGLIES kick down four songs of tough-boy/chair-swinging punk rock in a tribute to the wrestler Madman Pondo. Pretty solid goods except for the "Proud Mary" cover. I would like to see these guys live if they ever make it out here. Limited to 500 copies, so act fast. (RC)

($3 ppd: Transparent c/o Paul Holstein, 6759 Transparent Dr, Clarkston, MI 48646)

BUNJIE JAMBO - "Potty Karate" CD

This record at its best sounds like AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY, and at its worst like bad FISHBONE. Songs with lyrics about being happy you wore a condom because some girl you had sex with is so filthy, how do you say it, LAME. At one point they even manage to sound a bit like NUCLEAR RABBIT, and then I realized that there was a song entitled "4:20", which finally lead me to run to my record collection in search of a SPECIALS record. (JV)

(Grappler Unlimited, 5000 Euclid Avenue, #211, Cleveland, OH 44103)

THE BURNOUTS - "Go Go Racing" CD

Straight outta Denmark here you got the mac daddy attitude of the BURNOUTS. Yeah, they're way too cool for their own good... wrapped in Bad Afro Records packaging that displays hub caps 'n' dice artwork... Oh, the neverending quest for the pussy. Despite the tired exteriors, the BURNOUTS manage to pull off a damn entertaining little release if you don't gag too hard over the stereotypical hip lyrics. Still, this blazes in the catchy tradition of the DEVIL DOGS. (DL)

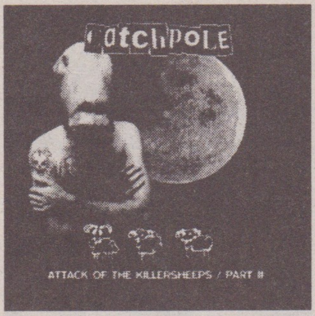
(Bad Afro, Poste Restante, Frederiksberg Alle 6, 1820 Frederiksberg C, DENMARK)

THE CASUALTIES – "The Early Years 1990-1995" LP

In case you haven't heard of the CASUALTIES, they're the standard bearers of the "Punk: Wear-it-on-your-sleeve-Spikes-&-Studs Nation". They play what used to be called (in this very publication) "mid-tempo Brit-punk" with yer run of the mill lyrics about hippies (bad), drinking (good), and being punk (very good). This is a collection of their first two EPs, an unreleased EP, and some compilation tracks. The packaging is full color with lots of photos of time-consuming hairstyles that could be an ad for Manic Panic. It's okay—y'know, but I always liked bands who had something more going on than just basing everything around the way you look (even if they *do* look pretty cool...) For example AUS ROTTEN and the PIST. As a wise man once sang—"A hairstyle's not a lifestyle, imagine Sid Vicious at 35..." (AD)

(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

MUSIC REVIEWS



CATCHPOLE - "Attack Of The Killer Sheeps Part II" EP

Four songs of fast, catchy hardcore punk. Thick production keeps the guitars at the front, although the vocals are somewhat buried. The songs have a certain early-eighties tunefulness to them, too poppy to be hardcore but absolutely not pop. Maybe similar to the first RANCID album. I like this a lot. (AM)
(Far Out, c/o Roger Merz, Hopfenstr. 2, CH-8045 Zurich, SWITZERLAND)

CATHETER - "INRI" EP

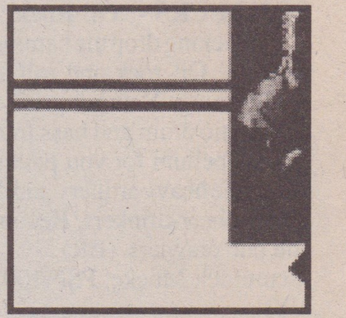
Fucking A, this is the new face of grindcore. Fresh from their split LP with LAUGHING DOG (who kick some ferocious grind as well) CATHETER plow through nine songs of ballistic grind that is tuned low, played tight, and does not let up. Awesome cover art as well, a must get for any grindcore fan. For those keeping track, CATHETER features some ex-members of REFORM CONTROL. (MW)
(Headfucker, PO Box 151, 25038 Rovato, Brescia, ITALY)

CATTLE DECAPITATION - "Human Jerky" LP

This blood-drenched cover and their bleak diseased-filled themes remind me of CARCASS, but their sound is faster, fuller and more in the vein of the powerful insanity of DILLINGER'S ESCAPE PLAN. With songs like "Bovine, Swine and Human-Rinds," "Veal And The Cult Of Torture" and "Mad Cow Conspiracy" how can you not sink your teeth into this one? Delicious! (TJ)
(Satan's Pimp, PO Box 13141, Reno, NV 89507)

CAVEMANNISH BOYS - "Get A Load Of..." CD

Boss, in-your-face psych/garage with primo songs and ace performances from this foursome from Portland (?). A real snarler of a singer in Mr. Malcolm Crowne, and a band that knows how to lay it down. Naturally, it's got the good '90s production, but the shit is still happening here despite that. Includes killer tunes like "You're the One" and "Long Black Road". Evokes the spirit of the REMAINS, CHOCOLOATE WATCHBAND and early MIRACLE WORKERS, and even the ARCHIES equally. Chock full of those classic recycled KINKS riffs and dead-on '60s vocal harmonies. Very cool. (JY)
(BloodRed, 2134 NE 25th Ave. Portland, OR 97212)



CHARLIE BROWN GETS A VALENTINE/INKLING - split EP

CHARLIE BROWN...play pop punk a little too much like J CHURCH or DISCOUNT with male vocals, not badly but not at all original. I got a bit confused once I flipped the record over. INKLING saved it by playing some spastic hardcore with screaming vocals that turn pretty in the breakdown, then back again to finish the song. Thumbs up to two totally different styles on one record. (PA)
($3 ppd: Spoiled, PO Box 199, Kulpsville, PA 19443)

CHAOSFRONT/RAKITIS - split 10"MLP

CHAOSFRONT (from Germany) starts things off with in-your-face crust grind attack, yet more in the vein of HIATUS than AGATHOCLES. Good, yet didn't blow my mind. RAKITIS is Swedish punk-thrash that is pretty original. They throw in a lot of bass fills and weird bridges to keep things entertaining, plus some 1000 mph beats to really keep your attention. Not your average Swedish thrash assault. (MW)
(Frontcore c/o Thorsten Held, Ilsenstrasse 19, 56 472 Stockhausen-Illfurth, GERMANY)

THE CHROMOSOMES - "Inst-DI" EP

Italian beach punk!!! Aside from the dreadlocks and skate shoes these motherfuckers are the proverbial "shit", yes that's right, I enjoy their music so much that I've compared them to feces!! It's RAMONES-y to the point where it's fun but not passé, generic nor overdone. I dig it. Italy is turning out some fine quality pop punk these days. (BM)
(Yia Matteotti, 10, 26865, San Rocco, al Porto (LO), ITALY)

CO-ED/POLLEN - split CD

Two bands I like here. CO-ED does its DISCOUNT-esque thing, although it's a bit more slick than Alison and company. Some pretty good songs too. POLLEN continues to hold onto that DESCENDENTS/ALL flame and does the genre no wrong. A strong pop punk release. (RL)
(Cool Guy, PO Box 2361, Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670)

MUSIC REVIEWS

DAYCARE SWINDLERS – "New & Tasty" CD

Driving punk that lies somewhere between poppy hardcore and ska-core. The ska thing is pulled off without being too annoying and when they're rockin' the DAYCARE SWINDLERS kick ass. Reminiscent of APOCALYPSE HOBOKEN's finer moments and has an old SoCal sound to it at times too. This is cool, blows most of the stuff on Fat and Epitaph these days out of the water. Bass player's gotta do something about that beard tho'. (AD)

(Vile Beat, PO Box 42462, Washington DC 20015)

DEAD END YOBS - "Weekend" EP

This is a very good record! These skinheads deliver a consistently high quality product on this four song EP. You get deep vocals with the band supplying choruses. DEAD END YOBS celebrate the honor and pride of being a working-class beer-drinking man in this modern world. The guitar player gets a chance to show off his prowess on the axe with a few more leads than most skinhead bands. The music is tough but still melodic. This band would be well received by blue collar men in drinking establishments from Germany to England to the USA. (BR)

(Scumfuck Mucke, PSF 100709, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

DECIBELIOS - "Kaos, Oi! Y Subversion!" LP

This is an (unauthorized?) reissue of four important releases by a very influential Spanish punk and Oi! band, DECIBELIOS. Included are the "Paletas Putrefactos" 7" from 1982, seven tracks from the "Caldo de Pollo" LP circa 1984, the "Paletas y Bolingas" 7" from 1983 and eight songs from the "Oi!" mini-LP put out originally in 1985. These motherfuckers had a hard punk and Oi! sound that has become quite revered amongst skins and punks as the test of time proves DECIBELIOS were the real shit! There are good guitar parts, rocking bass and drums and angry vocals to push this over the top. Get this compilation—save the money you would spend on the hard to find, expensive, originals. (BR)

(Dumb & Loud, no address)

DEEP LUST - CD

Guitar and drum work owing a heavy dept to the GORIES—simplistic and primal, and much firmer song structure than Steve's other band, the Corrections. The singing style shows Allison's time in the riot grrl stalwart's BRATMOBILE—snotty and sing-songy. Fans of MAUDE should be aware that this sounds nothing at all like like their legandary "Birdhouse" EP, but if you like your punk stripped down and a little arty, this is for you. (ST)

(Kill Rock Stars, PMB 418, 120 State St NE, Olympia, WA 98501)

THE DEMONICS - "Formaldehyde Injection" LP

I'm just a little confused here. The sleeve indicates that this was all recorded in early 1998, but we're just now getting it. Either it took some time to get this put out, or it some time to get it to us—I don't know which. Anyway, here's sixteen hot rod-punk tracks that rock in a way that you (or at least I) have come to expect from these fellows. And while a handful of the cuts have appeared on various 45s over the years, there are still a bunch that haven't. Tremendously catchy punk rock, with rockabilly and surf influences, and most of the songs focusing on chicks and cars—how can you go wrong? As an added bonus, this thing was pressed on a slab of wax as thick as a fucking pancake. This disc absolutely rocks. (KK)

(Alien Snatch, c/o Demonics, PO Box 1516, Pacifica, CA 94044)

DERAILER/ESOTERIC - split 7"

Tormented souls converge, twist and explode here. DERAILER has strains of DAMAD's moody weight that drops on your chest, ripping your heart out. ESOTERIC use more blast beats in expressing their pain, but don't wane from the heavy slower ways driving it home. (TJ)

(Derailer, PO Box 1957, Lawrence, KS 66044)

THE DIMWITS - CD

The bratty DIMWITS serve up some chunky style punk like if the QUEERS had balls. Heavy 'n' loud guitars, retarded rhyming lyrics all busted out at supersonic speed. At times, they get a little too po-dunk for me, but manage to pop back into place soon enough. These guys would be right at home splittin' a 12-er with the RANDUMBS. Drink up boys. (DL)

(Burning Tree, 4821 Lankershim Blvd. Unit F PMB #298, N. Hollywood, CA 91104)

DIRTY SCUMS - "Proud To Be A Punk" CD

Energetic pogo punk from Belgium (I think), with a snotty frontman who'd remind one of a cross between Joey Vindictive and that fella from the DISCOCKS. Pretty good shit. (NF)

(Dirty, no address)

DISKONTO - "Freedom Is Out Of Sight" LP

This record was recorded in 1997,and it's the third record this month I reviewed that uses the CRASS-style layout and Cargo font. This record is similar to their 7"s, but less sludgy than say, their split with DISTEJEJ on Crust Records. That said, this record sounds a lot less polished than their 7" "Silenced by Oppression," on Clean Plate Records. What you do get here are 28 cuts by one of the most DIY bands out there. Think a Swedish AUS-ROTTEN. Pretty good stuff. (JV)

(C.A.F., Patrik Englund, Nyvangen 19,302 57 Halmstad, SWEDEN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

DOOMSDAY MACHINE - "Family Pride" CD

Tough stuff from these tattooed, posturing hooligans kind of band using Old English fonts and pit bulls to convey their 'street' sense. Charming lyrics—they manage to combine such intellectual topics as people "stepping" to your crew, honor, and how being a man means "standing and fighting" with a disposable OPPRESSED cover. The sum of all this ends up being something totally forgettable. Funny how popularity has polluted hardcore—this is the same "jock" mentality all the "punks" were fighting way back when. Guess we all can't be RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE, eh? Keep the day jobs. (TM)
(Industrial Strength, 2824 Regetta Blvd, Richmond, CA 94804)

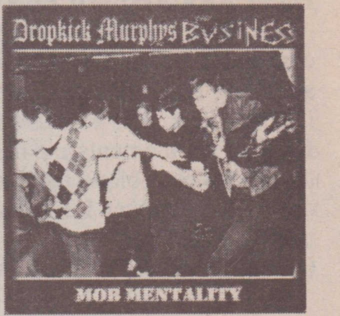
DRONES - "Dirty Bastards" LP

Here we have the second studio LP from the DRONES. Twenty fucking years later! Isn't there a statute of limitations? This is OK Brit-punk now, although using a 1978 band photo on the cover is kinda weak. Even the UK SUBS don't pull that crap, and Charlie's older than everybody. Get the strong double LP reissue if you want to check these guys out. Not an embarrassment by any means, just unnecessary. (RL)
(Alternative Action, PO Box 174, 11101 Rihimaki, FINLAND)

DRUNK – "...Again" CD

Wow, this guy is actually *singing* ! OK, so any band with a name like that is already well on it's way to winning me over, but as soon as the first song kicked into its chorus I got all goosepimply 'n' stuff—and that happens less and less these days, so you could say that's a recommendation. I can't pin this down, y'know, what neat little pigeonhole to stick it in, but this is the best thing I've heard by far this millenium. I don't know—NOMEANSNO and SENSE FIELD get together and record an album for Fat Wreck or something. Anyway, this fuckin' rules! OK, following some extensive research (I read the insert) I've learned that they are from Norway (Hey! Don't be put off! Come back! Just because they're not American doesn't mean they suck. Norway's near Sweden right? And you like to tell people you like Swedish bands, don't you...) and this is a collection of four old EPs released in '97 and '98. I hope they haven't broke up, like when I got into REFUSED (from Sweden, *you see*) and people were like "Dude, they broke up like a year ago" and I was all "...oh." (AD)
($8 ppd: FOBP HQ, 3-225 Bagot St., Kingston, ON, K7L 3G3, CANADA)

DROPKICK MURPHYS/ THE BUSINESS - "Mob Mentality" EP



Both bands cover each other's songs (but with a twist), and I thought that both blew. It was probably a lot more fun for them to do, as opposed to our listening pleasure. There is also an original song called "Mob Mentality," performed together, that rules the fuckin' wasteland. It doesn't get much better than this, no shit. This record is worth buying for that song alone. (NF)
(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct. San Diego, CA 92109)

EASY ACTION - "Do Or Die" EP

Moment the needle hit vinyl I knew the singer—damn, crazy that a thousand years later that voice still carries like mad. Anyway, it's John Brannon, formerly of NEGATIVE APPROACH and LAUGHING HYENAS, and it rocks. Working the same basic rock punk territory that he did with the LAUGHING HYENAS, which is a great thing. Acerbic, memorable and totally unique. (TM)
(Reptilian)

ENDFLOW - "Make Some Havoc" CD

Now I understand that there is a fine line between punk and other genres of music, such as metal and whatever RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE is supposed to be, but those lines just should not be crossed this often. Towards the end of the CD there are promising signs of good, screamy hardcore with metal tendencies, such as the song "Another Survey". All in all it was not enough to save the CD. Too much guitar wanking, and chugga chugga metal parts that all seem to sound the same. (PA)
(One Try, Dalgatan 1D, 852 37 Sundsvall, SWEDEN)

EXIT 86 - "Kick Me I'm Ugly" EP

This band comes across like a punker (i.e. not straight edge) version of an '88 youth crew act, or like early 7 SECONDS. Thrashy guitars with earnest-sounding (but still shouted) vocals. They're definitely on to something—all four songs on here rock. (AM)
(Surrender, PO Box 6265, Athens, GA 30604)

MUSIC REVIEWS

FACE VALUE - "Never Stray" CD

Ha! I don't know what I hate the most about this CD: the music or the lyrics... Musically, it's completely generic, copy-cat pop punk that mimics the Fat Wreck/NOFX sound without even a fourth of the production value or harmony. Absolutely hilarious Christian lyrics that make me wanna throw on some CRADLE OF FILTH and burn down a church in the name of FACE VALUE. It's so funny to me that there's this whole scene of Jesus punkers. It reminds me of when straight edge kids were getting into Krishna. But Jesus? Well, I've got news for you: God is dead. (LH)
(Bettie Rocket, 3912 Portola Dr. #207, Santa Cruz, CA 95062)

THE FISTICUFFS BLUFF - "Demon Summoner" LP

One more record arising out of the early '90s "glory days" of California emo. There is not insert to let you know for sure but as far as I can tell this is old material. The songs sound much the same as their early releases such as the the split with ANGEL HAIR. Excellent female vocals and well played emo in the same vein as other bands of their time such as NUZZLE. (PA)
(Troubleman Unlimited, 16 Willow St, Bayonne, NJ 07002)

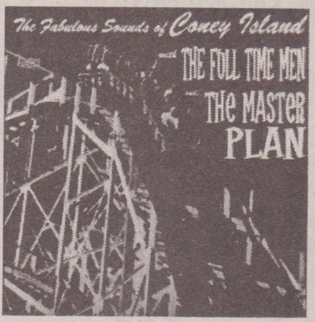
FOUND MY DIRECTION - "Burn All White Flags" CD

Damn fine follow-up to their ingenious posi HC 7" "Before Their Time!" This is a bit tougher (some backwards baseball hats, tattoos and jerseys) at times, but hell, that's the way of hardcore. It's always better to harden with time rather than soften, that's my motto. Hardcore that will please the posi-core kids and chugga tuffs ta boot. (TJ)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142)

FREETO BOAT - "End Of The Beginning" CD

I thought this would be generic skate punk judging by the graphics and the fact that the label is out of Santa Cruz, but I was wrong. It's generic skate punk about God. It sounds like NOFX, LAGWAGON, et al, but instead of the songs being about beer, they're about Jesus. The thing I hate about NOFX-clone bands is the vocals: if you are over fifteen, your voice should not be that high and whiny. There is a fine line between snotty and whiny, and most of these bands cross too far over into whiny. I'm not anti-religion like most punks I know, but I still think Jesus punk is weird. (BC)
(Bettie Rocket, 3912 Portola Dr. #207, Santa Cruz, CA 95062)

THE FULL TIME MEN/THE MASTER PLAN - split EP



The FULL TIME MEN deliver two pop tracks with a serious '60s/surf influence. Might me too gooey for some of you hardcore fans, particularly if you've got a mohawk, but I can handle it, daddy-o. Really, though, this is indie-pop, not punk rock. The MASTER PLAN continue in the same vein and even throw in a little bubble gum. If you have any tendencies towards the pop shit, this is for you. High quality, extremely catchy indie-pop. (KK)
(BloodRed, 2134 NE 25th, Portland, OR 97212)

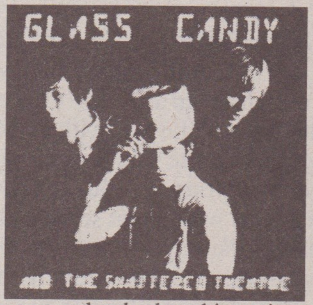
FUNERAL ORATION - "Discography" 2xCD

I don't know what happened here. I thought I liked this band thru the years (1983-1998). But listening to this comp, these songs haven't aged well. Melodic hardcore and punk from the Netherlands. The second disc is live in the studio tracks which come across as decent BAD RELIGION meets pop punk. Not bad, but I was expecting something god-like from this reputable band. (RL)
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

G.I.S.M./COMES - split LP

Anyone even remotely familiar with Japanese hardcore is probably saying—"Wait! Those two bands didn't have a split LP!" Well, now they do. This is a collection of the "Detestation" 12" from G.I.S.M., and the "No Side" LP from the COMES. Not a bad thing overall, as those are certainly two classic Japanese slabs—only disappointed to the extent that this does nothing to add to the legendary status of said recordings. If you're going to bootleg stuff, as least take some cues from the "Absolute Power" series, wherein the bootlegger created an engaging package in addition to making some classic stuff available again. Essential only if you don't already have these recordings elsewhere. (TM)
(no address)

GLASS CANDY & THE SHATTERED THEATRE - "Brittle Women/Hang Onto Yourself"



GLASS CANDY has an interesting post-punky sound that comes in somewhere between BUSH TETRAS and DELTA 5, with female vocals that have a SIOUXSIE inflection and a heavy emphasis on the percussion. In other words, the band is trying something outside the usual range of styles, though their success is marginal. The early DAVID BOWIE cover on the B-side is more distinctive with its mutant rockabilly edges. (SS)
(no address)

MUSIC REVIEWS

GOATBOY/DRUNK - split LP

The GOATBOY side is as weird of a recording as I've heard in a while—from fast hardcore to brass and acoustic numbers, punk rock to something resembling mariachi. Whenever you do a split record you run the risk of being overshadowed by the other band, and unfortunately for GOATBOY that's what happens here, because the other side is where the action really begins. Norway's DRUNK feature the guitarist from LIFE...BUT HOW TO LIVE IT?, the finest thing to come out of that cold country since reindeer pizza. On this longer outing (they've had a couple of 7" appearances before) they come into their own, and while they maintain something of the power and intensity of the aforementioned band, at different times on here they approach the sounds of LEATHERFACE, SUPERCHUNK, and even occasionally FUGAZI. I don't mean to lessen their impact any by mentioning those other bands—they deserve to be taken on their own merits—I'm only trying to give you an idea of the league they are running in. (AM)
(Fans of Bad Productions, 3-225 Bagot St, Kingston, ON, K7L 3G3, CANADA)

GOLDEN BOY - "Mädchen & Jungs" EP

This goofy thing comes with *Stupid Over You* zine #7. Some of the absurd spoken-slow vocals, though in German, remind me of REVEREND HORTON HEAT, but this is an even more painful experience. Hell, it's free, but I wouldn't buy this if you paid me. (AC)
(Rockstar, Th. Bachmann, Ponyweg 5, 17034 Neubrandenburg, GERMANY)

GOMORRHA - "Discern Religion" CD

OK, in all honesty I knew I would be floored by this before I even listened to it. This CD contains their not-so-recent LP and their side of the split with TUMULT, both of which I personally own. For those who just came in from their cave, GOMORRHA comes at you with a fast and ferocious mix of metal and hardcore matched with throat searing vocals. Those Germans have been paving the way for this style of hardcore for a while now and this is no exception. Please buy this and turn it up loud enough to make your ears bleed! You will thank me later. (RC)
(Rhetoric, PO Box 82, Madison, WI 53701)

GOOD CLEAN FUN - "Let's Go Crazy" EP

Full-on and revved up hardcore sing-along cover of one of PRINCE's finer party anthems. But how do those walking the edge get "crazy?" Vegan dirt-cicles for dessert? Side B of the limited (of course) picture disk is the side-splitter "Victory Records Sucks" with even more sing-along parts. Extra funny because it lampoons all parts of that debate: "Fifty cent shows/No cars we walked both ways through the snow, (Uphill)." (TH)
(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090)

GRANT - "P.A.L." EP

A six song 12" pic disc from AUSTRIA. For starters, we have enough covers of "Suspect Device," people. It's not even cool anymore. Although a cover of "Caring Line" by GOVERNMENT ISSUE is very cool. So I'm flexible. As for the rest we have melodic hardcore and FUGAZI-ish stuff. Decent. (RL)
(Sacro K-Baalismo, Herbststr. 40/17, A-1160 Wien, AUSTRIA)

GUTS PIE EARSHOT - "Wait" LP

A German band with bass, drums, cello, female vocals, and some sort of electronic sound spewing machine. The lyrics are all emotional: "I'm longing for you/I'm breathing/one thought is enough." The songs start out really ethereal sounding. The only thing I really like about this band are the bass lines and I guess I have to say that the cello is very pretty but I don't like everything together at all. Yuck. Maybe its just too artsy for me to ever understand. (SR)
(Skuld, Malmsheimerstr, 14, 71272, Renningen, GERMANY)

HIGH RISE - "2" LP

HIGH RISE are a particular taste that not all are going to enjoy. I love it. These amphetamine psychedelic psychopaths have been churning out brilliant records like crazy and this is not different. I will say that this is a bit more accessible than other HIGH RISE records, given the fact that there is a discernible rhythm to much of this and, (shock!) lyrics. This is a good place to start if you want to explore the farther reaches of the guitar solo that these Japanese boys having been spelunking for years. (ST)
(Squealer, no address)

MUSIC REVIEWS

HIGH RISE - "Dispersion" 2xLP

Wow, I can't believe we're actually reviewing HIGH RISE records here now. Amazing double LP of psych-guitar madness from this classic Japanese band that have been around for 20 years at this point. Three sides of free-form jams like HENDRIX playing with BLUE CHEER. Fuck, that's a really bad, clichéd description. But tell me if I'm wrong. How about: a more musical BLACK FLAG with elements of free jazz and guitar playing that is as concerned with tone as much as notes. (LH)

(Squealer, no address)

HIRNSÄULE - LP

This is different. The singer is unpleasantly inconsistent. Does he want to be in an early '90s Northwest grungy drawl band, or is this warbling a German Biafra thing? I'm not sure what they're up to. The riffs are catchy, but repetitive and so unkempt it can't be considered a compliment. There's some basic cohesion lacking here—if only it could keep up with their obviously lively imaginations. But...the band's appeal swings 180 degrees when the resident female takes over on vocals, suddenly highlighting the band's rawness and calling up a rough late '70s PENETRATION type thing I liked a whole lot. Give the male singer the boot, and you all got a good thing going. (AC)

(Thomas Lindenbaum, Voxtruperstr. 12, 49082 Osnabrück, GERMANY)

HIGH SCHOOL ROCKERS - "I Love Anna Kournikova" EP

One of the first things I learned in German class is that there ain't no high school in Deutschland, rather, teenagers attend either the Gymnasium or a trade school if they're not up to snuff. The STIPJES meet the STEVE McQUEENS or any number one of those European Rip Off-ish bands that populated the barren landscape of the 1990s. Rough and fuzzy around the edges, youthful, earnest. Fun. The cargo pants are unfortunate choice, but one we can overlook. (JH)

(Alien Snatch, Moerikeweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY)

HI-STANDARD – "Making The Road" LP

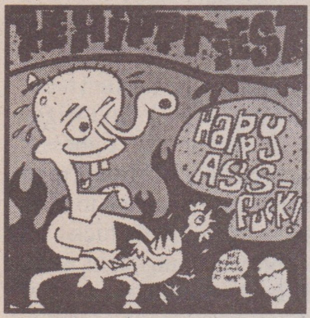
Third (?) album from the (at the risk of sounding redundant) Japanese NOFX. Sounds a lot like SNUFF too. They seem to be a little faster 'n' harder than before. Very catchy and poppy feel-good punk sung in English. I never thought that one day someone would do a punk rock version of the BLACK SABBATH song "Changes". I'm at a loss for words...it's so bad it could be good. They have a song called "Teenagers Are All Assholes"—that's what *I* said... (AD)

(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

THE HOODWINKS - "Stab! Stab! Stab!" LP

Unfortunately this gem of quirky hardcore will be lost in many record bins because of the original cover artwork. How do I describe this? Combine some MITB (?) with MELT BANANA (??), throw in some KISS IT GOODBYE (???) and you still don't get close to the oddness of the HOODWINKS. Don't get me wrong, they're not too quirky as to lose their impact, for most of the songs are either damn heavy, catchy punk, or really fast, yet after a couple listens they'd probably lose my attention. (MW)

(Thin the Herd, Box 7452, Olympia, WA 98507)



THE HIPPRIESTS- "Happy Ass Fuck!" EP

With the song titles like, "Happy Ass Fuck" and "Hot Butter My Ass", you can see exactly where the HIPPRIESTS are coming from. Oh yes, butt-worshippin' assholes unite, and celebrate with these three r' n' r boys of Germany as they prod deep into the nether rock regions of your brain with slurry/constipated vocals and hemorrodial bar room guitar. Rock 'n' Roll enema anyone? (DL)

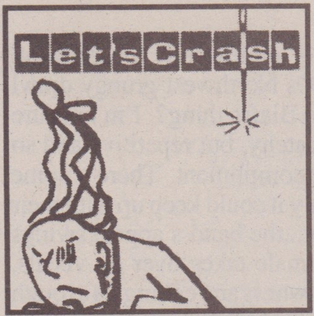
(Stigma, Elisabethstr. 10. 35037 Marburg, GERMANY)

JET BOYS - "One Two Fuck You" CD

Well now, this may have the ugliest cover art I've seen in a long, long time. Wow. I'm actually laughing my ass off...okay, stop. *Stop*! This should have been a seven inch with the first two songs "Fuck Up" and "Fucking I Do", but you get the five-song CD single instead with three extra songs that weigh the whole thing down. Those first two, though, typically great Japanese power-driven punk rock that's too fast to be "garage" and too rock 'n' roll to be hardcore. (RW)

(ZK, 3-2-4-3F, Shibuya, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS



LET'S CRASH - "High School's Priso!" 45

First off, what the hell is "Priso"? Come on, Ohio, don't gimme this shit. You know I'm a simple rocker-girl. Don't confuse me with some kinda arty lo-fi Dayton collegiate bullshit. You know I can't take beige, mathy, corduroy-wearin', wuss puke. I'm in no mood. This music makes me really claustrophobic, and pretty much pure fucking evil! (RY)
(Ambergris 45 rpm, PO Box 2503, Dayton, OH 45401)

LIBERTINE - "See You In The Next Life" CD

From the school of SOCIAL DISTORTION and US BOMBS, these pseudo glam punk rockers have put out a good full length. With that simplicity of UK punk a la CHELSEA and UK SUBS and the vocal stylings of Mike Ness or even Richard Butler, this band really hits when it branches out on tracks like "No, Your Enemy" and "The Sound of the Saints". (RL)
(Substandard c/o New Red Archives)

LOOGAN BIN - "Scene Wrecker" CD

Aside from requesting a wee bit of space in *Punk Planet*, the LOOGAN BINS must've barely made it into *MRR* with their garagey pop. At best, they sound like bad BANANAS. At worst... they really suck. Some power pop, some a little aggro, but overall it's bad. (HM)
($8 ppd: Satan Macnuggit, 3584 John St, Vineland Station, Ontario, CANADA LOR 2EO)

LOOSE LIPS - "Talkin' Trash" LP

The REAL KIDS...I mean, LOOSE LIPS are all geared up and ready to jangle a little swoon out of ya. What with their tight pants and teen-beat looks (you think I'm kidding?), no girl is safe in her skirt. Apparently your favorite ex-members of SEIZURE BOY, RIP OFFS, and INFECTIONS (respectively) find it rather difficult to make more than one full length record per band, (sometimes less). Let's hope that trend has been broken, Lowery be damned. This is so cool and sweet, yet shy with the vocals, and a little slow at times. Still, sticky and sweaty as all get out! (RY)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

LUPUS - "Bad Shape" CD

Slightly better than average generic punk with lots of distortion, and a few ska breakdowns. Other than that the lyrics are sort of juvenile, with songs about sex, serial killers, and being lazy. (JF)
(no address)

MAD DRAMA - "Deep Thoughts" EP

Nothing special here. MAD DRAMA sounds like a band that was formed just after the members went to the Warp tour. You know, a little of that melodic Epitaph-style punk sound combined with an occasional Victory style hardcore dash. There are a million bands in this style and 80% of them are better than MAD DRAMA. (JF)
(Max Power, 852 Pine Hill Rd, Stanford, CA 94305)

MAJOR ACCIDENT - "Representation Not Reality/Step By Step" 45

I was ready for another crappy reunion release schpiel here. But fortunately this is a fucking great single! Two top notch Brit punk/oi tunes from these UK old timers. Reminds me of "Reason Why" ANGELIC UPSTARTS. DROPKICK MURPHYS fans take note. I need this limited record! I'll certainly look forward to the next MAJOR ACCIDENT release, and I can't say that about many of the ol' bands. I guess street isn't dead after all. (RL)
(Upstart Productions, 65A W. Madison Ave. #254, Dumont, NJ 07628)

MEANWHILE - "Lawless Solidarity" CD

First time around this was a 10" with quite the limited pressing. This time around, the damned aluminum format! I think the Swede sound that I love so dearly falls into two areas of early '80s influence: British or American. But tweaked out with that bottle of Absolut©. MEANWHILE has chorus/verse assault with well placed and piercing guitar leads placing it on the farther branches of the DISCHARGE family tree. I snoozed, I losed. So, now I'm stuck with this incredible power shrunk down by five inches. I'm sure Mykel Board would tell me to stop complaining. (TH)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

MONEYSHOT - "To The Grill" CD

Hmm...local band eh? So they might someday find me and blow my ass up,...maybe? So fucking what!! God-friggin-awful, dog-shit, South-Bay metal...or something,...I guess it's just rock. I can scarcely get the angle here, he really trying to sing sexy. I have a feeling these talentless fucks just want to be in a band to get trashy, big-haired, tasteless, speedfreak chicks. Like when you have to sit through some shitty opening band, and the only people standing are their girlfriends, with moronic smiles and heads wagging doing the Budweiser dance...And that's as far as it will ever go. You've made it, idiots, you're on top of the world! (RY)
(Dirty Fonzie, 147 W. San Bruno Ave, San Bruno, CA 94066)

MUSIC REVIEWS

MURDER ONE - "Closed Circle" CD

Politically charged bruising hardcore from France. A touch of metal and a ton of aggression are bound to get your feet moving across the room. Check this one out. (RC)
(El Trasgo, BP 40 111, 35 101 Rennes Cedex 3, FRANCE)

MYNOCK - "Bar Whores" CD

Normally I like bands obsessed with Star Wars, but this is just stupid. The music is generic as all hell, which wouldn't be so bad if the lyrics weren't dumb and the singer didn't suck. They're from Sacramento, which is pretty irrelevant, but this looks short. This band isn't horrible, they're just mediocre. (BC)
(Tortellinni Reck Whords, PO Box 189634, Sacramento, CA 95818-9634)

THE NEATBEATS - "(Do The) Global Twist" EP

Bless the Japanese, they have no idea how goofy allusions to the likes of the Twist are; that's probably what saves them from seeming insipid when they venture, straight-faced, into retro territory. And this disc is in fact very sipid (that is to say, non-insipid) as these fellas are pretty close to the apex of this particular aesthetic/generic pyramid. (DD)
(Hillsdale, PO Box 641592, San Francisco, CA 94164)

THE NEATBEATS - "Mercurial" LP

The NEATBEATS are a Japanese, you guessed it, beat group. They do old R 'n' R and garage songs on vintage instruments with passionate abandon, but reverence for the style. They come off sounding something like the early BEATLES mixed with CHOCOLATE WATCHBAND. It's about half covers, half originals in that style. An enjoyable listen. Lovingly recorded in mono. (BG)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317)

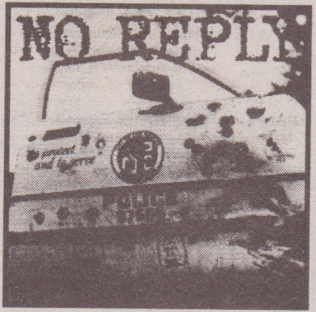
NECKBONES - "Gentlemen" 10"

A drunken, shambling, woozy mess of blooz-inspired, Mississippi-derived roots-grunt with tangents into drone-punk and melodic punk rock as well as garage snotisms. Sorta runs the gamut stylistically and seems to slow down considerably on side two, but side one has one foot firmly planted in the grave of Jerry Lee Lewis. They are compared ad nauseum to the OBLIVIANS, but they actually seem more "authentic" to me (maybe it's just better recorded) and seem to have more of that swingin' roots shit happening. If these fellows could focus on the hick-moonshine shit, this would've been a solid killer rekkord. Not that it's too bad the way it is... (JY)
(Misprint, PO Box 8189, Murfreesboro, TN 37133)

NOGGINTOBOGGAN - "Snapcase" CD

They remind me of a shittier YOUNG HASSLEHOFFS on skateboards. Throw in a little DESCENDENTS and some MxPx and you've got these fuckers. Please stop. You're killing me. Is it possible to die from boredom? (BM)
(Bettie Rocket, 3912 Portola Drive #207, Santa Cruz, CA 95062)

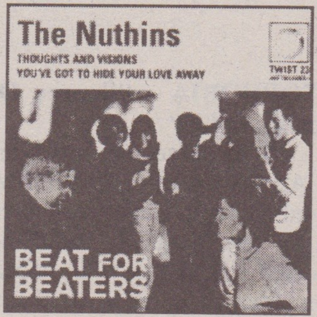
NO REPLY – "I'm Still Fucking Pissed" EP



I like this—it's fast and angry and smart, and has a lot of (nine) songs for yer punk rock buck. It has a nice old school hardcore feel to it with an added '90s heaviness. The lyric sheet contains explanations for all the songs and they have some cool things to say about the scene. If you like fast positive hardcore you will like this. (AD)
(Mankind, PO Box 461, Bellflower, CA 90707

NULL ACT - "Bereit" LP

I don't really know what to say about this German band. Hardcore heavily influenced by TOOL? I'm not really into it. I think their breakdowns suck and I'm not into the vocals at all. (SR)
(Freibeuter, Herman-Sauter-Str.9, 76829 Landau, GERMANY)



NUTHINS - "Beat For Beaters" EP

Pretty straight up '60s-influenced garage rock, including a BEATLES acoustic number. As kraut-rock as uncontrollably vomiting at the Star Club in front of yer girlfriend as she embarrassedly holds your coat. I can't think of a reason to buy this single, tho, gimmie a second...nope, it's not coming. I'm sure most of these will find a safe European home. (RW)
(Twist Records, Kolde-Ring 54, 48151, Munster, GERMANY)

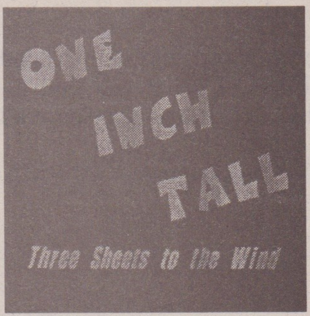
MUSIC REVIEWS

OBLIVIANS with WALTER DANIELS and JEFFREY EVANS - "Melissa's Garage Revisited" LP

Lesson one: it's better marketing sense to place an attractive/scantily-clad woman on the cover of your LP than an airbrushed pic of your own mug, especially if you've got the mug of Jeffrey Evans or any OBLIVIANS past and present. "Melissa's Garage" mostly consists of old-timey cover songs given the royal treatment from the band that established lo-fi buzz as a viable aesthetic in the mid-'90s. Features the songs of LOWELL FULSOM, JACKIE MORNINGTAR, MARTY ROBBINS, and the BIG BOYS ("We're Not in it to Lose") all played in the time-tested factory-proven OBLIVIANS style. Sub-migraine sound quality. Not as consistent as last month's "For Never" double LP, but worth a once-over if you're a fan. (JH)
(Sympathy)

ODDBALL'S BAND - "Last Bullet Blues" 10"

Thank you sirs, I think I'll stick with this HEADCOATS product over in the other rack, thank you, mainly because those boys always manage to inject something contemporary into the mix that grounds the music in the here and now, raw messy human emotion being the constant in all great folk music. *This* feels like someone imitating their favorite records as faithfully as possible, taking no real chances in the process. The songs are all delivered with appropriate vigor, just no soul. Sorry. (RW)
(Alien Snatch c/o Daniel Bouche, Morikweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY)



ONE INCH TALL - "Three Sheets To The Wind" EP

I can't really think straight right now, so this is sounding very repetitive and my mind's a blank as what to write. They're poppy punk with lots of "woh-wee-oh's" and only four chords, noodley leads and mediocre production. They're peppy and fun... just not right now. (BM)
(King Bee, PO Box 1164 Denver, CO 80201)

OTOPHOBIA - "Source Of Confusion" EP

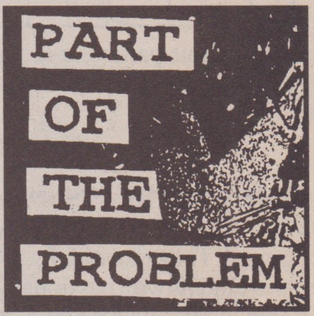
What a fucking ripper this is. Atlanta's own OTOPHOBIA shred through eleven songs of angry and hopeless thrashing grindcore. Brutal growling vocals combined with sporadic blast beats round this one out. Includes a VOID cover as well for those who are counting. Check this one out! (RC)
(Burrito, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

PACHINKO - "Splendor In The Ass II: Electric Boogaloo" LP

This is really funny. Oh my God, the first song is really, really funny. It reminds me of the funniest moments of ALICE DONUT. If you don't listen to anything else on the record, you really need to hear the first song. Imagine the funniest prank phone call you can think of with the LOOSE GOATS playing in the background. The rest of the record is pretty fun, although much more standard stuff. Sort of like a grunge NOMEANSNO. Like a more math-y MELVINS. Pretty excellent. (LH)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

PANIC - "Movers And Shakers" CD

Hey, PANIC are still around! I wasn't really sure. Great melodic punk from the UK with occasional blasts of hardcore energy. They've really evolved from being a decent '77-style band to a band as solid as a lot of the LOOKOUT catalog. (LH)
(Illegal Recording, PO Box 208, Nottingham NG7 6EN, UK)



PART OF THE PROBLEM - "More To Life" EP

Hardcore punk rock with intelligent and intelligible lyrics. My personal favorite is, "Next time someone tells you what to do, stick your finger in the air and say fuck you!" Six songs on the usual topics: jocks suck, Dr. Laura sucks, ritalin sucks, but a damn fine record with low-budget recording and a DIY cover. (BC)
(Mark Mastropietro, 925 Cameron Ave, Lancaster, PA 17601)

THE PILL - "Roxasette" EP

Sickly new wave for the current crop of thirteen-year-old glue-sniffers. South San Francisco's BRENTWOODS meet early YAZOO, if you will. Lurid and colorful. Distant, muffled drumming, analog keyboards, nasal vocalizing, drug-addled aplomb. "Who's Gonna Die Tonight?" they ask. Like finding a copy of "Drink, Fight and Fuck" mixed in with your mom's Patti Page LPs. (JH)
(Heartcore, Columbia Univ. Station, PO Box 250636, New York, NY 10025)

MUSIC REVIEWS

PISSED MOUTHY TROLLOPS - "Hazard" EP

The two main themes for this band seem to be Barbie and getting high, but there's nothing cute or spacy about this four-song EP; PMT play fast, aggressive powerchord punk (not quite as messy as the LUNACHICKS) with a wall of guitars all but obliterating the female vocals somewhere in the background. "I Will Survive" is the standout, a relentless riff-fest with sax adding color. Somehow, the band makes an oft-heard style sound fresh; may they never lose their, er, balls. (SS)
(Weird, 61 London Rd, Balderton, Newark, Notts NG24 3AG, UK)

POLLEN - "Chip" CD

Somewhere between pop punk and indie rock, POLLEN tread these murky waters with surprising style and ease, taking what works from each, and discarding the rest. The songs are passionate and to the point. There's some nice guitar ornamentation and interesting time changes, but never for their own sake. I hear some GAMEFACE and JIMMY EAT WORLD in their sound, amongst other things. The singers' voice reminds me a lot of one of the later ALL singers. The subject matter is mostly of the silly love song ilk, but occasionally ventures into deeper territory. This is one I'd reccomend. (BG)
(Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604)

POLYTHENE - "Guerrilla Girls" EP

Whoops! Somebody forgot to write some songs! Three bursts of nervous skittery energy that spins like parking lot refuse in a wind storm spiral, but where is it going? I like to jump, don't get me wrong, but there's no beat or hook on here for my weak brain to pulse along to. I'm dangling like my prepositions... (RW)
(Baby Boom!, PO Box 23, Manchester, M16 9BU, UK)

PORK DUKES - "Telephone Masturbator" 12"

The PORK DUKES were one of those '77 British bands who pioneered raunch-punk, covering edifying subjects like making obscene phone calls ("Telephone Masturbator") and shitting ("Bend and Flush"), both of which appear on this 12 incher. The DUKES only *wish* they were twelve inches, much less seven, but that doesn't stop these aggressively offensive tunes from being utterly catchy. Imagine vocals from COCK-SPARRER and a SLADE-ish cock-rock sound, and add a generous complement of flailing lead breaks, and you've got a good idea of what this is all about. The PC-sensitive should steer clear. (SS)
(Vinyl Japan, 98 Camden Rd, London NW1 9EA, UK)

THE POSERS - "The Knife Brothers" LP

Great cover art by Mike Boissoneault. The songs that appear on this album were recorded in the years 1996-1999, but there's no obvious difference in the band's sound, except that one side is without a doubt an oi sound. The other side is still some pretty kick ass street punk RawkNRoll, minus the "oi-oi-oi!". Reminded me of the UK band IRON PIG. (JV)
(Oink! Records, PO Box 27813, Washington, DC 20038-7813)

POWERBALL - "Frozen Silly" CD

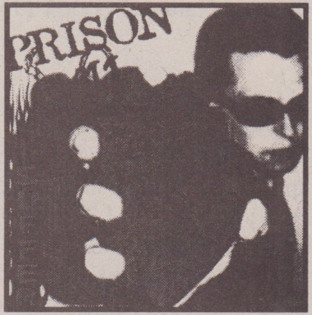
POWERBALL is indie rock meets sXe hardcore in sound, and extremely wordy on the lyrical side, as in they have a lot of them. I don't know, it's not terrible, but then again it didn't do much for me. I prefer the intensity to be turned up a little bit higher than you'll find here. That said, this is very well produced record, and there were moments when I felt like starting a one man circle pit in my coffee. The new RIFF RAFF record is a better version of this, and I didn't exactly endorse that one. (JV)
(Rat Town, PO Box 50803, Jax Beach, FL 32240)

PRISON 11 - "Sidekicks" LP

Faster-paced, melodic German punk rock that verges on hardcore at times. The songs are decent and well played, but the record still seems to fall a little short for some reason. The vocals are mixed just a tad too low—low enough that you strain to hear them, but not low enough that you give up entirely. They do have a full sound and at their better moments remind me of PEGBOY for some reason. Still, overall I did not find it compelling. (KK)
(Sounds of Subterrania, PO Box 103662, 34036 Kassel, GERMANY)

PRISON 11- "Suffer" EP

The heaviest fucking 7" ever! I mean that literally, however, I can barely lift this licorice pizza! Germans? Sure. All over the place, sloppy punk. Nothing to grab hold of. Can't go anywhere here, but towards the door. (RY)
(Stigma, Elisabethstr. 10. 35037 Marburg, GERMANY)



MUSIC REVIEWS

PROSTITUTES - CD

Lo and behold, the clouds have parted and divine providence shines down on the offices of *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*. The PROSTITUTES sound a lot better than I had hoped for, honest and ugly mid-tempo punk rock of the "Rodney on the Roq" variety. Cool and tough. The singer has an impressive range at his disposal, from adolescent whining at the low end to impassioned bitching at the high. Lyrically they're all about the drinking and the slamming and the breaking bottles. The tracks here are culled off an out-of-print LP and several long-gone EPs, so get moving on it before you miss out a second or third time. (JH)

(Pelado, 521 W. Wilson #C103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

RAHAKKA - "Napalmia" EP

OK, you get a few hints on this one. First take a look at the band's name, and then realize that the band's slogan on the EP jacket is "Drunk as Crust". Combine that with the photos of war scenes and riot police in the layout, and yes you can probably figure out what this band sound like without even listening to it. This is thick and distorted crustcore from Finland. Though I am trying to stay away from the DISCHARGE reference, it is apparent that this style of music will continue to duplicate itself over and over again. Is that a complaint? Not at all! If this is your thing check this EP out. (RC)

(Morbid, Leo Van Aersehot, Kanslerintie 9 as. 93, 20200 Turka, FINLAND)

REGGIE & THE FULL EFFECT - "Greatest Hits '84-'87" LP

I'm not sure that this is really necessary. If I wanted to listen to JIMMY EAT WORLD with lame keyboard effects, then I'd put on a JIMMY EAT WORLD record and play along with my casio. (PA)

(Second Nature, PO Box 11543, Kansas City, MO 64138)

RESULT - LP

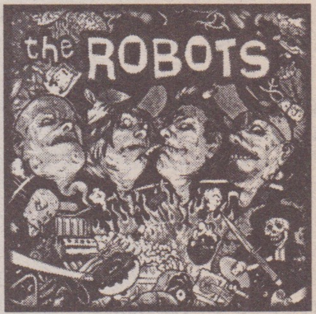
This sophomore release from Nagoya's RESULT is leaps and bounds better than their debut EP. While their EP is awesome crusty-thrash, this LP displays RESULT's ability to write tunes that are original and diverse while maintaining the speed and heaviness that fans have come to expect. To try to extract influences out of this would be to defeat the purpose...check this out if you dig intelligent and DIY Japanese thrash. American crust bands could learn a lesson or two from RESULT. (MW)

(Scruffy Krust, B #203, 1-10, Wakakusa, Obu, Aichi, 474-0022, JAPAN)

REVOLTE - "Viel Zu Viel" 10"

The time changes and overall style of the music definitely reminds me of modern fast hardcore (of the straightedge variety, but I have no idea if that is the ideology that the band actually follows) My only complaint is the the high end treble on the recording is way to much for my puny ears to handle. And became annoying about half way through the record. I would like to hear them with a better recording. I am sure it would be good. (RC)

(Schandmaul, c/o Daniel Oppermann, Wilhelmstrabe 9, 10963, Berlin, GERMANY)



THE ROBOTS - "Papa (Can You Teach Me To Fish)?" 45

A fine, fine cover painting by Alvaro Tapia. And...definitely the record of the month. Title song is an anthem for the ages, kinda bluesy-a-billy, kinda slovenly '60s, kinda just cooks! Will be contained by a Man's Ruin release soon, and I'm all over that. Second side is 2 live cuts, that equally blow doors, in a faster, more fucked up way. Guess what, they're from Sweden. Hot licks, babies! (RY)

(Nomad, PO Box 34829, West Bethesda, MD 20817-4829)

ROT - "Sociopathic Behavior" CD

A domestic release of the Ecocentric release from last year. 33 songs of brutal Brazilian grindcore that ROT does so well. While the vocals get a little testing some times, the music is over-the-top grindcore with the drummer hitting fucking hyper speed 90% of the time. One of the bands that has kept grindcore close to its underground roots. (MW)

(Rhetoric, PO Box 82, Madison, WI 53071)

ROTTEN BOI!S - "Pogo Beer And Spikey Hair" LP

This is actually really excellent pogo punk from Italy. The title pretty much explains what they're like. These guys really have it together musically. Their drummer is a hilarious Doyle wanna-be with a long devil's lock and a bone-painted leather jacket. I like their song about heroin: "You who buy it you feed state and mafia/you play their dirty game." I like them. They're fun. (SR)

(Pure Punk, c/o Alex Bagatti, Via Passo Di Badignana, n.16, 43100, Parma, ITALY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SCREECHING WEASEL - "Jesus Hates You" EP
Who would've thought that SCREECHING WEASEL could pull off SUBHUMANS, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS and STOOGES covers? Certainly not me, but they surprised the fuck out of me! A real pleasant surprise. Cool picture disc too. (NF)
(Probe, PO Box 5068, Pleasanton, CA 94566)

SCREECHING WEASEL - "Thank You Very Little" CD
This is supposed to be a sequel of sorts to the "Kill The Musicians" CD from a few years back. A collection of demos, single tracks, and versions not used. Whereas "Kill" was packed with strong tracks from singles and such, this isn't. However, this is still worthwhile if you're a WEASEL diehard. After all, this band was on a serious pop punk roll in the '90s. The tracks here are more demo quality, although there are some keepers. The extra live disc is boot quality at best. Can we get a ripping live WEASEL recording already? A good odds and sods for WEASEL fans, but that's about it. (RL)
(Panic Button, PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL 60614)

SCUMFUX - "God Controls The Maggots" CD
Middle of the road hardcore from the LA area. A really gnarly buzzsaw guitar sound and strong vocals are this band's strong points. However, the song writing is one dimensional and these tunes here didn't to so much for me as make a single toe tap. You can probably find this particular copy in the used bin at Amoeba. (NF)
($7 ppd: FAB , 380 Camino De Estrella Str. 283, San Clemente, CA 92673)

SEA MONKEYS - "Live In Ape City" EP
The pictures on this picture disc prove the SEA MONKEYS played Ape City. The MONKEYS crammed nine live songs onto this 7 inch, but forgot to address the crowd with insults and the kind of crap you'd come to expect from these zany fellas. Decent sound quality on this silly release. (HM)
(Solamente, 312 Park Place #3, Brooklyn, NY 11238)

THE 7-10 SPLITS - "From The Tall Corn Country" EP
The first song needs better lyrics. The second song needs less repetition, and well, I guess "I Love Your Mom" is a pretty funny tune, but nice full production is wasted on moronic filler songs. (HM)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - LP
This is, of course, really good. Lyrics of total political doom, minus the silly over the top politics of the last HHIG record (no anti-airplane songs here). The music is hardcore played by those who know how to do it. Perhaps almost too well. I worried slightly that the passion of past projects would be overshadowed by more complicated playing, but I was wrong. Even with the guitar solo, this is still an amazing record. It would be unfair not to mention: ex HIS HERO IS GONE, DETESTATION, SCORCHED EARTH POLICY, RESIST, DEFIANCE, MASSKONTROL and MEADOWLARK. (ST)
(Legua Armada, 2340 W 24th St, Chicago, IL 60608)

SHOCKWAVE - "Dominicon" CD
Though I am bored with the whole tough hardcore gangster thing that is pervasive in the inside photographs (and many hardcore scenes), this musically is right up my alley: metalcore, new SPIRIT OF YOUTH-ish—that is, brutal, yet remembering to be catchy and moving. I guess all I had to say was it's on Good Life (HC quality)! There is one silly VOD breakdown in the first song that I hope they realize is a mistake and never do again. (TJ)
(Good Life, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM)

SICK OF CHANGE - "In Our Time Of Need" CD
Oh God, not another band screaming for Jesus. Apocalyptic Bible verse lyrics matched with West Coast style HC. Boy, I can hardly think of two of my least favorite things. There's loads of patriarchal self-righteous bullshit here, and almost no sense of humor or perspective anywhere in sight. Do I really need to say any more? (BG)
(Bottle Rocket, 3912 Portola Dr 207, Santa Cruz, CA 95062)

SIN WAVE - "Chameleons" CD
I guess SIN WAVE is somewhere between WIRE and CAPTAIN 9's, without being as good as the worst songs of either of those bands...comprende? They're kind of like a bad Metal Mike solo project. Confused? Yeah, nothing too great here. (HM)
(Sinister, PO Box 13655, Portland OR 97213-0655)

Music Reviews

69 CHARGER- "I've Got A Feelin" EP

Rippin' up the black top on the highway to hell, these velocity boys ride some pretty damn hot rails. Turbo-charged mayhem that spins closely to PUFFBALL. My fave is the last track called "Burn-out Baby" where they set the ol' cruise control to beat out at a smooth 75 miles per hour...yeah, this track hasa whole lotta ass shakin' quality to it. Holland Rocks. (DL)
(Roulette, Lijsterstraat 32, 5735 ET Aarie-Rixtel, NETHERLANDS)

SLINGSHOT EPISODE - "Capture The Queen/ Arrivals/Departures"

Post-riot grrl indie pop with warbling female vocals and quirky, dissonant guitars. Not something I'd ever listen to again. This type of shit drives me crazy. But I'm willing to bet fans of SLEATER KINNEY and BRATMOBILE will like this. (CK)
(In All Directions, no address)

THE SLOPPY MEATEATERS - "Shameless..." CD

It's skate time! Watch me ollie! Watch me solegrind! Watch me get bored out of my mind listening to this NOFX-loving bunch of nitwits!!! *yawn!* They cover SCREECHING WEASEL'S "Love", for Christ's sake (the fact that they cover a WEASEL song is a deduction of, like, one hundred punk points, and the fact that they do it with a girl is minus another thirty, and then they threw in skate punk break downs, so that takes away what ever is left {actually they didn't have that many to begin with, so they're negative punk points} in fact they owe me punk points for wasting my time on their lame ass CD)!!! (BM)
(PO Box 6165, Rome, GA 30162)

THE SMUGGLERS - "Rosie" LP

I've always considered the SMUGGLERS to be the band for those kids who want to be hard and wild, but are just too afraid to get a little dirty. Sure this record is catchy, poppy, filled with hummable hooks and all, but its just lacking a certain oomph that a record of this genre should have. The perfect gift for those who consider MURDER CITY DEVILS a great rock band. (JF)
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712-2374)

THE SMUGGLERS - "Rosie" LP

There are two things that I've come to expect from the SMUGGLERS over the years: 1) they make songs that will get your ass shaking uncontrollably and 2) an ass-shaking good time. Once again these Canucks deliver. I can honestly say that they are one of the all time greatest dance bands that I've ever seen or heard. Thirteen new classics (one even featuring the sultry Rose Melburg and another with the Ghoulishly lovable Kepi) produced by legendary Kurt "FASTBACKS" Bloch. I love this album so much that it didn't matter if it wasn't assigned to me I felt it was my duty to review it and give it the praise that it deserves. Pure rock 'n' roll genius along the lines of CHUCKIE BERRY, the STONES, the KINKS and the HI-FIVES (their American brethren), only drunker, faster, more frantic and twice as sex crazed. See them. Hear them. Love them. Grant even wore the BUDDY HOLLY pin that I gave him one night while I was drunk for the photo. What a guy. (BM)
(Lookout)

SOCIAL COMA - "Wasted Opinion" EP

OK, let's state the facts. This band contains two members of CHARLES BRONSON. These songs are from the 22-song SOCIAL COMA demo tape. This EP actually contains only fifteen of the original 22 songs. Three words come to mind when listening to this, which are screechy, discordant and fast. As a matter of fact, let's make that *very* fast. Simply put, buy or cry! (RC)
(Nat, Tokyo Store, Shinmei Building 3F, 7-33, Nishi-Shinjuku 7, Shinjuku, Tokyo, 160, JAPAN)

SOKO DURST – "Funf Krafta Bitte" LP

Don't mention the war... Wacky German street-punk/oi. On the front cover they're drinking beer in only their tattoos and underpants—gotta like that. The music is upbeat and catchy with lots of big German drunken singalong bits, y'know—like they're in one of those big beer tents at Oktoberfest drinking those huge one liter steins with blond girls in leiderhosen... Lyrically, I'm lost, (I can't read German). I think they're singing fun humorous songs, but then again, it *could* all be about not liking Blacks and Jews...*
(* denotes joke.) (AD)
(Scumfuck Mucke, PSF 100709. 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SONIC DOLLS - "Live At The Puked (tegelen/nl)" LP

SONIC DOLLS sound more like old SCREECHING WEASEL than new SCREECHING WEASEL does. Pretty good sound quality, song selection, and energy on this one sided red vinyl 12". This disc contains five new songs and is pretty good for what it is. (HM)
(All Star c/o Toresten, Unistraße 74, 40225, Dusseldorf GERMANY)

SONIC'S RENDEZVOUS - "City Slang" EP

......another live album from a man that used to stick his dick inside Patti Smith....as far as I'm concerned, Fred Smith was the foxiest member of the MC5.....you should see how sexy he looks on the cover of this record.....look at his arms!!!!!!!!....yikes!!!!!....and that tight t-shirt!!!!!...yum,yum!!!!!!....okay, but let's get down to business here.....on this vinyl edition, there's only four songs....the CD has got a shitload more.....but the cool picture of Fred is much bigger on the LP.....so that makes deciding on a format a bit rough.....another thing, Fred Smith sounds a bit tired on the vocals here.....according to Mr. Steve Watson, one of Fred's many lovers back in '78, Mr. Smith used to down a whole bottle of "the hard stuff" before he took to the stage......this would explain the tired sleepy vocals......still, it's a good record.....all balls out jammin'.....no ballads.....sometimes the strict "all-balls-out" sound gets a bit boring, but I'll give the guy a break for being dead.... (SW)
(Mack Aborn Rhythmic Arts, LLC, PO Box 441915 Detroit, MI 48244-1915)

SOUL BOYS - "Fuck You...We Are the Boys..."EP

Streetpunk with a really heavy ska influence. It's OK, but nothing about them really stands out. I actually like the rock 'n' roll song "I Knew the Bride," but it's not even their song. (SR)
(DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA)

SOUL BOYS- "Fuck You... We Are the Boys..."EP

This is absolutely brilliant Oi! from Hamburg, Germany with some of the catchiest guitar playing and the most magnificent gruff singing heard in these parts in a while!This record kicks your sorry hipster ass right into next week! The song "Frog Stomp" has the best traditional skinhead vocals of any streetpunk band anywhere in the world right now! Flip this fucking excellent record over and SOUL BOYS continue to pummel you with the great song "Dirty Faces". Get this record as soon as humanly possible! (BR)
DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA)

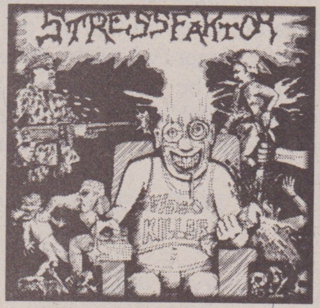
THE SPINDLES - "Young Beat" EP

I like "Young Beat", the first song on this EP. It's very catchy. Modish, but with QUESTIONMARK&theMYSTERIANS-esque qualities. I wish all the songs sounded that way. Instead, they do a pretty boring instrumental and two weak BEATLES-type songs. It's too bad. (CK)
(Majestic Sound, Horie-Daikyo Bldg B1, 1-2-25, Kita-Horie, Nishi-Ku, Osaka 550-0014, JAPAN)

STOMPER 98/TEMPLARS - split EP

This is German Oi!, and it sounds pretty good, but the lyrics are in German. I'd listen to it anyway. STOMPER 98 gives us the songs "Skinhead" and "Päderast" which I think are about how racism and pedophilia suck. "Päderast" is done to the music of COMBAT 84. STOMPER 98's saxophone fits with the music and doesn't make it sound cheesy. NYC's TEMPLARS are also strong. They do F.T.W. and N.Y.P.D., an oldie but a goody. (BC)
(DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA)

STRESSFAKTOR - "Video Killer" EP

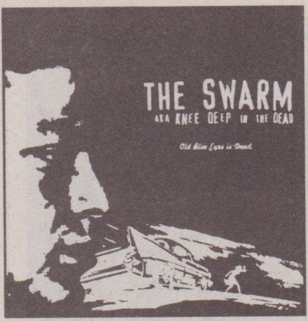


The words are in German, so I have no idea what they are. The music is hardcore with a touch of metal (I mean that in a good way). I like it, though it's a bit generic. The mint green vinyl is nice and I think it only has a run of 300. (BC)
(Frebeuter, Hermann-Sauter-Str. 9, 76829 Landau, GERMANY)

THE SWARM - "Parasitic Skies" CD

Kinda nice that I'd get to review this, as I'd been listening to it for a couple of weeks already. In short, this is a band who were several former members of the Toronto hardcore band ACRID. Which is a good thing, as that band was notoriously destructive. This didn't hit me as hard as ACRID did, but perhaps knowing what I was in for would remove any uncertainty. Regardless, it's intricate, charismatic and driving hardcore—several moods, tempos and approaches per song keep things screaming along. Impressive stuff overall—this is a collection of their 10", split EP with MORSER, and a couple of non-essential live tracks (whoa!! that's uhhh... raw!) from 1998. Excellent. (TM)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

MUSIC REVIEWS



THE SWARM - "Old Blue Eyes Is Dead" EP

OK, the second song starts with a "fucking go," so they've already won me over. Good hardcore which emphasizes intelligence and heaviness (two things once thought incompatible). Good and heavy, yet seems to be slower than their ten inch (yes, I usually am the guy in the audience yelling "play faster"). Oh and lastly, yes it's got the crazed No Idea packaging that we've all come to love. Come on, you probably already have this gem, right? (MW)
(No Idea, P.O Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

TILTWHEEL - "Hair Brained Scheme Addicts" CD

TILTWHEEL has not changed much over the years. Aggressive pop punk that fits the category that I can never find a good name for. It isn't wimpy, doesn't sound like SCREECHING WEASEL, and should not be on Fat Records. Somewhat of a faster and more melodic CRIMPSHRINE. This record is more solid than their earlier recordings. The vocals are a bit deeper and they are really a better band. This is a great pop punk record. (PA)
($8 ppd: Cool Guy, PO Box 2361, Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670)

TOE TO TOE - "Consolidated" CD

This takes me back to their *Threats & Facts* record on Kangaroo. Even though the only member from that line up is Scott the singer (who now sports a jersey—don't they all). He continues to be surrounded by young-spirited musicians who keep the '88 NYHC style alive and kicking. Yes, this is the same hardcore TOE TO TOE, don't let their hippy cover art confuse you. (TJ)
(TTT HQ, PO Box 90, Newtown, NSW, AUSTRALIA)

TOE TO TOE - "Slave" CD

A surprising CD single from this Australian band—surprising, as they didn't used to be the kind of band that would put out CD singles, and surprising that they're still around. Line-up check would conclude that only the singer is from their glory days (the Kangaroo material, etc), so it's all kinda falling into place. This is four songs of mid-paced hardcore—you can tell what Scott is saying, but it's not so slow that I couldn't take it. One BLACK FLAG cover and one POISON IDEA cover (prefer the latter of those two!) really just work as filler. Not an impressive return, for sure! (TM)
(Shock, AUSTRALIA)

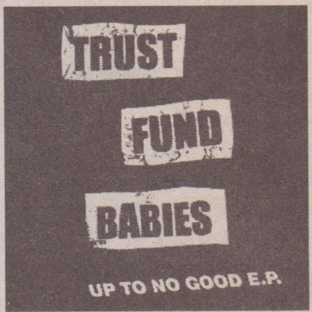
THE TRADITIONALS - "No Choice" CD

Very similar to most of the East Coast skinhead bands playing today (but more uptempo at times). I do have to say that there is some pretty crafty guitar work present here, which raises them slightly above mediocracy. But it's nothing special. (NF)
(Superfly, no address)

TREADWELL - "Bomb Diffusion" EP

Heavy hardcore that is leaning towards the San Diego emo sound. Noisy guitar, pounding drums and excellent BORN AGAINST style vocals, most apparent on the first song on the b-side ,which sounds very much like later BORN AGAINST. (PA)
(Status, PO Box 1500, Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

THE TRUST FUND BABIES - "Up To No Good" EP

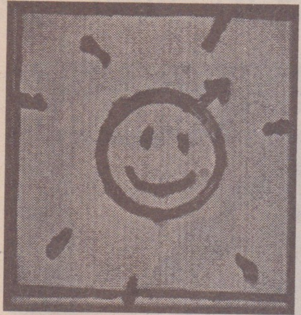


I'd just like everyone to know the audacity of this band. Attached to my record is a thirteen-cent bribe for a good review. A good review from me is worth a lot more than that! How about a couple of beers, or at least a mention on the record? What's even more insulting is that they know they are going to get a good review from me. I'm always at their shows and I play them on my radio show all the time. They're a great band. Simple punk with very snotty vocals and none of the oh-so-typical San Francisco gimmicks. This 7" has the best songs from their live set, especially "Reject Me", my personal favorite, sung by guitarist Karen. (CK)
(Radio, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476)

THE TURPENTINES/A-BOMBS - split 2x7"

OK, I've said it before and I'll say it again. I do not get the double 7" format. I especially do not get the double 7" format when two bands are sharing it. Why couldn't they have just each put out their own record? All they needed was one more picture sleeve. To make this even more confusing, it's put out by two labels. On to the discs themselves—one disc by each band, with the A-side being a studio cut and the B-side devoted to live music. Both bands rock in a typical Scandinavian way—melodic and catchy, yet still raw, high quality rock 'n' roll. I still do not see how such a relatively small part of the world can pump out so much good shit. (KK)
(Fandango/Nomad, 1805 T Street, NW #A, Washington, DC 20009)

MUSIC REVIEWS

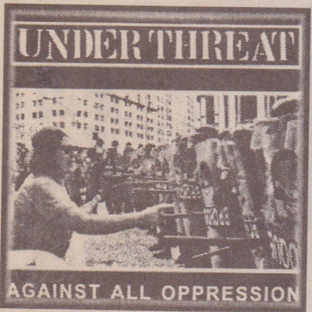


2DEAN CREW - "Risk" EP

Choppy hardcore with an emo feel, most prevalent in the breakdowns, and some jazzy bass lines thrown in at times. The recording quality, as well as depth, is lacking mostly due to the fact that there is no guitar and the bass isn't heavy enough to make up for it. Otherwise it's decent stuff. (PA)
($3 ppd: 13506 Heritage Pl, Fort Smith, AR 72916)

UEBERDOSIS GRAU - "Schritt Ins Nichte" EP

Four tracks of "Overdose Grey," who for the most part seem to be taking up the peace punk cause. Slower atmospheric punk that's mostly associated with the mid-'80s peace punk scene. Not the hardcore variety. More along the lines of the UK ANTHRAX or maybe ZOUNDS. Of course, it is the year 2000, so you can take that for what it's worth. Certainly genuine in many respects. (LH)
(Freibeuter Versand & Label, Markus Heim, Hermann-Sauter str.9, 76829 Landau, GERMANY)



UNDERTHREAT/DISCHORD - split EP

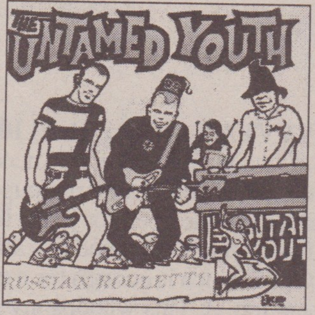
Just as my current obsession, South American hardcore punk, has officially gotten out of control, this record pushes me closer to the record geek 12-step program. DISCHORD has a scattered mix of average thrash guitar sounds with a great Midwest hardcore rhythm. UNDERTHREAT have a strong Scandinavian influence: vocals with slight reverb for a spooky delivery while the guitar blazes back and forth from verse to chorus. Crushes at both full and mid tempos. (TH)
($4: People Like You, Caixa Postal 66223, Sao Paulo-SP, CEP 05311-970, BRAZIL)

UNION 69 - "Holiday 2000" CD

Many members make up this bizzarro SUPERSUCKERS-meets-HOOKERS thing, with some surfy-sludge thrown in. Not the best thing I've heard all year (it's Jan. 9, hint hint) and not the worst by far. Heavy on production and multi-insrument action, sax, harmonica, etc... Since I'm so on the fence with this one, it's probably safe to say I'll only hang on to it for a little while. Can't tell where they're from, either. Recorded in Sweden, but what about the hick accents? Good fakes? (RY)
(Bad Afro, Poste Restante, Frederiksberg Alle 6, DK-1820 Frederiksberg, DENMARK)

UNNATURAL AXE - "Is Gonna Kick Your Ass" LP

Boston's UNNATURAL AXE had a reputation for kick-ass punk around '77, and this record is a compendium of their coolest material. Those of you were too late to get this compilation on its US release several years ago have no excuse now. With its immortal intro, "They Saved Hitler's Brain" is classic funnypunk that was to influence the ANGRY SAMOANS; "The Man I Don't Wanna Be" is one of the great anti-work songs; and much (but not quite all) of the fifteen songs here are examples of pristine, unpretentious, vintage punk rock. The label did an unusually good job mastering this record. (SS)
(Alternative Action, PO Box 174, 11101 Riihimaki, FINLAND)



UNTAMED YOUTH - "Russian Roulette" EP

This record was released in 1996, and the band or the label did not bother to send us a copy. Tom bought this at a store in the Bay Area that will remain nameless—they ripped me off, so they can just go to hell—I will not give the fuckers publicity. This band has a few singles on Norton—one side is surf-instrumental, the other is garage pop. (EC)
(Rock & Roll Inc, PO Box 57116, 28224 Pozuelo, Madrid, SPAIN)

VEGAS THUNDER - "No One Fucks With Vegas Thunder" LP

From Memphis, Tennessee comes VEGAS THUNDER? Stormy rock 'n' roll in the vein of NASHVILLE PUSSY minus the coochie...like 440 SIX PACK. The songs are '70s rock thick, southern fried, even BLACK SABBATH-y at times, with sped up blues geetar lickage. Rockin', drinkin' and findin' a warm hole to park the ol' pink love pole in is what these boys seem to be into. Hmmm...go figure. Music to have a one-night stand to...that's what this is. (DL)
(Sympathy)

MUSIC REVIEWS

VICTORIA VEIN & THE THUNDERPUNKS - "Rear Guard Action/Other Things"

Dirty, bluesy, how did these guys get the NEW YORK DOLLS record in Chickasha, Oklahoma in 1974? Perhaps they didn't get them, perhaps there was something in the air that forced them to take the names of women, call themselves punks and play scummy rock 'n' roll. Admittedly a curiosity, but one well worth looking into. (ST)
(Anopheles, PO Box 170045, San Francisco, CA 64117)

VYVYAN - "Goin' Out" 10"

...must resist urge... need to fight it... I'm sorry, I can't.... they're a British all girl group in a Spice Chick packaging... the door is wide open for jaded little bastards like me to poke fun, fortunately they sound like an English version of the early GO-GO'S which is enough for me love them (and they're about my age too...). This whoops my ass and melts my heart as I type. They do "Mickey"!! Y'know, "Oh, Mickey you're so fine, you're so fine you blow my mind, hey Mickey!"!!! My God I am in love, and it's on pink ten inch vinyl!!! Colored ten inch vinyl, my all time favorite format! Viva la power pop! This is so good that I needed a cigarette afterwards, I may even re-think my stance on the British... maybe. (BM)
(Sympathy)

WAR ROCKET AJAX - CD

Cow punk 'n' roll with turbo-charged production from I think Texas. Lots o' super loud six-strings and twangy vocals. This knee-slappin' schtick reminds me of the bear jamboree (on speed) at Knott's Berry Farm. Their best stuff here is when they stick to a more straightforward sound... then you begin to hear a pale shade of SOCIAL DISTORTION, but it really doesn't matter. I fuckin' hate this shit. (DL)
(WRA, 1041 Valley Forge, Schertz, TX 78154)

THE WEAKLINGS - "It's So Criminal/Real Cool Time"

Wow. I have no idea who the fuck these guys are, but I'm fairly certain that if I were SW, I would be talking about how these guys spend most of their time getting great blow jobs because they rock so hard. My god, take a pinch of the DEAD BOYS, a dash of the STOOGES (hell, they even cover the STOOGES), and throw in some RICHARD HELL and I think you're starting to get an idea of what these guys are all about. Make no mistake about it, this is dirty rock 'n' roll first and punk rock second. My one criticism, and this is serious, is that they fade, yes fade, the second cut. What's that all about? Do they fade this song when it's played live? Then why fade it on the record? (KK)
(Safety Pin, PO Box 51241, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

X-OFFENDER - "Chara" EP

Only in Japan do thrash outfits sell out arenas and bands like X-OFFENDER wallow in obscurity (or maybe they don't, though from the production quality on this record, I think it's a pretty safe bet). This is catchy, straight ahead rock. A little too mellow for my tastes, but still well done. (ST)
(Yukinori Kosaka, #202 Nishikoji - Heights, 72 Shimizu-Cho, Saiin, Ukyo-Ku, Kyoto 615-0052, JAPAN)

ZERO BOYS - " Slam And Worm/ She Said Goodbye"

Well here's a couple of songs that resurfaced back from 1981. The sleeve says that these two gems were intended to be on punk classic the "Vicious Circle" LP. This single revs up with a dance craze hit "Slam And Worm", (a song that never got to really take off like say, the mashed potato, or the twist, or the pogo for that matter). This is pretty fuckin' rad shit. I flipped to the B-side still high from the A-side and creamed my jeans for the sugary amphetamine sweet, "She Said Goodbye." Fuck, only 500 of these were pressed...happy hunting. (DL)
(no address)

Music Reviews

V/A - "Attitude Vol. 3" CD

Crazed Brazilian grindcore, death metal, hardcore, crust CD compilation. Bands include ROT, DEATHSLAM, DESECRATION, SUBCUT, GARGAMAUS, plus seven more—43 songs in all. The majority of the stuff is really rough grindcore and thrash, with some punk and death metal included as well. (MW)
(No Fashion, Cx. Postal 03, Santa Bárbara D'Oests, SP 13450-970, BRAZIL)

V/A - "Benefit For Maloka" LP

Maloka is an anarchopunk collective, and according to the literature that accompanied this release, they book shows, have a distro of some sort, a vegan restaurant and alternative bar a couple of times a week, and publish a newspaper. Sounds good. It's a nicely packaged release. Some of the bands participating are: AB IRATO, CHARLIE DON'T SURF, AGATHOCLES, CHINEAPPLE PUNX, PETROGRAD. (JV)
(Maloka c/o Yann, BP 536, 21014 Dijon Cedex, FRANCE)

V/A - "Berks County 98—The Last Train to Bechtelsville" EP

PISS SHIVERS give you the best tune on this by a long shot. SNIFFITS' singer can't keep a beat or keep up with their blazing tune. LOOKING FOR ELLIOT have a cutsey little song, and STOOPID HUMOR have good energy and stupid humor. Nothing too exciting. (HM)
($2 ppd: Rotten House, PO Box 12705, Reading, PA 19612-2705)

V/A - "Bloodstains Across The World" LP

I don't know if there's much point in reviewing these things; the hobbyist/collectors who keep snatching these things up come hell or high water will probably figure that the novelty value of having a Chinese version of "Anarchy in the UK" overrides the non-essentiality of the package as a whole (and I can't believe that the synthpop of Monroe's "Disco Fever" is the best attempt the compiler could make for uncomped Dutch selection). And I must disagree with the worthy Mr. Murrman's remarks on the sound quality; the review copy sounded as shitty as the cover. (DD)
(no address)

V/A - "Boom Boom" LP

Solid compilation of German beat rarities, sixteen tracks with a minimum of extremely obvious covers (though they shouldn't have "corrected" the ORIGINAL SURFERS' original spelling of their take on the WILLIE DIXON-penned classic, to wit,. "Hoochie Cookie Man"—you're fucking with history, man, big time). Youngsters interested in the roots of the DUKES OF HAMBURG, be duly advised. (DD)
(Strasse Beat, no address)

V/A - "Diggin' Up Down Under" LP

If you're the type of record raccoon that buys all the assorted and sundry '60s reissues—that keep coming out year after year with no end in view—then "Diggin' Up Down Under" will fill yer needs. Features tracks from the BIRDS (not the California variety!), BILLY ADAMS, the ALLUSIONS, the DARK AGES, the OTHER ENDS, SHADES OF BLUE, GIFT OF LOVE, the PLEAZERS (with the classic "Bald-Headed Woman"), INKASE, and the brilliantly-named DEREK'S ACCENT. I'd love to tell you more, but there's no information offered on any of the bands or labels—adding to the mystery. (JH)
(Dig, no address)

V/A - "Gang War" 45

This record is actually a split between Chicago's TRAITORS and South Bend's NINJAS. Both bands play fast, spit-in-the-face, spirited punk rawk, with gruffy yet definable vocals. Still, if I had to pick a winner it would be the TRAITORS, if only because they have a song called "Fuck You, I'm a Cop" and the NINJAS are from the same town as the Fightin' Irish. (JF)
(Plinko, 1001 E.Wayne St, South Bend, IN 46617)

V/A - "Get Into The Pit Vol. 1" CD

Have you dared to not follow the advice of the past two years reviews of Swedish hardcore, and instead spent your money on the GET UP KIDS or some other nonsense? Two choices for you, the blindfold/cigarette/firing squad, or getting this CD to write out your shopping list: SEPARATION, DS-13, ENDFLOW, OUTLAST, SECTION 8, and INTENSITY. Yeah, the CD has stinkers and a lot of the stuff has been released, but that's what you get for dragging your feet to the party. (TH)
(One Try, Dalgatan 1D, 852 37 Sundsvall, SWEDEN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "He's No Good To Me Dead" CD

If my dream could come true this slowed down, repetitive sludge crap would be wiped from the face of the earth in a fiery jihad. OK, you're really into thrid rate ASBESTOS DEATH, EYEHATEGOD, and BLACK SABBATH, so buy this CD. Bands: NEGATIVE REACTION, GRIEF (the dark lords of this scene), SUBSANITY, BONGZILLA, and SOUR VEIN. (TH)
($10: Game Two, PO Box 22640, Denver, CO 80222)

V/A - "I Pledge Defiance" CD

This is a triple split CD with KAKISTOCRACY, BESK, and CITIZENS OPPRESSION PROJECT. The first band wants to be DEFIANCE and the third one kind of has that same type of sound also. They both have political anti-American/government lyrics. BESK offers some pretty good mid-tempo Swedish crust. Overall, an alright political comp. (SR)
(Arson, 112 Montreal St., Kingston, Ontario, K7K 3E8 CANADA)

V/A - "It's A Hard Life" LP

This is yet another comp of mid '60s garage bands. While almost all the tracks have their interesting moments, to be honest, there are only a few groups on here that truly deserved unearthing. Most of these are too tame and mannered for my taste in this stuff. Bring on the derelicts with fuzz pedals, please. (BG)
(Lance)

V/A - "Kampf Der Giganten" EP

A split picture disc between O.B. and TONNENSTURZ. O.B. play one straight up early '80s English-sounding punk number, and one that would sound more at home on one of those ROIR record comps. TONNENSTRUTZ have a little bit more melody and play basically more poppy stuff. Both bands are, and sing in German. (JF)
(Rock Star, Th. Bachmann, Ponyweg 05, 17034 Neubrandenburg, GERMANY)

V/A - "Payoll Benefit Comp" EP

This record is a benefit for the Payoll squat in Brazil which is, according to the information provided in the sleeve, a house with two floors, seventeen rooms, and has been the scene to everything from shows to battles with Nazi skinheads. Okay, well what about the music? It fucks shit up. Every cut is a hardcore diamond in the rough, seriously. Bands that participated include: FAUTLTER, DIAVOLO ROSSO, SPINEBENDER, DIFEKTO, REVOLTE, and SEUCHENHERD. Great packaging and artwork by French zinester Stephane. (JV)
(Bad Influence c/o Stefan Fuchs, Rennweg 1, 93049 Regensburg, GERMANY)

V/A - "Project Blue" LP

I guess this is mostly interesting from a sociological perspective. In some ways, just another comp of '60s garage and punk. If you listened to this blindfolded, you would think these bands British. But no, these bands are all from Hong Kong. They're mostly Chinese, too and not just a bunch of expatriates. The music is mostly enjoyable and the packaging is mostly nice (of course it's got the stupid "Give 'Em Enough Rope" font that I can't stand...). There are only 500 copies, so I really don't even see the point of reviewing this. It's like it already doesn't exist. (LH)
(no address)

V/A- "Pure British Pop For Raw People Vol. 2"

This is Lite Pop Punk, I am surprised this record was not tossed before it was assigned. Anyway it's a bootleg, so it's not like you're going to find it. PROTEX, FRESHIES, the LETTERS—these are obscure garage bands from UK? US? I don't know. The mystery track is BUGGLES' "Video Killed the Radio Star". Whatever... (EC)
(no address)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Relative Distance" LP

This is utter donkey shit! "15 Lost Classics"!?!? If I had it my way, this crap would've remained lost. The bands here play mostly peace 'n' love hippie shit with slight garage overtones. The only half-tolerable song on this waste of vinyl is done by a bad called GROUNDSPEED, who have a slight PRETTY THINGS feel. But then they ride the snake a lil' too hard, and start spewing crap out about eating magic mushrooms in the wilderness, etc. (I'm sure that my friend Clarence would love this, ha ha!) Stay away from this record, and be a good friend and don't allow your friends to touch it either. (NF)
(Stanton Park, PO Box 58, Newtonville, MA 02160)

V/A - "Time Won't Change My Mind" LP

......yet another '60's comp to add to your ever-growing collection that sits and collects dust on yer bowing record shelf.....we got the likes of the DRUIDS, BEARINGS, RAINMAKERS, BURGUNDY RUN, VOXMEN, SERFMEN, SAND PIPERS, FABULOUS ROYALS, AMBUSHERS, OFF-BEATS, CLANN, LEMON DROPS and ZOOFS........this isn't the best '60s comp....it's okay....kinda wimpy....clean cut white kid college bound PC asshole motherfuckers should enjoy this.....save the dirty '60s comps for me...... (SW)
(no address)

V/A - "Who's Who" CD

It's a comp with funk, rockabilly, ska, skate punk and ska punk (to "mix it up"). The sole highlights of this waste of time are ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE delivering his brand of "band in a box" new wave-influenced punk rock and the BELMONT PLAYBOYS doing a decent rockabilly number. Unfortunately the VOODOO GLOW SKULLS, LINK 80, and KNOWLEDGE sum up the rest of the disk. (BM)
(VMS)

V/A - "Why Can't Everybody Be Like Us?" VHS

A genuinely DIY release here. Shabby audio quality and extremely bad lighting *but* three of my favorite semi-local bands appear so it makes up for it. The SECRETIONS (from Sacramento [you've gotta say "from Sacramento" these days because there's a shitty bar band from NY with the same name who aren't very nice and don't want to share]) turn out RAMONESy, GERMS inspired old school punk rock, fast and fun about lucha libre, insulin and being a total cretin with three-way switch vocal duty and enough charm and wit to butter up even the most jaded sum'mbitch. MILHOUSE (smf) (again the name game results in the "smf") are BLACK FLAG with a girl singer (or maybe Hank just got an operation, I dunno). The sexxxy RIFF RANDALS, also from Sacramento (geez!! What's with all of these Sacto bands sharing names with east coast bands!?! I sense a trend: Sacto = ass rocking bands with names that are already taken) show up offering a few tunes about what they know best: cock. Hot sweaty sex and wet panties is what these girls are about. Their regular guitarist, the little piece of eye candy named Allison, was M.I.A. for the set, so Danny Reynoso (the SECRETIONS, the KNOCKOFFS and former GHOULIE) filled in and even wore a dress and kicked high to show the "assets" he brought to the band. YOUR MOTHER also show up to offer their brand of funk meets hair metal at a SPAM records showcase punk rock mayhem, as do the LIZARDS, the PAWNS, and OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN. Complete (for the most part) live sets by all. In away the low quality fits with all of these truly D.I.Y. bands. For fan boys like me only. Running time 200 mins. (BM)
($8 ppd: Sykotic, 2989 Franklin Blvd, Sacramento CA 95818)

V/A - "Wolf Call!" LP

This compilation of Golden Crest releases (from the late '50s and early '60s), has rocking instros, R&B, R&B instros, and rock 'n' roll. They all tend towards the bent and nutty, and they're all in keeping with Norton's high standards (also evident in the packaging and detailed yet entertaining notes). I know I've got some of this stuff on misc. other albums, but with eighteen cuts and the free historical/hysterical background the price is more than right. (DD)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

ZINES BEHIND BARS

by Sean Guillory

"Free to prisoners." I've read this several dozen times in zines. Many zine publishers who subscribe to anti-authoritarian views, get involved with prisoner rights, or just feel sorry for the incarcerated usually give their zine to prisoners for free. If not for free, at least for some sort of discount. It is almost part of the zine etiquette to do so. While there are tons of reasons why zinesters give prisoners free zines, how many know what to do to ensure that the prisoner gets the zine? How many know what prisoners can and can't receive in the mail? How many know what happens to zines after they get read? It is likely not many. I sure didn't until I started to investigate it after a couple of prisoners sent me letters saying that they never received zines that I sent.

It is difficult to get a clear indication of exactly what prison policies are on prisoners receiving zines. Zines have no special recognition under prison rules. They fall under the general rubric of "publication." According to the California Department of Corrections (CDC), a publication is defined as a "reproduced handwritten, typed/printed, and/or pictorial materials including books, periodicals, newspapers, and pamphlets."[1] Prisoners do have the right under the CDC Prisoner's Handbook to subscribe and receive publications but they must come from "a publisher or book store which does mail order business." I assume that zine publishers fall under this definition since they are technically the publisher.

There can still be problems with prisoners getting the zines. One problem is deals with "professionalism." According to Shane Williams, a *Flipside* columnist and prison inmate, "the more professional the zine mailing is (rubber stamped or labeled return address, labeled recipient address, receipt enclosed) the less chance as institution would reject the item as not being from a publisher."[2] Other prisoners who I interviewed for this article confirm that professionalism is important. Pete Kelly, another inmate, states that "a label or a stamp should be on the return address, and a receipt is also a good idea."[3] John Mueller adds another suggestion, a zine publisher "should never enclose a letter in the same envelope. It makes the mail-room incompetents send them back or place them on your property."[4] The idea is to minimize and suspicion that would make a prison official reject the zine. But many zines don't fall under any type of "professionalism." Most reject "professionalism" altogether. But if you do have a rubber address stamp or mailing labels, use them. It seems that in most cases how the zine looks isn't as important as how it is addressed.

What is also important is to not send anything else besides the publication. Besides the common sense things like weapons and drugs, sending stickers, food, tobacco, stamps, money, and similar items are not allowed. So if you're one of those publishers that likes to send cutesy things like baseball cards and boxes of Wille Wonka's Everlasting Gobstoppers, or stickers from your zine, leave these out when mailing to prisoners. Prisoners will be fortunate and appreciative enough to get the zine they've written for. All that extra junk will only work against them. If a prisoner does write for a zine and you don't have the zine they've ordered, do not send stamps or money back. They won't get it because they are not supposed to receive such things, except from maybe family members. Send them something, whether it is an old issue or a different zine altogether. Anything is better than nothing.

When it comes down to the censorship of mail, things get real tricky and ambiguous. Censorship rules are extremely arbitrary and can be enforced on many levels—from the state law down to the individual mail clerk. All mail is opened by prison officials and partially if not entirely read. Thanks to bloated bureaucracy, you can bet that the stuff isn't read too closely. That is unless something in the material jumps out (usually pictures or drawings) at the official or a certain prisoner is receiving a lot of publications. But it is quite arbitrary. I have a friend who received the *Answer Me!: the First Three* book at the Ft. Leavenworth Military Prison while Shane Williams here in California had trouble getting copies of *Flipside*. According to the law in the CDC Handbook, prisons reject "obscene material" or any "matter of a character tending to incite murder; arson; riot; or any form of violence or physical harm to any person, or any ethnic, gender, racial, religious or other group."[5] The official definition of "obscene material" is "material taken as a whole, which to the average person, applying contemporary statewide standards, appeals to the prurient interest; and is material which taken as a whole, depicts or describes sexual conduct; and which, taken as a whole, lacks serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value."[6] Pete Kelly writes that "nudity is okay but penetration is not (even [in] comic art)"[7] While it was ruled that prisoners supposedly retain their First Amendment rights, in 1994 this right was chipped away at to "stop the influx of porn."[8] Plus no one really gives a shit about prisoners rights in the era of victims' rights campaigns. But Williams contends that violence is another reason for rejection and a "zine and underground political papers may run into problems . . . but not always."[9] Dan Halligan who publishes *10 Things Jesus Wants You to Know* has had his zine rejected three times. A women's prison in Florida rejected a copy of *10 Things* because one page supposedly talked about overthrowing the government. Dan states that, "this was really funny, because while such talk comes up occasionally in my zine, the page they referred to was an interview with the Pain Teens, a Texas noise/art/punk band. The only mention of anything political in the interview was me asking about their song RU486, about the French abortion pill. I assume some right-to-lifer sent it back and made up the overthrow the government part."[10] Rev. Randall Tinear who publishes *Angry Thoreauan* has had little trouble. "I recently interviewed three women in three Texas prisons, and they received all of the issues I sent them despite the outright arrogance, nudity, close-up 8x10" shots of genitalia, armaments, rhetorical violence and so forth," he reports.[11] Ultimately, the prison has the power to reject any material they want under the law. The Prisoner's Handbook states, "Anything in the possession of an inmate which is not contraband [published material falls under this] but will, if retained in possession of the inmate, present a serious threat to facility security of the safety of inmates and staff, shall be controlled by staff to the degree necessary to eliminate the threat."[12] This is the linchpin of their authority.

This seems to have been the reason why a prison in Ohio rejected a copy of *Love & Rage* I sent to a prisoner named David Wright. For those of you who are not familiar with *Love & Rage*, *L&R* is an anarchist newspaper that covers various news items and theoretical issues. Nothing too outrageous. But, on the "Notice of Withholding" that David sent me, Lt. Cy Eason states that *L&R* "incites persons to act in whatever was necessary to accomplish their goals or 'revolutionary anti-authoritarian activism' (unlawful)."[11] When sending a zine to a prisoner you have to use your best judgement. I've had prisoners order stuff from me and ask me to censor and material that might fall under the definition of "obscene." As stated above, the rules also have a personal component to them. This is certainly not to discourage people from at least trying to send zines to prisoners. You never know what might get through and what might not. Every state and every prison has different rules or different interpretations of them.

Because of the arbitrariness of prison regulations, prisoners that I've written to have had different experiences. Some are in relatively tolerant prisons, others in more restrictive ones. Pete Kelly has had little trouble in getting zines. Shane Williams is running into more trouble in the prison he's in. Jon Phillips, another prisoner I wrote to, cynically wrote, "Yes, if

a person doesn't have a stamp for the zine or they try to send too many, they usually get sent back or disappear."[14] By far John Mueller has had the biggest problem getting zines from me. This incident between me, John, and the prison highlights many or the problems a zine publisher and a prisoner can have in getting and sending zines.

I am one of the many zine mailorders that have "prisoner friendly policies." I give prisoners half off on all of the zines and I allow them to pay in stamps. John had ordered several zines form me until we ran into problems with his prison. By my guess, what brought the prison goons to closely monitor John's mail was the fact that he was getting Priority Mail envelopes full of zines about once a month for about three months. This is a classic example of how too much mail to a prisoner can attract attention. The funny thing is about the stuff that John was getting from me was that it didn't contain any overtly political or inflammatory material. He was mainly ordering personal zines from me. Nothing that would jump out and bite the prison goon in the ass. Basically the mailroom goons, one Hanley and E. Lofson, were rejecting the zines because I wasn't a "legitimate publisher." John asked me to call the prison to explain to them that I was legitimate. When I did, Hanley told me that the stuff I was sending was not professional, but just something that I made and stapled together in my room. But of course, the Prisoner's Handbook doesn't make a distinction between how a publication is produced. Hanely's "interpretation" was his own personal one. It is difficult to remember what he said to me exactly on the phone. But to paraphrase, he then basically told me that the material, specifically the catalog which had a couple of articles on socialism, inspired hate and that I was banned from sending zines to the prison, specifically to John Mueller. The "Inmate Grievance Form" states that, "Per Sergent Zehms (Support Services/ Mailroom Supervisor), inmate Mueller is not to receive publications coming from Primordial Soup. Publications originating from this source are deemed to be *hate inspired literature.* Inmate Mueller has already been informed to this as has the publisher of Primordial Soup."[15] You, dear reader, don't know how pissed, but not surprised, I was that my writing were classified as 'hate'. In a letter I fired off to John gives an indication of my reaction:

But you know what? Let's say the material I sent you is 'hate.' What are the things that I hate? If it is hate toward a system of imprisonment that's expanding faster than the educational system, then I acquiesce, it is hate. If it is hate toward a system that imprisons people for the rest of their life because they have drugs on them, I nod my head in agreement. If it is hate for a system that exploits working people, then I agree wholeheartedly. If it is hate for racism, white supremacy, inequality, and sexism, then again I plead guilty. If it is hate for violence and injustice, I throw myself on the mercy of my judges. If it is hate for people who violate others' rights and are supported by a system of repression, then, yes, it is hate. The problem, John, is not that I 'hate.' It is that I hate the wrong things. But that is okay. I'd rather be a hater of these things than a slave and coward to them.[16]

Regrettably, there was little we could do to reverse the prison's policy or the ban against me. The prison has the power to do what they want under the current ambiguous regulations. John could have filled an appeal, but as they say, "Justice delayed is justice denied." Ironically and fortunately, John has since been released because it was discovered that the cop that arrested him planted drugs on him. It was good to hear that justice is sometimes served. As this incident demonstrates, when it comes to sending zines to prisoners the process is extremely arbitrary down to the guy who checks the mail.

Some may wonder why go through the trouble in the first place. Who cares about prisoners and isn't sending them something to read just making their punishment that much more tolerable? In the age of victims' rights it is not surprising that this is an issue. But I admit it is a legitimate concern. I would certainly be provided with a dilemma if I got a request from a child molester, rapist, or murder. In my experiences, I have not received any requests for zines from these types. The vast majority of people who write to me are in the pen for drugs, usually possession. All of them have sentences that are too long already. One guy who wrote to me got seventeen years for the possession of 1000 sheets of acid. Another was looking at 25 to life for having a gram of speed. With laws like the Three Strikes law here in California, a lot of people are being sent up the river for petty and many times non-violent crimes. The reason why I give prisoners discounts on zines is simple: I don't agree with the policies of the justice system and if this is my way of helping someone then so be it. When it comes down to it, sending zines to prisoners for free or at a discount is a personal decision.

But who exactly orders zines and what happens to them after the prisoner reads them? The majority of people who have ordered zines from me are punks or people interested in anti-authoritarian literature and ideas. All of the respondents to my questions had some affiliation with the punk scene. And given that zines are still fairly concentrated around punk culture, prisoner punks, not regular Joe Blow prisoners will be the main readers of zines. I haven't gotten any request for zines from female prisoners, and it seems that of all prisoners who read zines, women are in very few numbers.

Some prisoners keep their zines to themselves, while others pass them along. Pete Kelly passes them along to friends and then he "mails them home to add to my personal library. Nothing is ever thrown away."[17] John Mueller says that he tries to share his zines but "most people have a very negative picture of punk rockers because there's always fear of the unknown."[18] Shane Williams is more protective. He writes that "historically I keep my zines close to the vest since I'm always concerned idiots in here will in some way impede my own efforts to stay informed."[19] He says he does this in order to protect himself from those who might screw up his chances of getting zines. So it seems that in some cases one has to make sure that passing zines to others won't draw any unwanted attention. But I think for the most part if inmates are interested as John Philips writes, the zines will "probably stay in the yard for years."

The Prison Industrial Complex , which it is now dubbed, is one of the fastest growing industries in the country. The U.S. has more people incarcerated per capita than any other country in the world. Sending prisoners zines and other reading material is one small way to make prisoners life behind the guard towers that much more tolerable. Hopefully this article provided some insight to sending zines to prisoners.

All of the prisoners who helped me write this article would love to receive zines and mail. Please write to:

Shane Williams J-09243
CMC-East
PO Box 8101 (1183x)
San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-8101

Pete Kelly J97528
State Prison
33015 Bautistia Rd.
Hemet, CA 92544

David Wright #322-715
Lebanon Correction Institution
PO Box 56
Lebanon, OH 45036

John Mueller has been released from the big house. Jon Philips has been released since this the publication of this article. I do not know his current address. If anyone has it, please send it to me. I would appreciate it.

Rev. Randal Tinear and Dan Halligan provided some information for this article. For a copy of the latest **Angry Thoreauan** send $4 to **PO Box 3478, Hollywood, CA 90078-3478**. For the latest **10 Things** send $3 to **8315 Lake City Way NE #192, Seattle, WA 98115.**

1 California Department of Corrections Prisoner's Handbook, Title 15, Section 3138, f, 1. [Hereafter CDCPH]
2 Letter to Sean Guillory from Shane Williams, August 29, 1998, 5. [Hereafter: LSW].
3 Letter to Sean Guillory from Pete Kelly, September, 20, 1998, 2. [Hereafter: LPK].
4 Letter to Sean Guillory from John Mueller, August 29, 1998, 1. [Hereafter: LJM].
5 CDCPH, Title 15, Section 3006, A, and c, 1.
6 CDCPH, Title 15, Section 3006, A.
7 LPK, 1.
8 LSW, 2.
9 Ibid., 3.
10 Email "Prisoners and zines" from Dan Halligan to Sean Guillory, August 25, 1998.
11 Email "Prisoners and zines" from Rev. Randall Tinear to Sean Guillory, August 27, 1998.
12 CDCPH, Title 15, Section 3006, d.
13 Lebanon Correctional Facility, Ohio, Notice of Withholding, March 25, 1998.
14 Letter to Sean Guillory from Jon Philips, October 9, 1998. [Hereafter LJP] Strangely, Jon didn't receive the first letter I sent to him with the questions for the article. All of the prisoners I've corresponded with have worries about their mail getting fucked with by the prison goons. It seems to happen a lot, so their concern is not farfetched at all. This was not an isolated incident because other prisoners have told me that they haven't received packages or letters from me.
15 San Bernardino Country Sheriff's Department Inmate Grievance Form, August 12, 1998. [emphasis added].
16 Letter to John Mueller from Sean Guillory, August 22, 1998, 1.
17 LPK, 3.
18 LJM, 2.
19 LSW, 6.

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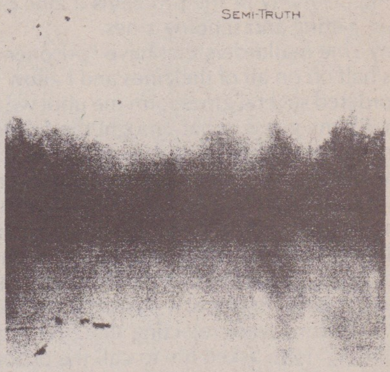

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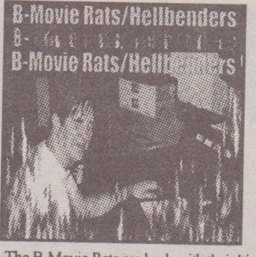
Smogtown- Beach City Butchers 10"

-Fear not my fellow punk rockers, the New Beach Alliance NEVER disappoint. With two shit hot 45's and, a killer track on the Viva La Vinyl #3 LP, they've returned with their strongest material to date . 6 scorching anthems in this masterpiece: 'Beach City Buthcers.' Hundreds of devoted, loyal Smogtown wavers can't be wrong!!!



B-Movie Rats & Hellbenders- split LP/CD

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Brass Tacks-cd
'just the facts'
$10.00 U.S.
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Finally it is out.! For those of you who haven't seen or heard Brass Tacks this is what they sound like. Good ol skinhead rock n roll with influences by AC/DC, Ross Tattoo and various punk bands. They belt out 14 songs that are unforgettable on this cd. Brass Tacks has been around for almost four years and was on a Helen of Oi comp and they also were on a 7" comp put out by American Upstart zine.

The Undisputed Heavyweight Champions - S/T cd

$10.00ppd in U.S.
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Remember Monster truck Driver'? That was a band we did a 7" for a few years back. Well Monster Truck Driver broke up , but Jay from said band refused to give up and formed 'The Undisputed Heavyweight Champions'. Much like Monster Truck Driver' this new band is hardcore ,but much faster and even more hardcore then 'Monster Truck Driver' was. In fact 'The undisputed Heavyweight Champions' are heavily inf1uenced by the legendary Poison Idea"! This cd will blow you away! Specially if you like real HARDCORE!!!*
Monster Truck Driver-This germ 7" still available from us. $3.00 post paid in the USA ;and $5.00 post paid anywhere outside of the USA

Wanda Chrome & the Leather Pharaohs 'dangerous times'-LP
$10.00 ppd in US
$12.00 ppd elsewhere

For six years now Milwaukee based killer traditional 70's style pun band Wanda Chrome and the leather Pharaohs has been playing out all over Wisconsin and other parts of the midwest.They have been to Europe five times and each time things have gotten bigger and better for them! They play some Killer 70's style punk! Mix Iggy Pop,The Dead Boys and The New York Dolls and add some speed (No not the drug!) and you have Wanda Chrome and the Leather Pharaohs. This LP contains ten songs that were recorded live in the Beer City warehouse by Jeff Schaefer (360 Productions mobile studio unit)and this record sounds so killer you Would think it was recorded in a fancy expensive studio! The cover of the LP was designed by Beer City's very own artist Von Munz. (thats the same guy Who drew the art for the black eyes and broken Bottles comp that also came out this month!) Plus to make this LP even better the cover is a gate fold (that means it opens like a book and this record is on Red vinyl and comes with a printed sleeve!

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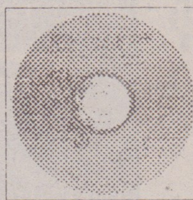

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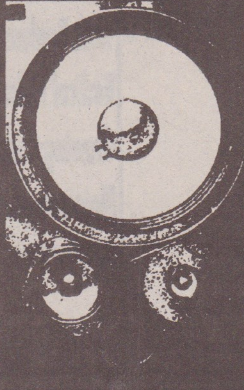

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INDEX FOR POTENTIAL SUICIDE ●●●
"The Newest Youth Rebellion" CD (OHEV) 10.00
INDEX FOR POTENTIAL SUICIDE's debut full length CD fuses together experimental sounds with the extremities of noisy discordant hardcore. Powerful, pissed off, and chaotic. Featuring ex-members of PREVAIL, INDEX FOR POTENTIAL SUICIDE is for fans of DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, THE LOCUST, and PREVAIL. Guest music & vocal track by Eric Wood of **MAN IS THE BASTARD.** Remix track by N. Burke of **MEN'S RECOVERY PROJECT.**

●●●●●●●●●●●● **DEAD NATION**
"Dead End" LP/CD (Dead Alive) 8.00/9.00
The 3rd release from the NJ thrash attack and their best effort to date. Twenty songs in under twenty minutes. This is hardcore punk the way it was meant to be - energetic, angry and fast. Comparable to early D.R.I. or AGNOSTIC FRONT, BLACK FLAG, JERRY'S KIDS, etc., yet with enough sincerity and creativity to make this record stand on it's own. Fifteen years ago ALL hardcore was this good!

SUICIDE NATION ●●●●●●●●●●●
"A Requiem... For All That Ever Mattered" CD (KOTM) 9.00
SUICIDE NATION continue their assault on the ears of the hardcore community with this their second full length release. Containing 7 studio tracks and a live set recorded in Phoenix this past March. Make no mistake, SUICIDE NATION is NOT a metal act. While musically they have more in common with suck Black Metal bands as DISSECTION or GEHENNA, SUICIDE NATION's lyrics are what sets them apart from the recent slew of crossover metal/hardcore acts. Attacking the foundation of the hardcore community and pleading for it to take a serious look at the downward spiral it has taken in the past few years. Screamed frustration over brutal, pummeling music fuse together, creating an honest and unsettling record.

●●●●●●● **CATTLE DECAPITATION**
"Human Jerky" LP (Satan's Pimp) 7.00
This is hyper-technical/ravenous grindcore with ultra-disgusting, humanity-crushing lyrics. Musical references include DISCORDANCE AXIS, CARCASS, and CRYPTOPSY. Featuring Gabe and Dave from **THE LOCUST**. Cover art is beautifully repulsive work by South American photographer Nelson Garrido.

FISTICUFFS ●●●●●●●●●●●●●
"Riot Association" 7" EP (Fistfight) 3.00
PA's **FISTICUFFS** follow up their split EP on Motherbox from 1998 with NYC's **KILL YOUR IDOLS** with this ferocious 6 song exercise in primal hardcore punk aggression. Featuring members of the enormously popular Philly punk band from this part of the country, **VIOLENT SOCIETY**, mixing elements of pounding classic early-80's hardcore, and screeching grind/punk, they have already played frequently on the East Coast, including dates with **RAW POWER**, and the legendary D.R.I. on their reunion tour! Pure anthemic hostility & ripping brutality lace these attacks on apathy, hero worship, more...

●●●●●●●●●●● **USURP SYNAPSE**
Self-titled 6" EP (Withing Hour) 3.50
Five songs on a 6" record. This Indiana band unleashes 5 songs of furious, chaotic hardcore in the spirit of URANUS, VOLUME ELEVEN, etc. Previous split 7" with EMOTION ZERO. Strictly limited to 666 copies, NO REPRESS!

PHYSICS ●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●
"Live: 2.7.98" CDEP (GSL) 6.00
2 songs recorded live to DAT at the Casbah in San Diego (on February 7, 1998). **PHYSICS**' sound resembles, at one point or another, any combination of the following: Flying Saucer Attack, Tribes of Neurot, Spectrum, The Cure, Spacemen 3, etc. PHYSICS' presence can also be felt in the new generation of bands they have directly inspired, like TRISTEZA.

●●●●●● **VARIOUS "Che Fest 1999"**
CD (Slowdance) 9.00
Recorded live in San Diego at Che Cafe during the inaugural Che Festival, this comp. features sixteen high quality recordings from some of today's best independent bands. Includes exclusive tracks from: **CAMERA OBSCURA, BLACKHEART PROCESSION, REVERSAL OF MAN, JEJUNE, GOGOGO AIRHEART, VOLUME 11, YAPHET KOTTO,** and many more!!!

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Here is a tiny sampling of stuff we have available.

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GOONS, THE-Living In America CD...$11.00
GOOD CLEAN FUN-Picture Disc 7" EP...$7.50
SCREECHING WEASEL-Picture Disc 7" EP...$4.50
V/A-East Coast Pogo Attack Vol 2 VHS(US)Video. Live video comp with Defiance, Distraught, Aus Rotten, Varukers(UK), D.I.R.T.(UK), Pist, Total Chaos, Final Warning, Oxymoron(Germany) and more...$18.00
BOILING MAN-Roadkill Museum 7" EP...$4.00
OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN-When Everythings Been Said Double CD plus booklet...$9.50
EGGHEAD.-Dumb Songs For Smart People CD...$11.50
6817...FUCK ON THE BEACH-Power Violence Forever CD...$11.00
DEACONS, THE-In The Company of Dogs LP...$9.00
FISTICUFFS BLUFF-S/T...LP $8.50 CD $10.00
ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE-Making Love...LP $8.00/CD$9.50
V/A-Four Two Pudding Very Small Records comp CD. with ECONOCHRIST, SCREECHING WEASEL, SAMIAN, SCHLONG, DISSENT and more...$9.50
DUKES OF HAMBURG-Bad Side of July LP...$9.50
MOLOTOV COCKTAIL-United Colors of Poverty and Shame...LP $9.00/CD 9.50.
DIVIDE AND CONQUER-The Need To Amputate 7" EP...$3.50
UNSEEN, THE-So This Is Freedom CD...$11.00
WILLIAM MARTYR 17-The Celebration of Forever CD. A discography...$7.00
PROBE ZINE -#8. The Bananas, Weird Love Makers, Mission Records, Illusion Records, Record store profiles, and more. Age statement please...$5.00
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DAS BOOT - TALK DIRTY CD

(1+2CD123)
Great debut CD from Tokyo's new killer punk/garage punk trio. Imagine early Blues Explosion plays foot stompin' R&B/Soul numbers. Their sounds are really powerful and aggressive. Anyway it's a best release of japanese garage bands in 1999. This amazing CD includes 13 their originals and all songs are really killer! It's a must for all garage/punk fans.

PAPPYS - PAPPYS CD (1+2CD122)

Pappys is a another new great band from Tokyo's underground. They are young and fresh girls trio. They plays very catychy pop tunes and heavy fuzz punk tunes. The Pappys sounds like Headcoatees sings with Mad3. This self titled debut CD has 12 cuts including 3 covers from Shanglilas, Lou Reed and Don & Dewey. Must for girls bands fans!

VA - RED HOT STOMP COMP CD

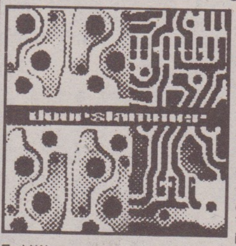
(1+2CD121)
This is new sampler CD of new 1+2 bands. It features 3 wild and cool R&R bands from Tokyo. DAS BOOT is a super cool Rockin' trash band in Tokyo. they plays 5 live in studio cuts here. Really amazing! OGRESS is a girls punk rockers like Bikini Kill meet 1977 Brit punk. Snotty and aggressive! HOE-INU is punk blues band like Fat Possum/In The Red/Crypt bands. They have big sonud too. Anyway 1+2 Rec highly recommend it. You can check latest Tokyo scene.

Also available now

V/A - ETERNALLY OURS : A TRIBUTE TO THE SAINTS CD (1+2CD100)

It takes 3 years for making! At last, 1+2 presents great tribute album to the Saints. It includes 24 Saints' classics by top garage/punk bands of 90's. Highly recommended for all punk/garage fans. feat. Nomads, Nashville Pussy, Jeff Dahl, Mono Men, FiFi & the Mach 3, Sator, Scratch Bongowax, Onyas, Spent idols, Challenger 7, Bellrays, Ed Kuepper, Campus Tramps, X Rays, Gamma Men, Phantom Rats etc Really great!!! $11 (PPD)

DOORSLAMMER - S/T CD (1+2CD119)



1+2 Records proudly presents Doorslammer's debut CD! They came from LA and features a great singer/composer/bass guitar player, Todd Westover and members from Street Walkin' Cheetahs. And Rich Coffee from Alter Egos plays guitar some cuts. Thier music reminds me Detroit Rock meet Velvet Underground with Kinks melody and early Blues Explosion's sounds! Totally really cool and emotional. This is a long waited debut CD. It includes 15 oroginal tunes from Todd Westover. It's a solid and mazing production! You can enjoy real independent music here! Highly recommended for all punk/garage/indie music

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FANZINE REVIEWS

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (NF) Neale Fishback, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MJ) Mary Jane, (KC) Karoline Collins, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (SS) Sean Sullivan.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us. It's very simple. Hey! Count the pages! You count the pages! Not us, you!

Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

THE ASSASSIN AND THE WHINER #11 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
If you haven't checked out *Asswhine* yet, it's high time you did. It's a personal zine beautifully drawn in comic form by Carrie McNinch. This issue recalls Carrie's last days in Maryland, where she moved to be in love, and her move back to LA. (BC)
PO Box 481051, Los Angeles, CA 90048

ASENNE #5 / IRC
8 x 6 - copied - 20 pgs - Finnish
This small zine carries interviews with the bands Valse Triste, Hemminki P., Manifesto Jukebox and Thyrfing. There are a couple of ads and a page of record reviews. Interesting to see what is happening in Finland as there has always been an active scene in that country. (HH)
JP Muikku / Apajakuja 1 D 14 / Fin-80140 Joenauu / Finland

ATTENTION DEFICIT DISORDER #8 / $4
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 84 pgs
This is one of those glossy-cover-offset-inside zines that usually have slim content to back up their shiny color exterior. This one is different—it rules! Interviews with Aaron Probe, Kid Dynamite, Nothing Promise, Fifteen (yuck!) and the amazing Leatherface make up the bulk of the issue, but there are gems to be found in the toy and beer sections, as well as the 32 page pull-out mini comic. In fact, this is really two publications in one! Well worth your money. (AM)
PO Box 8240 / Tampa, FL 33674

THE BAFFLER #13 / $7.50
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 124 pgs
Not really so much a zine as an anti-conservative journal. The articles are extremely in-depth and well researched, covering a wide variety of topics from The John Birch Society, the American Legion, to Al Capp, and Hollywood as a vehicle for corporate crap, This should be required reading for any punk (or really anyone), who gives a damn about history, politics, and the bullshit we've been led to believe. Get it now. (CR)
PO Box 378293 / Chicago, IL 60637

BORED AND VIOLENT #3 / $1 + stamps
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
This is a collection of comics done by a young punk. The punk comics are okay, but the ones about monks are just weird. Maybe he should learn to draw something else. The interview with Anti-Flag was pretty interesting since they talked about the politics of Kosovo and Mumia instead of influences and boring stuff. It's a good start, but this zine has a ways to go. (BC)
2727 Van Hise Ave / Madison, WI 53705

THE BLACK CLAD MESSENGER #7 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
A Eugene, Oregon based anarchist rag not atypical of such publications. Protest news (local and worldwide), reprints from other journals, and angry rants as to the dire situation the planet and *pobres* are in. Has a simple allegorical fiction piece by Ted Kaczynski which I enjoyed. I thought it had a lot of material as to what's wrong and very little on what's being done. I'm guessing at the price because none was listed. (JM)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

BOSTON H&C FACTSHEET #8,9 / $?
5 1/2 X 8 1/2 - copied - 4 pgs
This is a monthly newsletter (similar to the List here in the Bay Area) from the Boston area. It contains brief interviews with local bands. There are plugs for all ages shows in the area and general good work. Projects like this should exist in every town. (AR)
PO Box 990052 / Boston, MA 00199-0052

COUNTERCULTURE #4
11 X 14 - offset - 12 pgs
There are some questions here. On the cover is a tongue in cheek "critique" of the changing aesthetic face

of anarchism and punk. It rails against armpit hair and Birkenstocks. It remembers a day when "StreetPunks" ruled and blames Crass for the change (was the author around before Crass?). Anyway, the rest of this homegrown project lists all the Anarchist-Punk Federation gathering and interests spread throughout the continent. This is clearly one of the descendants of the work of Profane Existence which both limits and clarifies its project. (AR)
PO Box 65341, Baltimore, MD 21209

COUNTER INFORMATION #53
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 4 pgs
This is a local activist broadsheet from the Edinburgh Anarchist scene. There is commentary on East Timor, local political machinations, and information on how to get involved with local activist projects. A useful news and contact source. (AR)
17 W Montgomery Place / Edinburgh EH7 5HA, UK

CREEP #13 / $2 or $1 plus 2 stamps
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 62 pgs
This started out okay, funny even, with dirty and malicious tricks to satisfy even the most vengeful sweet tooth, but I guess the comic a few pages later didn't really sit all that well with me...a little on the sexist side for my taste...maybe my sense of humor isn't working all that well today. This is full of spelling errors, pinball reviews, punk rock, Pabst Blue Ribbon, guns and scene ramblings. If that's what you're into, then you'll be into this. (KC)
PO Box 61 / Estacada, OR 97023

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #11 / $1 ppd or trade
5 1/4 x 4 1/4 - copied - 64 pgs
Oh man. Disillusioned by your small town, local scene boring, trying and failing at projects — all the typical zine fare. So why is this so good? Clever writing, good sense of humor/compassion. So simple, yet so elusive. I really liked the (very) short "city reviews", loved the show review written out like a play, and all the "my life sucks" stuff was touching and familiar. My favorite part was this line, "needless to say, no bands ever turned up, and a good time was had by all". Excellent. (GF)
PO Box 1781 / Spokane, WA 99210

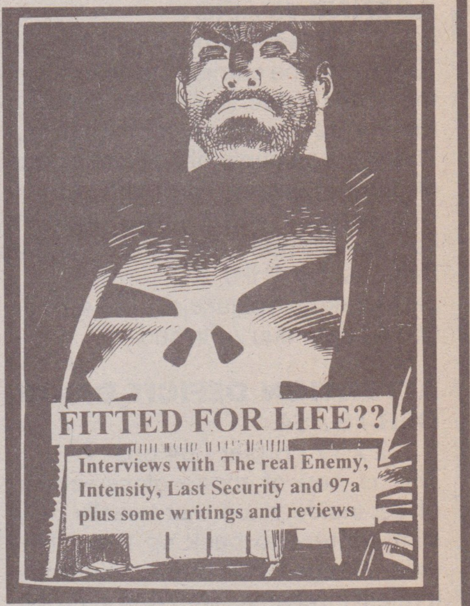
DAVEZINE #6 / $1.75
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Two short stories and an interview by Dave, whose zine is devoted to shameless self-promotion. The writing is pretty good, but the first story didn't seem to go anywhere, and the second was about a guy whose impotence could only be cured with a drug that made him retarded. That's a retarded premise. The interview was with the produce guy at an Eddy's grocery store. Normally you would think this guy is a loser, and an interviewer would make fun of him, but it was really compassionate. Alvin the produce guy is 19, and dropped out of high school when he was shot at. His life isn't really going anywhere. He likes wrestling, plans to marry his girlfriend, who works at 7-11, and was hit by a van driven by a priest once. It was a neat interview. (BC)
David G. Cookson, PO Box 23568, Baltimore, MD 21203

DIET SOCIETY #9 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs.
A bit on the thin side, this zine's got a handy timeline of the Zapatistas' revolutionary movement, reviews of martial arts flicks, records and BBQ chips, and an interesting essay on the state of DIY and punk. I want to be able to say more nice things but it was too quick a read; in no time at all I found myself staring at the back cover. (MN)
363 East 18th St / Hamilton, ON / L9A-4P7 Canada

EAT YOUR IDOLS #7 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 42 pgs
When a zine starts "I'm now in high school and it's better than junior high", I'm worried that I'm just too old for it. This has a definite riot grrl influence, and is obsessed with Bis. There are pictures and short bios of the members along with news about them, and a story and comic about seeing/meeting them, so it's a little like a fan mag in this way. One thing I didn't like was that it congratulates Manda for losing weight, saying "what a strong woman". It's stronger to ignore that pressure and like yourself as you are. Anyway, there's some cool stuff about homophobia in here and one of those word find puzzles and lots of little lists and personal stuff. Also good info on the all ages situation in Seattle, along with things to do there. Gifts or trades ok. (MJ)
PMB 278 / 6523 California Ave / SW / Seattle, WA 98136-1833

EMPOWERMENT #15 / $ 2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 26 pgs
The beginning of this zine contains a column where the editor laments at great length how this zine isn't that good and how he wishes he was able to make it better. I disagree—I think this DIY hardcore punk zine shows the benefits of a lot of well-placed effort and hard work. The long interviews with Sin Dios from Spain, PCP from Holland, and 20 Minutes de Chaos from France are all well done and cover a lot of ground, from music to politics. I think the editor should stop being so hard on himself, and get to work on the next issue! (AM)
El Trasgo / BP 40111 / 35101 Rennes Cedex 3 / France

EYES ON THE STREET #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 32 pgs



This is the first issue of a zine that I feel will be around for a while. At least I hope it will be. *EOTS* covers a variety of topics from mafia history in Minneapolis to shaving, and some book reviews. Probably the most interesting article was about how the editor's dad is gay but has never come out to his family. I also enjoyed

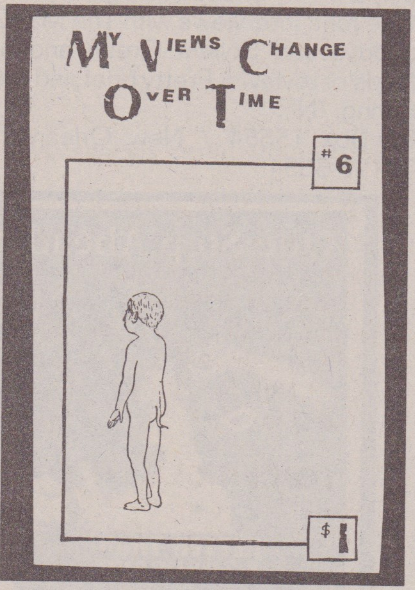
her neighborhood observations while biking around. Looking forward to #2. (DS)
1536 LaSalle Ave / #303 / Minneapolis, MN 55403

FITTED FOR LIFE #1 / IRC
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
A Swedish zine written in English. Cut and paste style, it has a little bit of a macho feel - probably due to the cover - but has some great stuff about working with developmentally disabled people. Interviews with Intensity form Sweden, 97a and The Real Enemy, along with lots of reviews. The printer gave him this free cos of the bad photo job, but send him some postage.(MJ)
Andreas Jannerstig / Adalsvagen 37 / 28146 Tormestorp / Sweden

GULLIBLE #19 / 1 stamp
11 1/2 x 17 - copied - 16 pgs
This zine is a split with another zine called *Dreamless* that is on its sixth issue, so instead of reviewing each zine separately, I am reviewing them as one zine because there was a nice sense of continuity between them. These zines contain personal stories and insights ranging from topics like deer to embarrassing moments, crazy landlords, and summer adventures. There is also a sort of "top ten" list and punk merchandise that someone is selling. This zine was an entertaining, much appreciated diversion from the usual reviews and self-righteous diatribes that get recycled from zine to zine. (JL)
PO Box 4909 Richmond, VA 23220

IMPACT PRESS #24 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
This is a zine for those interested in politics and activism. Included in this issue are articles about Creationism, racism and liberalism. All your big isms are covered. Also has contributions from two death row inmates, one being Mumia. If these types of topics are of interest to you, it will be $2 well spent. (DS)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817

IMPENDING DOOM #3 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 34 pgs
Good stuff here. An interview with Bob Suren (of Sound Idea records fame), bits on the drug war, corporate welfare, the firing of an investigative journalist team doing tell all story on BGH and Monsanto for a Fox TV station and tips on doing your own zine. I could've done without the record reviews...they seemed a bit unnecessary in comparison to the other fine writing in here. All profits go to the St. Pete Food Not Bombs...what are you waiting for?! Send this kid some money!!! (KC)
3933 Benson Ave. N / St. Pete, FL 33713



INNOCENCE REGAINED #3 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 36 pgs
With the title in collegiate font, and the layout super clean, I was expecting this to be a posi-style hardcore zine. Which it is. Kinda. It is also quite thoughtful, made up of mainly one page meditations (as in brief thoughts and opinions, not "hari hari" or "Om" or anything) on subjects ranging from love to the attitudes of kids at shows. Our editor has plenty to say, I just wish he said it without resorting to my least favorite of zine writing techniques—the self deprecating "of course this is only my opinion" school of writing irks me. Just say it. The reader will decide whether or not you're an asshole. (SS)
PO Box 460760 / Chicago, IL 60613

LOST IN THE TRANSLATION
#1 / $1 (or trade + stamps)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Yoon writes a moving and often sweet personal zine made up of reminisces and episodic tales of everyday racism, love, education ("ESL remembered") and haircuts. There's a lot of thought and heart put into this, and it shows, which I always appreciate (also, the mini-essay addressed to "alterna-boy-usa" made me giggle in solidarity!). Partly hand-written and hand-drawn, this is the very best kind of first effort. (MN)
9665 Lamar Place / Westminster, CO 80021

MINDLESS COMMODITY #2 / $2 (or stamps)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
This is a cool Australian zine with local bands Iron Sausage and Nauseous Sedition. There's a report on the punx picnic, advice on starting your own distro and how the 2000 Olympics is ruining Sydney. There are also lots of crust/noise reviews. (MD)
PO Box 279 / Enmore, NSW 2042 / Australia

MY VIEWS CHANGE OVER TIME # 6 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Lots of introspective writing. I liked the parts about the parents and the weirdness that can usually entail, but the stuff about eating out of dumpsters was odd. Surely there must be a medium between being a corporate drone, and choosing to starve yourself in what often comes off to me as "slumming". Anyway, a good look into this person's head. (GF)
PO Box 2671 / Gainesville, FL 32602-2671

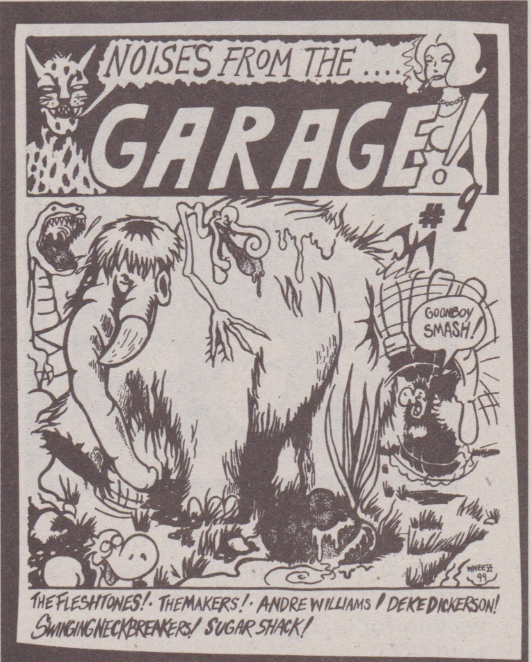
THE NEUS SUBJEX # 27 $?
8 1/2 x 14 - copied - 1 page
This one pager comes with two extra

pages. 200% extra! All the lowdown on the Cincinnati are scene, delivered in minute detail with a lot of snotty attitude. But it's fun, not mean. All this and distribution woes to boot. (GF)
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 45018

NOISES FROM THE GARAGE #9 / ?
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 62 pgs
A cool zine covering garage and rock and roll. Plenty of interviews with bands such as The Swingin Neckbreakers, The Makers, Jack Saints, Andre Williams, Deke Dickerson, The Fleshtones and many more. A good read. (NF)
Marshall / 11 N Main St / Indianapolis, IN 46227

OTAKU #5 / $2
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
In the vein of *Cometbus*, this belongs to that genre of "slice of (punk) life" fanzine that is intimate, handwritten, and story-driven. Which, after all, is hardly a bad thing, and this zine definitely holds its own. Short but sweet tales of late-night copy runs, midnight excursions, hitchhiking, coffee (of course), and the usual "love, luck, and calamity." This zine makes me want to vandalize small towns and city blocks with cryptic cut-and-paste posters and stencils with a few friends, which can only be a good thing. Well-written and well worth the two dollars. (MN)
114 Canter Blvd / Nepean, ON / K2G-2M7 Canada

PARAFERNALIA DEL SUBSUELO #11 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 6 pgs - Spanish
This is put out by Kitsch Del Alma distro of Monterrey, Mexico, with a more newsletter-ish than zine-y format. There's a review/description of grindcore band Stress, a good political interview with La Merma, and, count 'em, no fewer than *ten* columnists crammed onto two pages. My only complaint is the eyestrain from the micro-font used for the columns. I liked the non-preachy, straightforward politics, especially the discussion of how useless machismo is. The descriptions of sweatshops and of life in a border town aren't shockingly different from what you've read about them before, but if it increases more people's consciousness of substandard conditions, I don't mind seeing it again and again. If you have goth tendencies, you'll dig most of the columnists. (NN)
Adolfo Damian Dominguez / Apartado Postal 2971 / 64001 / Monterrey, Mexico



PARANOIZE #12 / stamps or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs
One rant, interviews with The MacGillicuddys and Soilent Green and buttloads of reviews. Pretty brief and pretty boring. (NF)
PO Box 15554 / New Orleans, LA 70175-5554

PINK CLAD MESSENGER #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 4 - copied - 44 pgs
WOW! This is by far the best zine I've gotten in months. I'm not sure how I'm going to do this justice, but briefly: *PCM* is a retort (appendix?, comment?) on another zine from Eugene called *Black Clad Messenger*, which is the organ of some of the much publicized "Eugene Anarchists". Where *BCM* focuses on killing cops and burning Starbucks, *PCM* explores the flaws in Anarcho-primitivism, the revolutionary character of pervo sex and how to make bombs. And it does it with humor, cynicism and sarcasm to spare. On top of this is a hilarious send-up of the militant vegan movement entitled "*XOnward Hardline SoldiersX*". Brilliant. I'm ordering ten more today. You should too. (SS)
PO Box 11703 / Eugene, OR 97440

RAUMSCIFF WUCHERPREIS #1/ **SCUMFUCK FANZINE** #42 / $?
8 x 11 1/2 - offset - 44 pgs - German
This slants noticeably toward the skins'n'punks united appproach, but is so devoid of graphics or other visual clues that I'm not sure exactly what's so special about it. Has something to do with that millenium to-do. Basically, this is a mail order catatlogue and zine, with *MRR*-style reviews and goodies revolving around goods.
Scumfuck-Schmitz / Postfach 100 709 / 46527 Dinslaken / Germany

REVOLT #10 / 55¢ (or a stamp)
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 28 pgs
Another Eugene anarchist thing, but I liked this one more than the *BCM*—it's similar in style but a little more lively. You can read about bonobos and the importance of sex to anarchy; a lot of protest, etc. news (including the greatest slogan I've ever heard: "A dead consumer's unfinished hamburger is a revolutionary hamburger.") and an interesting piece on these late 19th century French anarchists known as the "illegalists". They believed crime led to a breakdown in the social order and was therefore desirable. Most of their stuff is rarely translated into English, it says here. Well the price is certainly right and therefore this is highly recommended. (JM)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

RIVALS #5 / free, trade, or donation
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied- 32 pgs
You have to love a zine with "nerd

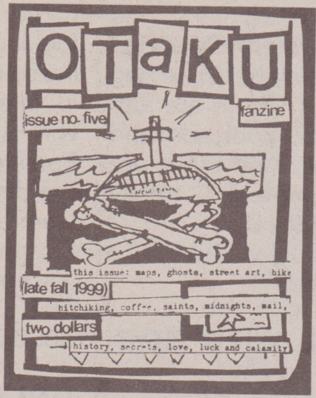
boy fantasies" out-lined therein, especially when the girl harboring such fantasies is as articulate, smart and quirky (in the best way) as Amy. Whether she's telling tales about being "yellow trash" or offering a year-end wrap-up of the few boys who "accidentally found me attractive in 1999," her stories are all well-written and witty. Friends also contribute cute comics about tweaker bosses and crushes, what more could you ask for? Just love it. (MN)
19156 E Denely St / Hacienda Heights, CA 91745

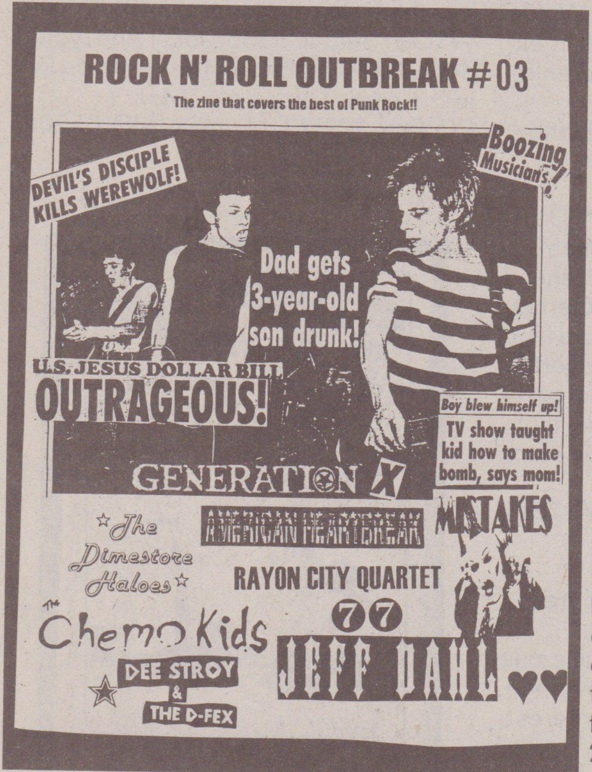
R'LYEH RISING #3 / $1
US ($2 world)
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs
A decent hardcore fanzine with interviews, columns, a scene report, reviews, poetry and artwork. Not bad at all. Worth a buck. (NF)
PO Box 40113 / Portland OR 97240-0113

ROB THE RICH! / 2 copies for $1
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 20 pgs
The author got busted for throwing a rock at a cop during a riot in Eugene and got 7+ years in jail. This is a collection of writings about that situation and also his thoughts on anarchist-related subjects. There was a reprint in the *MRR News* a few issues back from the local mainstream media about Rob's (the author) case and this goes into much more detail of his side of the story. It seems the Eugene anarchists have a bunch of stuff going on, as far as street protests go, and if you're interested this would be a fine place to check out some of what they're spouting. (JM)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

ROCK N ROLL OUTBREAK #3 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 84 pgs
This is my favorite new zine, basically because (unlike 90% of music fanzines) the people who do this mag know what the fuck they're talking about. Besides the usual stuff, there's interviews with The Chemo Kids, American Heartbreak, The Mistakes, Jeff Dahl, Dee Story and a pretty funny one with The Dimestore Halos... Recommended. (NF)
521 W Wilson #103 / Costa Mesa, CA 92627

SECOND GUESS #15 / $3.50
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 132 pgs
This zine is one of the most thorough zines I've ever come across. Nothing is done quickly or without delving completely into the subject, from the letters, to the reviews, to the 19-page interview with Daniel Quinn, and an equally long one with Rob Baccalari. There is simply a ton of writing in here. I'm not sure, however, that this makes this a good zine. There were some really great writings, like the authors' reflections on the punk scene in Reno, but in the end, I kind of felt as though the least portions, stretched on for the longest. Yes, fanzines have ruined my attention span. It's just sad. (CR)
PO Box 9382 / Reno, NV 89507-9382





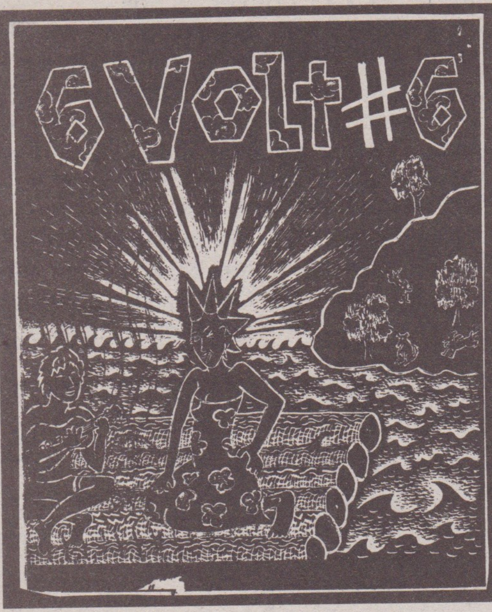
6 VOLT #6 / $1
7 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 68 pgs
Boy-crazed travels around the world basically sums up this one. There's stories of drugs, drinking and dancing on Greek islands, in Turkey, Italy, NYC and Spain. The layout is cool and there are comics with a nice graphic style. There was a cheap beer blind taste test that was hilarious and don't forget the soft porn novel reviews. Definitely fun to read. (MD)
1020 E St Apt F / Lincoln, NE 68508

SLINGSHOT #67 / $2
11 x 11 - offset - 8 pgs
This is the special emergency WTO edition of the energetic East Bay rabble rousing rag, and a fine effort it is too. Plenty of stories from the front lines to educate and inspire those of us who watched from afar. If you think *Time Magazine* is an accurate reflection of the feelings of the grass-roots protesters who brought 1999's World Trade Organization conference to an historic standstill, think again. (AM)
Long Haul Infoshop / 3124 Shattuck Ave / / Berkeley, CA 94705

SO FUCKIN WHAT #9 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Along with interviews with Counterpoise, Atom and His Package, Diabloarchy Records, Josh from *The Right Path* zine, Food Not Bombs, Rochester, NY, and the latest on the status of Mumia's case, are several columns ranging from the almost insightful to the kind of vague, dogmatic, political punk sloganeering that I find so boring in zines. The intro deals with the old debate between anarchism and socialism, with anarchism the preferred, "natural evolution" of humans. I have to question this and what makes most anarchists, or anyone purporting a formulaic political vision so sure that they know what is best for everyone? There are a lot of worthwhile discussions contained in this zine and people put a lot of effort into creating it, but the columnists' diatribes could be more critical and interesting if they did not regurgitate the same old rhetoric of politics from a punk perspective. (JL)
253 Alexander St #322 / Rochester, NY 14607

THE STUPID JOURNEY #? / $6
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 120 pgs
Wow, what is it with Canada? There is always something interesting coming out of there. This is exactly the kind of zine I am a sucker for. The entire zine is about the author's trip to one end of Canada and back again. It also comes with a 60 min. audio tape

which was entirely recorded on the road. It is mostly background voices and music. I don't think the tape is totally necessary but it is a nice touch. So if you need a change in your road



trip zines from "ate at the Waffle House in Alabama" to Canadian exploration, shell out the $6 and enjoy the ride. (DS)
3584 John St / Vineland Station, Ontario, LOR 2EO / Canada

STUPID OVER YOU #7 / $3
8 x 6 - copied - 82 pgs - German
This zine represents the straight ahead hardcore scene from central Germany. There are plenty of record and zine reviews, plus loads of assorted information for those interested in this scene. No specific band highlights this issue, but lots of fun reading. (HH)
Marko Drawe / Heideweg 23 / 17291 Prenzlau / Germany

SUBSIDIZED MESS #1 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 26 pgs
A pretty damn impressive music zine with a great diversity of coverage. Neat, well laid out with really interesting interviews, reviews and a very brief but interesting account of traveling to London. It's amazing how much more interest I'll have in a fanzine that looks good and isn't a strain to read. I usually get kind of bored with strictly music zines, but this one kept my interest all the way through to the E-Bay article. Send away for it and take a lesson from it too. (CR)
61 Hacklebarney Rd / Long Valley, NJ 07853

3RD GENERATION NATION #17 / $4
11 x 8 - offset - 72 pgs - German
In this reviewer's humble opinion this is perhaps the best punk zine from Germany. Along with a couple of others, this zine keeps me informed of what is happening in Germany. This issue has interviews with Dead End Cruisers, Smut Peddlers, White Flag and the Weaklings. There are lots of record reviews, cool ads and plenty of columns. And there are the usual great photos. A totally entertaining read! (HH)
Ralf Hunebeck / Muhlen 59 / 45472 Mulheim / Germany

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #43 / $1 + stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
This one has a lot of reviews - show reviews, which I never like, record reviews and zine reviews. There's an interview with Kim from the Muffs, and a good interview with SF's own The Lies, along with a bunch of photos. Also an article on the WTO in Seattle. Good local zine, you'd definitely want to pick this up if you live in the area. Trades ok. (MJ)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329

TRUST #79 / 4 DM
8 x 11 1/2 - offset - 68 pgs - German
The latest issue of the bi-monthly *Trust* zine includes all Euro-zine staples (show listings and reviews, record and zine reviews) along with interviews with Testimony, Avail, Judas Factor, Fifteen, and a few other predominantly American bands. Consistent boxy b&w contrast graphics throughout. (AC)
Postfach 11 / 07 62 / Bremen / Germany

TWAT #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 8 pgs
I love this zine. It is tiny but has a fucking great spirit, I wish these girls lived around here! An awesome comic, fake advice column, an interview with Blue Stockings, a review of the Female Eunuch and a great article on the different reasons a girl might not wear underwear. Girly, tough, great! I'm guessing on the price because it's not included.(MJ)
167 Oglethorpe Ave / Athens, GA 30606

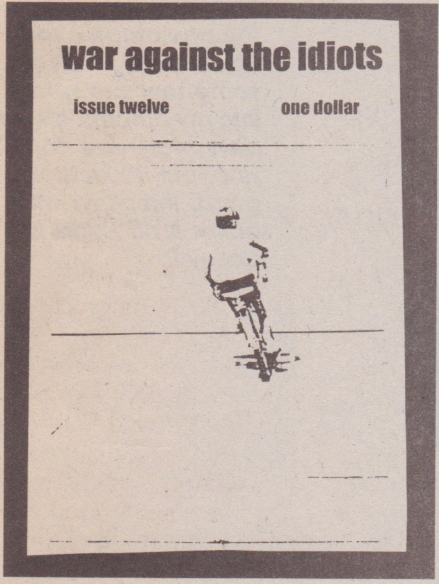
UNDER THE VOLCANO #53 / $2.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs
An NYC-based music mag with the columns/ interviews/ reviews/ ads format. The interviews are decent, if sometimes not too in depth—Bomp! Records, Dillinger Escape Plan, The Bullys, Contra, Violent Society, etc. There's five columns in tiny type and they are hit and miss—a good one, three typically average, and one I found pretty dumb. There are plenty of ads and reviews. One of those "if you're into the bands...", but I won't be keeping this issue. (JM)
PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767

THE WAITING GAME #1 / $1, trade, or stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
Mike described his own zine as "*Cometbus*-like" because it's all stories, no graphics. The stories, most of them about girls, whether they're about his friend's girlfriends or lost opportunities—unfortunately read too quickly and left me with nothing much to chew on at all. No revelations here, sorry. (MN)
2-219 Carlton St / Toronto, ON / M5A-2L2 Canada

WAR AGAINST THE IDIOTS #12 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied- 40 pgs
OK, I reviewed the last issue and was less than impressed, but something must have happened since then, because this is a pretty great fanzine. It's filled with stories about his friends, some creepy guy in New York, copy art, and reviews. There's definitely a strong influence from *Cometbus*, but

I still found it to be pretty interesting. The one thing that kept me from really thinking this was a great zine was the irritating use of word "bitch." Even if no offense was meant, it still rubs me the wrong way. (CR)
1731 Cleveland St / Evanston, IL 60202

WITH HARMFUL INTENT #1 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
We don't get too many zines from

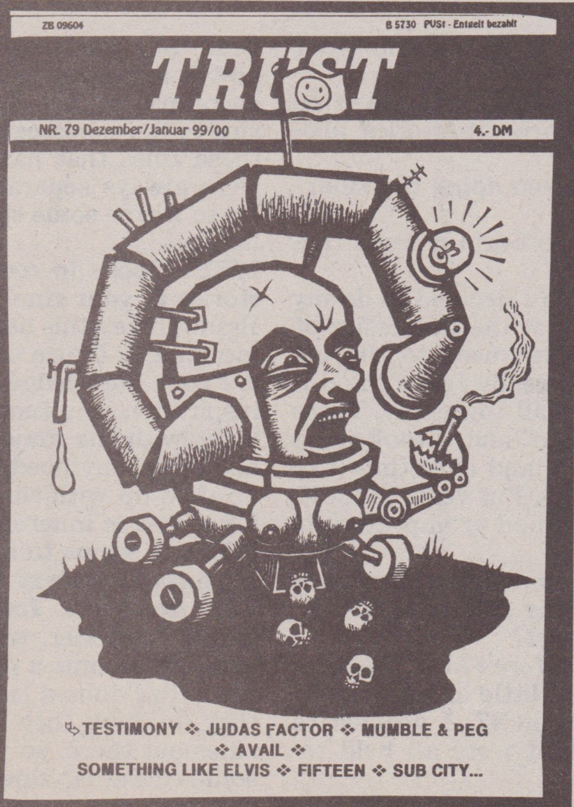


Ireland around here, so I'm sure *WHI* is filling a need in Ireland with it's record and show reviews, interviews with Medulla Nocte, Puget Sound, and article on why Tower sucks. Not much here for those not living in Ireland, but plenty for those that are. (SS)
Cormac Sheehan / 14 Antogher Rd / Roscommon, Ireland

WOODTICK #? / free
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs
Some local Winnipeg, Manitoba scene stuff, a really neat overview of all the rock stars that have died in airplane related accidents, an interview with The Horribles and a hilarious piece on the Paul McCartney-is-dead conspiracy. (KC)
no address listed

WRECKED FANZINE #3 / $1 and 1 stamp
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 22 pgs
I found it very amusing that this person made a very big stink in their intro about how the reader should not expect correct punctuation or correctly spelled words because those things help suck the life and heart out of punk zines and if those were the features you were looking for, you should go read MRR...hmmm...it's a good thing they sent us a copy for review, huh?!! Interviews with Jerry Only, Headache records, and The Punk Rock Radio Show...plus really bad tattoo flash, poetry, and record reviews. Oh yeah, first 40 orders get a Misfits photo. Lucky you. (KC)
PO Box 487 / Avondale, AZ 85323

YARD WIDE YARNS #7 / $1
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 64 pgs
I've always really enjoyed this zine - it's fun, feminist and well-written. There's a sort of personal reflection on growing up female and becoming aware of your sexuality that was awesome—very real. There's an interview with the Eyeliners and a piece on motorcycles. The rest of it is kind of too traditional for me—a how-to on getting married and writings on being pregnant. But, overall, good stuff. (MD)
PO Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604



MORE LISTINGS

CHUMPIRE #124 / ppd
The usual one page, double-sided zine from *Chumpire* with commentary about pressing issues of the day, zine reviews, show reviews, band reviews, book reviews, and record reviews. Worth your stamp.
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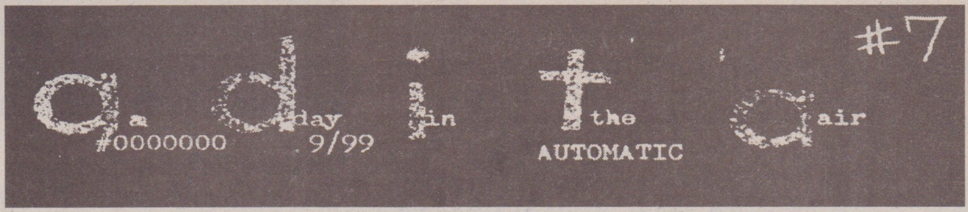
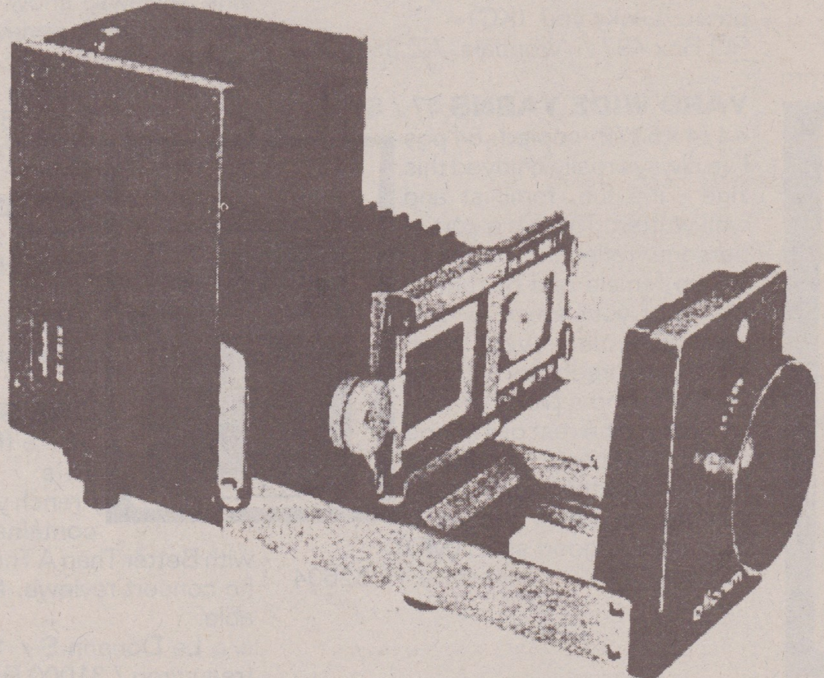


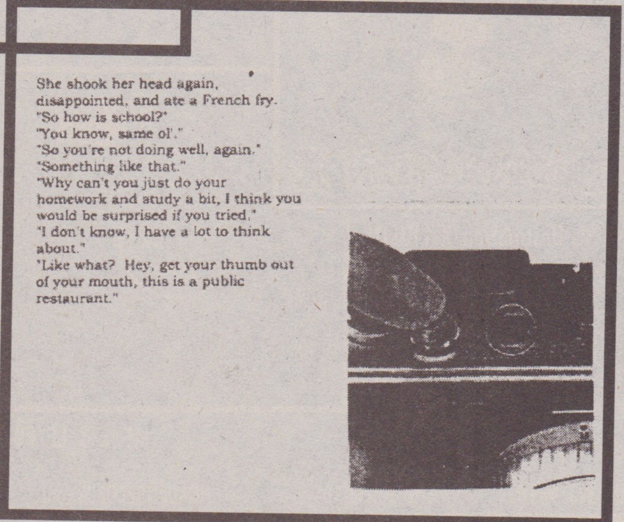


The first time I saw ADITA was a few months ago. I was expecting a boring zine full of poorly written boring stories about people I probably wouldn't like, but instead I was treated to a really amazing zine filled with compelling and unique stories. The zine made a real impression, even somehow creeping into my dreams. It's a personal-type fanzine, but it's actually good. Interview with editor Brad Harris by Casey R.

MRR: To start with, how would you describe your zine?
Brad: *Adita* changes around so much, but in some way it usually manages to incorporate stories, photos, skateboarding and noise.
MRR: How long have you been doing the zine?
Brad: Two years this April.
MRR: What prompted you to begin doing a fanzine?
Brad: I liked to read zines, so I decided to do my own. I went away to college at the University of Iowa, Iowa City. I had gotten used to the big Chicago "scene" and I could really feel a big difference when I got out to small Iowa City. There was a different sort of "scene" and it took me a while to become aware of it, and over time I've really come to love Iowa City. But yeah, that difference, a new city, it was a good prompt to start a zine.
MRR: The issue I read (number seven), explains that past issues were nothing like that one. In what ways were they different?
Brad: Basically, every issue before #7 is more close to a "typical" zine. They had little articles, interviews, pictures, stories. But in #7, I decided to write a few short stories that were all held together by a larger concept.
MRR: What influenced you to change your previous style?
Brad: In reading other people's zines, one of the biggest frustrations I had was that there was no concept encompassing the stories as a whole (I guess I'm referring to the subcategory coined "personal" zines). I read these zines that have all these little stories but they were always separated from each other. I wanted to try to weave some stories together and see what would happen.
MRR: Where do you get the inspiration(s) to write the stories in your zine?
Brad: There's this little something inside me that makes me want to figure everything out, and I guess "it" and it's own knowledge of it's inadequacies is a type of inspiration. On another note, I am not in any agreement with the majority of media that surrounds me, and I am convinced that with enough work I can come up with up with something new. I also just think doing a zine is inherently fun.
MRR: It seems to me that the trend in personal-type fanzines is to stray farther and farther from the "typical" zine style. Your zine seems to continue in that trend? I wonder, when does a fanzine cross the line and just become a personal collection of short stories?
Brad: I've done a lot of thinking about zines and what they do, how they work. There is a huge variety of zines out there, so it is really hard to try to think up some rules that zines follow. But yeah, I tried to buck the odds and come up with something new and yet meaningful. As for crossing the line into personal col-

11. invasion

"I don't understand. Your mom tells me you continue to suck your thumb, yet your overbite has decreased 3 millimeters." Schlotz peered down my throat. I shrugged.
"Try to relax, I'm going to replace the bar with a different type of bar. You see?" holding the wavy looking piece of metal in front of my face.
"This one has three protruding loops, it will hang down and be a gate, guarding your mouth from the invading thumb. I designed it myself." Satisfied with himself he left to wash his hands.



She shook her head again, disappointed, and ate a French fry.
"So how is school?"
"You know, same ol'."
"So you're not doing well, again."
"Something like that."
"Why can't you just do your homework and study a bit, I think you would be surprised if you tried."
"I don't know, I have a lot to think about."
"Like what? Hey, get your thumb out of your mouth, this is a public restaurant."

lection of short stories, I'm all for it. I read straight through a book called *Old Man in a Baseball Hat* last night. The author really emphasized the telling of our personal stories. It made me think about my grandparents who I know almost nothing about, these people who have had these huge, full lives, but who are unable to articulate anything about them, who have been told their whole lives not to tell their story.

MRR: Unlike the other two-thirds of fanzines that pass through *Maximum*, yours doesn't seem to be in the same style as the countless *Cometbus*-esque zines. Why do you feel that it is important to maintain an original style, rather then borrow from an overused and conventional one?

Brad: *Cometbus* is a stylistic skyscraper. It's monolithic. But if you look at the reality of what *Cometbus* is, you can see that where it's at today is only a result of the failures and successes of Aaron. I mean what are we on now, #45? I think that if anyone did a zine for that long they would have comparable stylistic strength. Make a list of zines that have been around for over ten years. They probably have pretty solid formats. I am trying to branch out and try new things because that's the really the only way to find something that works. I thank you for thinking that my zine is somehow stylistically different than the group you mentioned above, but I have to admit that I do read *Cometbus* and it has influenced me a lot.

MRR: What sort of response have you received from doing a fanzine?

Brad: It's difficult to say. I have had fair responses from the previous issues, but nothing extraordinary. I got a lot of response like, "cool, dude" and "yeah, I like your zine" but that was usually after I asked them what they thought of it. So I've basically learned not to ask what someone thought of my zine and treasure the limited responses I do get. But putting out *Automatic*, I got responses from some really cool people and it let me know that I was moving in a good direction.

MRR: What is the hardest part of doing *ADITA*?

Brad: The hardest part is the layout. *Automatic* is simplistically laid out, but I had such a pain trying to get the font the right size and gluesticking and messing up and having to print out parts of the story again. Promotion is also a bummer, I love writing people, but I swear I have spent more time promoting this zine than actually making it, and it makes me question why am I actually doing the zine at all. On one hand, I decided that I am doing this zine for me. Yet on the other hand, I realize that part of doing a zine is the interaction with other people, and trying to do something that people will want to read.

MRR: The easiest?

Brad: Procrastination is easiest part, but it makes everything harder. Resisting is always more work than going with the flow.

MRR: What sort of things would you like to cover more in your zine?

Brad: I want to write more stories and maybe incorporate some more political issues, but the personal and political is often more tightly intertwined than we realize.

MRR: What plans do you have in the future for *ADITA*?

Brad: I am putting out a CD compilation of Iowa City, Chicago, bands and a few bands from elsewhere for my tenth issue. It will include a zine and CD, and I am trying to sell them as cheap as possible. I am probably only making 500 copies. I am also hoping to write a super long short story about an astronaut. And another about skateboarding.

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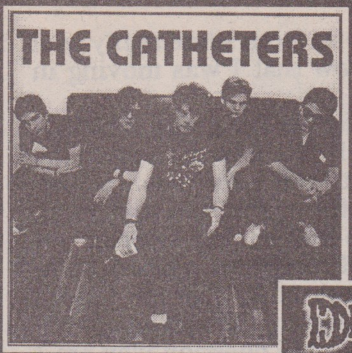

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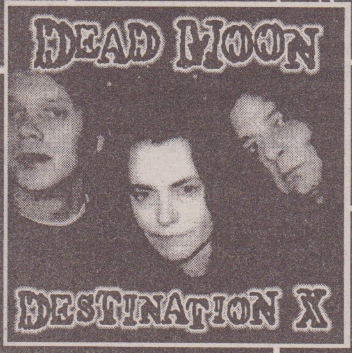

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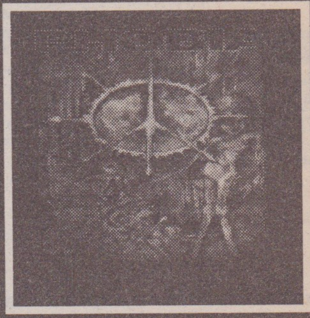

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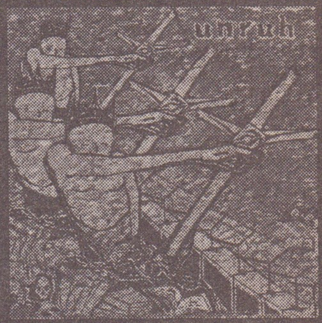

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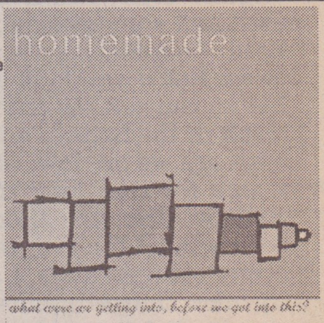

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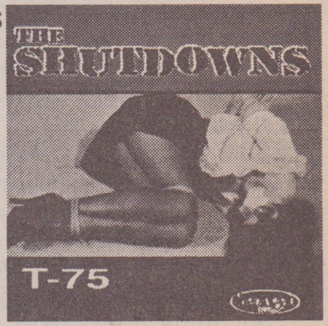

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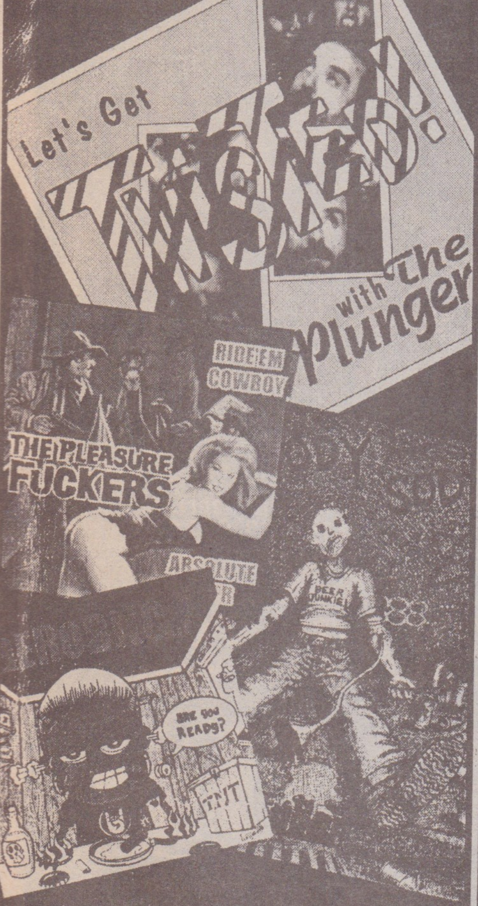

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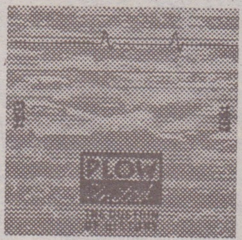

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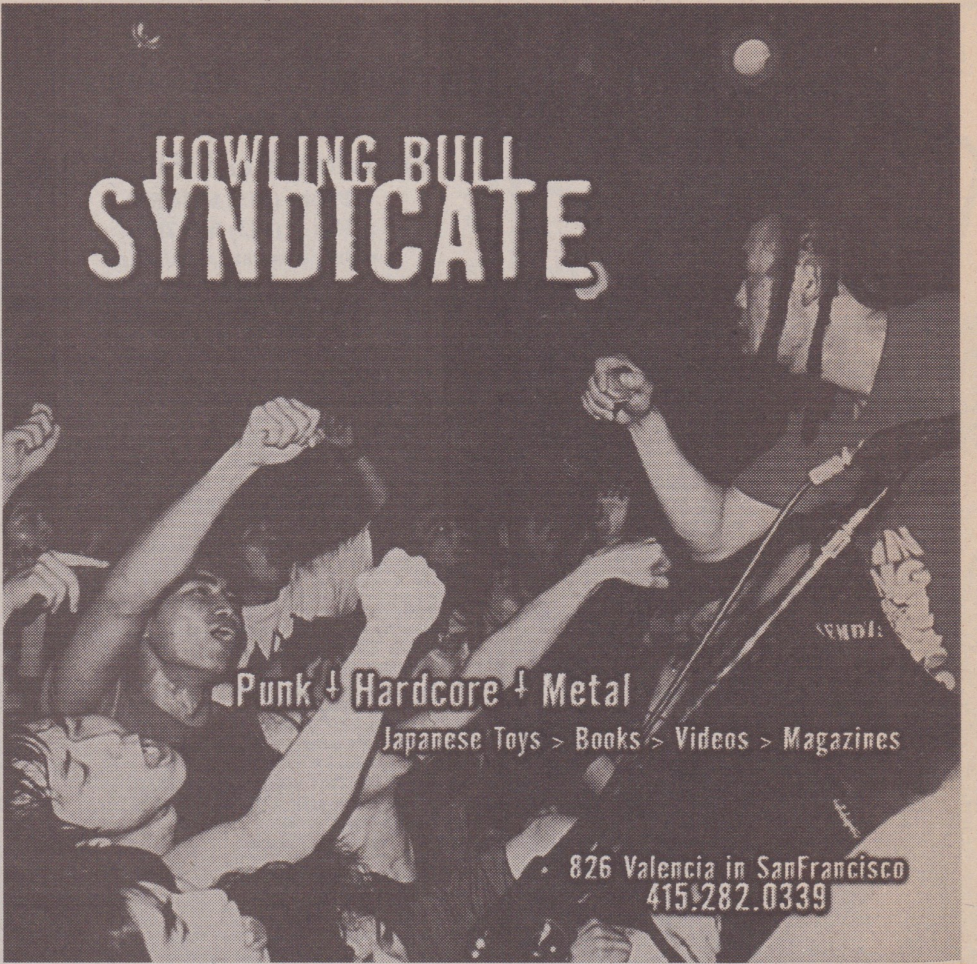

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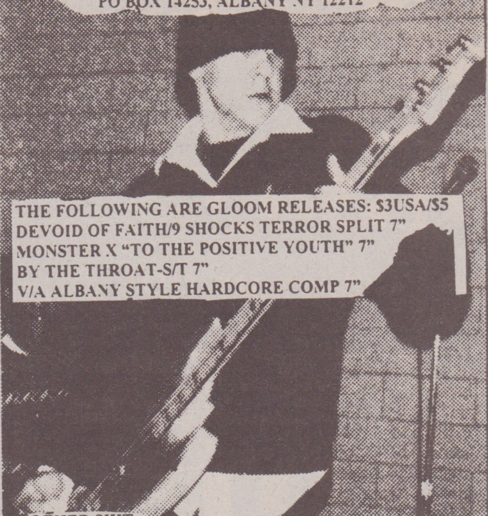

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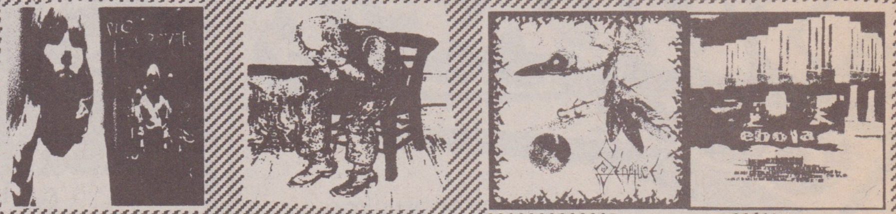

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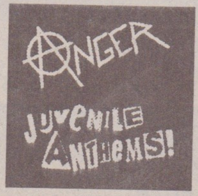

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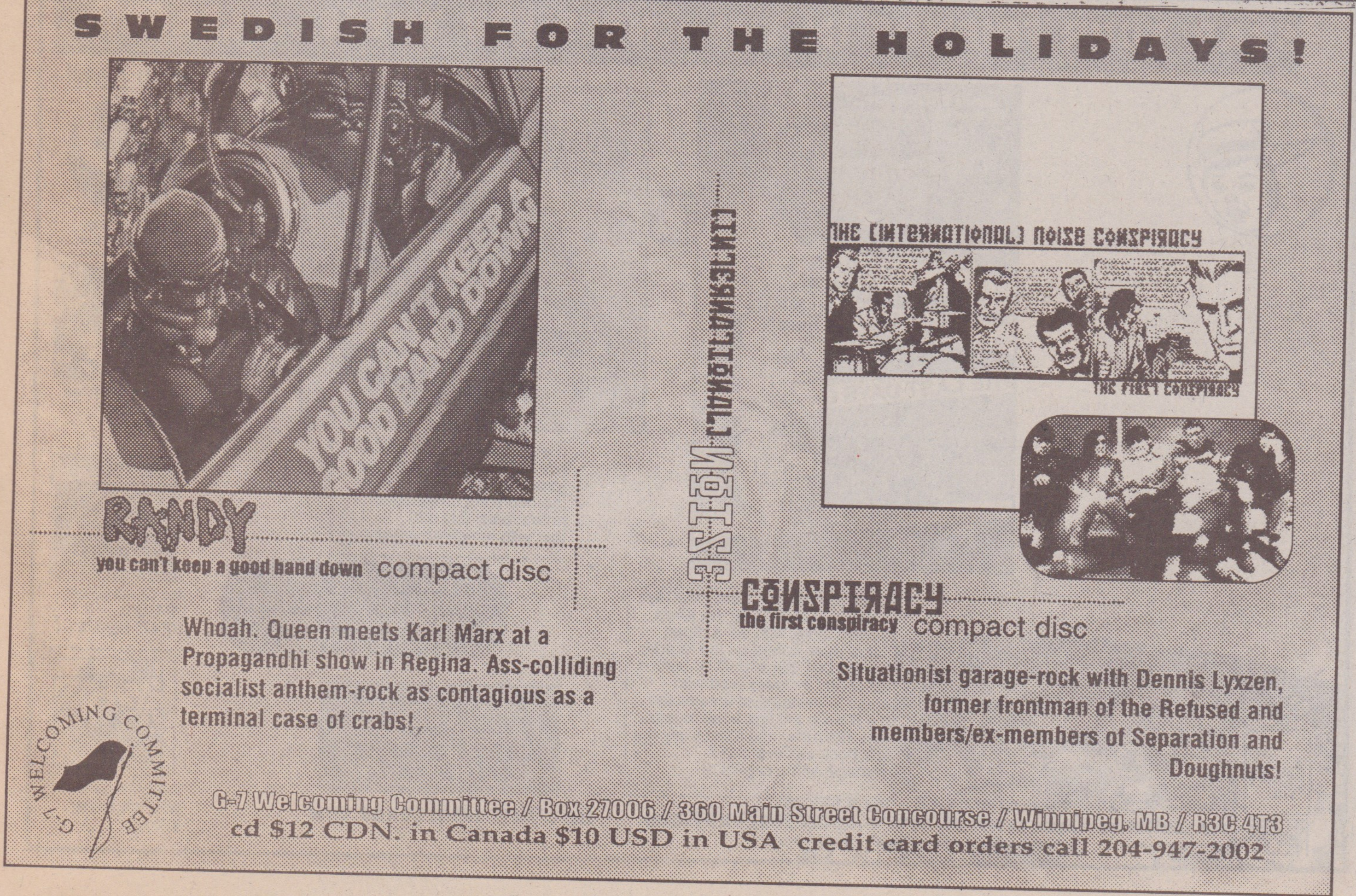
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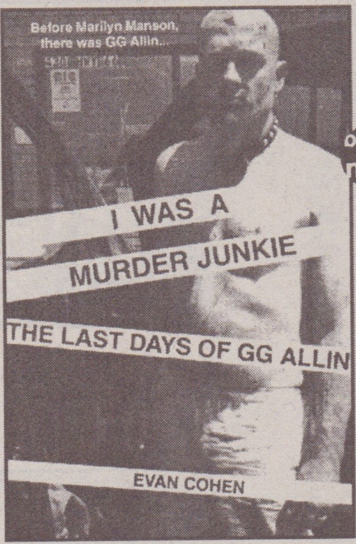

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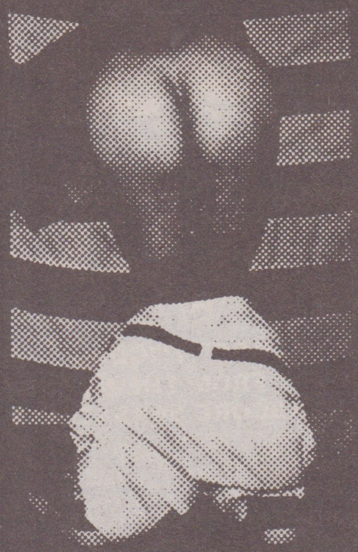

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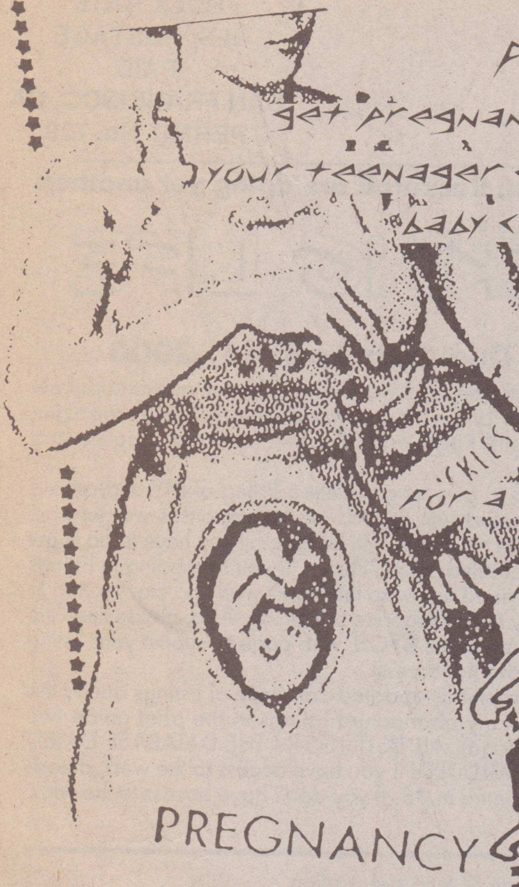

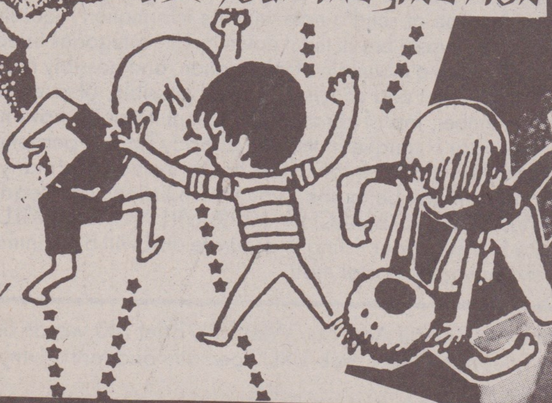

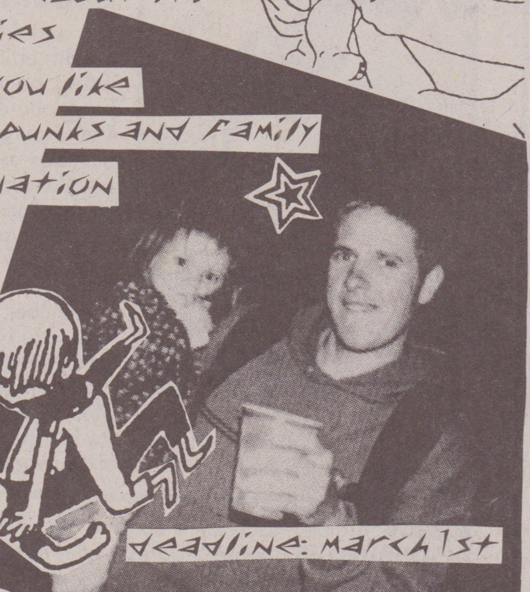

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deadline: march 1st

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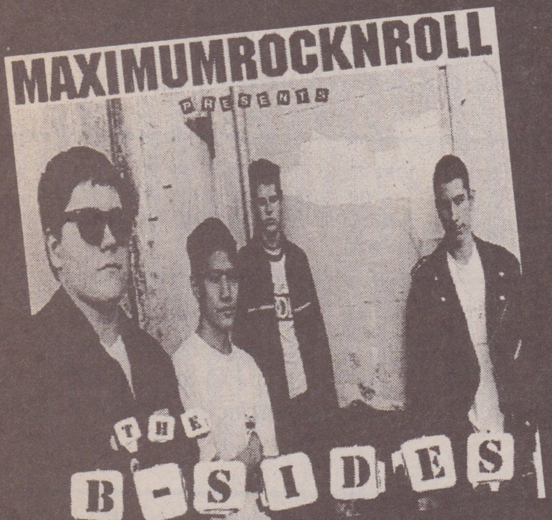

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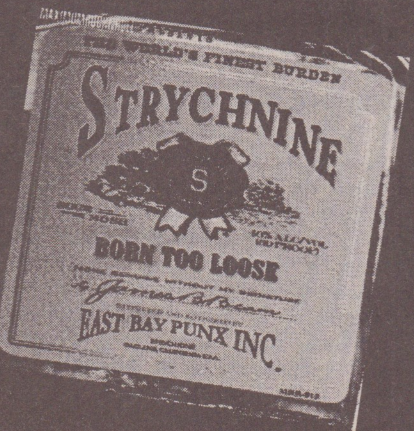

B-SIDES - LP

Once I figured out this was played on 45, not 33 as the record says, this record sounded a lot better. Of course, it wouldn't be Maximum without a little misinformation. The B-SIDES play snotty, sloppy, fun-filled punk rock similar to Wimpy-era QUEERS stuff. This release is way better than the last couple of MRR releases, that's for sure. (JF)

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Take a deep breath, 'cause the Amoeba Collective and Maximum Rocknroll are doing yet another:

BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKING LIFE

Deadline: February 1, 2000 – Due Out: April 15, 2000

You asked for it, you got it! The Amoeba Collective and MRR are joining forces again to put out the 8th edition of BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKING LIFE. This is a worldwide resource magazine listing: Bands, Zines, Promoters, Distributors, Labels, Radio and TV shows, cool places to eat and hang out, and lots of other DIY-related resources.

The resources are compiled geographically, trying to give as complete a listing of DIY and related activities as possible. The throroughness of this project will depend on the responses we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in the magazine will be free; all you have to do is get on the web or send a note with the information requested below. Please, if you're sending in listings of many types, break them down dy the categories listed below so the typists won't go crazy trying to sift through a mountain of information, and possibly miss categorize something. Also, please keep the listings short and concise!! If at all possible, please use the BYOFL web page to submit your listing (remember, lots of libraries and computer stores have net access).

This year is unique in that we already have a perpetually updated database of listings due to the BYOFL website. In an effort not to include too many abandoned listings in the print guide (we can't tell any better than you which listings are dead), ALL LISTINGS IN THE DATABASE DATED PREVIOUS TO MARCH 1, 1999 WILL NOT BE INCLUDED! If you have access to the web, please read the instructions on the BYOFL site to insure your listing is accurate and will be printed in #8. If you don't have access to the web, then submit your listing as you always have, by postal mail.

LISTINGS

BANDS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief (40 words or less) description
DISTRIBUTORS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Web URL/Specialty and terms (vinyl, CDs, zines, consignment only, etc)/Area of coverage (mailorder, shows, stores, etc)
LABELS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Description (40 words or less!)
PROMOTERS/VENUES: Name/(Mailing)Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Capacity/Lodging or food provided?/Working terms (guarantee, percentage, etc)
RADIO STATIONS:Station Name/Band Frenquency/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Contact Person/Punk-HC shows and times
STORES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialties and hours
ZINES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Post Paid Price/Frequency/Size/Description (40 words or less)
MISC: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

ADS

Display ads will be sold to help pay for this project (only for the print version). To make this resource as fair as possible, there will be only one ad size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small, 20 page fanzine as to the big record labels. The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down, or 95mm x 51mm (basically a slightly elongated business card size). These ads cost $25, which helps keep the cover price low. Please, only one ad per label/zine/promoter, etc.

¡SUBMIT!

Mail Listings
The Amoeba Collective
438 Donohoe St. #3
E. Palo Alto, CA 94303-1805

Web Submission
http://www.byofl.org
(preferred method)

Send Ads to:
Maximum Rocknroll
PO Box 460760
San Francisco, CA 94146-0760

TEN TIPS FOR SENDING IN LISTINGS (take notes!)

1) Use the web for submissions if at all possible! This will decrease chance of inaccuracies or of your listing getting lost in the mail.
2) If you submitted a listing last year and have access to the wweb, check your listing for accuracy and that's it's dated later than March 1, 1999
3) Be brief! We're not editors. If you send the listing by mail, make sure they're typed or nearly printed
4) Submit early. Like right NOW! Put down this mag, go to your computer, go to the BYOFL website...or pick up a postcard, slap a stamp on it...
5) Don't use all uppercase or lowercase letters. It makes it really hard to figure out what is part of a name and what is just a descriptive word (and if you submit through the website, we'll have to retype and won't be happy about having to do so). Puncuation is good.
6) We don't need the address and phone number of everyone in your band. Pick one person for a contact!
7) Don't send in 18 listings for all the semi-existent bands you're in or the zines you're thinking of starting–just the ones are active.
8) Maybe take responsibility for getting your whole scene/city's listing sent in, but...
9) CHECK with people before submitting info for them! Hassle your friends to get their listings in. this only works if people send stuff in!
10) Please don't send your listings by certified or registered mail.

I remember Amy telling me
e was at a show (Deb's former
The Witches) and Deb was so
. She had just come from a
ng, and she couldn't play. So
sked Deb to play drums and
id, "Yeah, I'll do it!" And then
mpletely forgot afterwards.
Yeah, I don't remember being

You don't remember any of
ght.
I held off throwing up until
ry end of the night when we
e Taco Bell drive-thru. After I
ed my food I had to let go and
t out the door.
Then she thought, "I think
sked me to play drums in her

And that's how it started.
nd how did Deanne enter the

I met her when she was living
sburgh. We went to see Rock-
and Dead Moon, and I remem-
was in front and I had this little
on.
Very little.
My straps fell down and I felt
two arms come up from be-
me and slip them up. I said,
the bass player for me." She
me dressed.
She'll always have your back
e. Did you know as you were
g the straps back up?
Actually, I wished I would
seen you play in Cleveland
Rocket.
So, you played with Rocket

One guitar player couldn't make it. He had some family
So I got to play with Rocket and Dead Moon.
I was pretty excited when you asked me to play.
You were?
Yeah, because you know, I had been playing with Patrick
no of the Come-Ons) for years and I thought it'd be cool
with, you know, girls.
I think we played once with you and I remember Deb
, "book a show!"

Photo by Pat Pantano

MRR: What was the first show?
Surdu: It was last year, Devil's Night. There was no one there.
Iovan: We dressed in Viking Costumes.
Surdu: Viking warrior women! Fur on our hot pants, breast plates, swords, gladiator shields. A friend of mine who does drag shows came out to do this number, her name is Sasha Carlisle. She came out and lip-synced this Courtney Love song while we were in the back getting ready.
Iovan: She was beautiful.
Surdu: She was gorgeous. All the men in the bar wanted to go home with Sasha. Little did they know. So we're putting on these cheapo Halloween get-ups and we think it's gonna be some great thing. Then we hear Sasha say, "And now, The
Gore Girls!" And we walk out on stage and there's literally
eople there. We were imagining this fantastic thing... and
it didn't happen.
MRR: It had a fantastic build up anyway.
Iovan: Wendy Case (columnist for the *Detroit News*) was there and she wrote about it like it was a big deal. She wrote about how sexy the drummer was, sticking her tongue out of her mouth.
Surdu: Foxy, cute, pout, all those adjectives were in there.
Iovan: So that was our first show.
Surdu: But this last Devil's Night, we played with the Demolition

Deanne

Dollrods and Bantam Rooster and it was great.
MRR: Who would win a fight between you and the Dollrods?

Surdu: Us! Fuck yeah!
Iovan: I'd like to wrassle Dan
Agolli: Danny would be fun.
Surdu: I'd look out for the c
though.
MRR: (In this recording sess
recorded four songs total?
Surdu: Yeah, we recorded o
gonna be out on an I-94 com
and the other three are gonn
full-length for Charles Recor
MRR: Who is Charles?
All: You don't know Charles?
Iovan: Charles is our biggest
MRR: Hence, Charlie's Angels
Surdu: Exactly.
Iovan: We are Charles' Angel
Surdu: He always calls us an
to do sit-ups and shit. H
"You're slackin', you gotta ti
that ass." (laughter)
Iovan: He was at a show last w
he comes up to me and says, "
lookin' pretty out of shap
studio the other day."
MRR: What's up with that?
Diamond (Ghetto recordin
That's the cat calling the ket
Iovan: Charles tapes all of ou
He thinks we're going straig
top.
Surdu: He knows we're goin
to the top.
Agolli: He's out there. He's
show with a bag of records.
Iovan: We've got records out
France, even Phoenix! Get H
bunch.
Surdu: He says they're sellin
know who's buying them, bu
MRR: So how did Charles f
Would you put him closer to Kim Fowley or Phil Spe
All: Yes.
Iovan: He wanted to put out a single. Jeff Meier record
songs for us at Tri-County Glass. I put a towel on my
the rest is history.
MRR: Aah, the bathroom aesthetic. All the male readers
will wanna know.
Iovan: Yes, all girls do have to go to the bathroom to
MRR: So do you play with your bras on or off?
Surdu: Usually off.
Agolli: What about underwear?
Surdu: Never, never panties.
Iovan: No. Cuz at the record release party you were wearing a yellow slip and a black thong and your ass was hanging out of that slip.
Surdu: I was starting a new trend. (the Ass-Hang).
Iovan: I think it motivates her, playing with a string up her ass.
MRR: Do the punk rock boys throw themselves at you punk rock girls?
Surdu: Tim from the Clone Defects threw himself at Deb. He was slobbering all over her.
Agolli: He came up behind me and was dragging his finger up my back and I thought that it was my boyfriend. And I was kissin' him before I knew who it was. But I didn't kiss him back.
MRR: So what are your political beliefs?
Surdu: We don't have any.
Iovan: I have the same philosophy as my dad. I usu

Deb